THE WILDERNESS;

OR,

BRADDOCK'S TIMES.

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THE

WILDERNESS;

OR,

BRADDOCK'S TIMES.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

War and love have various cares;—
War sheds blood, and love sheds tears,
War has swords, and love has darts,
War breaks heads, and love breaks hearts.
M'CARROCHER.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this edition to the public, the publisher is influenced by no motives of private gain or speculation. The work has been read and appreciated by many of our old citizens—it needs no eulogy—it speaks its own praise. It is emphatically an American work, abounding in incidents connected with the early settlement of the Great West. Many of the localities named, are in our immediate neighborhood, and associated with the early career of the Father of our country, when, in the flower of his youth, he traversed these wild forests, and gave evidence of those great acquirements and traits of character, the fruits of which have displayed themselves in the well-tilled farms and splendid cities, teeming with millions of intelligent and happy people, that cover the whole West. To keep alive these recollections, and foster a love for our national literature, which will more than all else tend to develope the native talent of our country, has been the object of sending this work before the public.

PITTSBURGH, September, 1848.

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THE

WILDERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pendant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving;
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us,
So turn our hearts wherc'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

MOORE.

LET melancholy spirits talk as they please concerning the degeneracy and increasing miseries of mankind, I will not believe them. They have been speaking ill of themselves, and predicting worse of their posterity, from time immemorial: and yet, in the present year, 1823, when, if the one hundredth part of their gloomy forebodings had been realized, the earth must have become a Pandemonium, and men something worse than devils, (for devils they have been long ago, in the opinion of these charitable denunciators,) I am free to assert, that we have as many honest men, pretty women, healthy children, cultivated fields, convenient houses, elegant kinds of furniture, and comfortable clothes, as any generation of our ancestors ever possessed.

This notion of mine, be it right or wrong, has not resulted from any course of abstract syllogizing upon the nature of things, a mode of discovering truth in which I never had much confidence. It has arisen from that more certain source of acquiring opinions, vulgarly called "ocular demonstration"—having lately had a view of part of that portion of the American hemisphere, which extends from the South Mountain in Pennsylvania, over the Alleghany ridge, to the

head of the Ohio river; a country which, in the recollection of many yet living, was long the scene of want, hunger, desolation, terror, and savage warfare, where the traveller had not a path to guide his course, nor, in a journey of many days, could find a hut in which to repose his frame; where the hardy white man, who ventured to make a settlement, had not a neighbor within many a league, and where he seldom retired for the night, without fearing that, before the morning, both his family and himself might become the victims of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife.

As a remedy for the unhappy malady under which the misanthropic believers in the deteriorating condition of mankind labor, I think, that an attentive ramble, at the present day, over this extensive region, making, at the same time, a careful comparison between what it now is, and what it was fifty years ago, would be effectual. Wild and gigantic mountains are, indeed, still there; but beautiful and well cultivated valleys, lying on the bosom of peace, and in the lap of plenty, are spread beside them. At the distance of every two or three hours' ride, a flourishing town or village, inhabited by sober Christians and industrious freemen, salutes the eye of the traveller; while people of all ages, sexes, tastes, and tempers, enliven the road as they pass along, either on foot or on horseback, or in vehicles, which are here to be met with of every description, from the light sulky, which scarcely presses upon its springs, to the heavy, cumbersome wagon, dragged slowly along by six horses. In this region, there is now neither want, nor fear of want; neither enemy, nor fear of enemy; but every man earns his bread in comfort, and eats it in safety, in the midst of his family and friends, without fear of molestation from either civilized tyrants or savage marauders.

Far different was the situation of things in this fair region of the earth, when Gilbert Frazier first erected his log-house on the bank of the Monongahela. Then, indeed, might a misanthropic grumbler have had reason to complain of the condition of men, at least of those men whose fate it was to be planted like Gilbert, in a savage "WILDERNESS." It was fate, indeed, and not choice, as may well be supposed, that had, at first, planted him there; but notwithstanding his re

sidence was exposed to numerous inconveniences, and constant dangers, a stout heart, (for he had a good conscience and feared nothing,) combined with a feeling of generosity, the source of which will be hereafter explained, to bind him to it, and Providence had hitherto preserved him in safety. Nay, in process of time, habit had so reconciled him to his situation, that he scarcely looked upon the misfortune that had brought him there as an evil. Years had mellowed its impression upon his mind: and sitting by his winter fireside he would often relate the story to his family with much the same feeling that a sailor, snug on shore, recounts the dangers he has undergone at sea.

He had entered the world nearly about the same time with the century in which he lived, and somewhere between Colerain and Londonderry, in Ireland. Whether his father or mother was forty-second cousin, or no cousin at all, to some nobleman or squire, is of no consequence, merely because he thought it of none, or rather because he never thought anything about it. A far more important matter of recollection with him, was his marriage, which took place in his twenty-first year, with Nelly M'Clean, a pretty rosy cheeked, fair-skined Irish girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who was about a couple of years younger than himself, and whose heart, although it was as light and as tender as a linnet's, had stood nearly a twelvemonth's siege before it surrendered to his attacks. When it did surrender, however, it was at absolute discretion, and Gilbert ever after found it as faithful and fond as a hearty lover like himself could wish.

As Gilbert wished to make his dear Nelly *a lady*, but was unable, from a cause very prevalent among his countrymen, the want of funds, nothing would now satisfy him but a trip to America, in order to make his fortune. Not that he intended to leave his own country for ever, for with all its poverty, he still thought it was a dear and sweet country, but he supposed that a residence of seven years at the farthest, in a land so far off as America, must make him rich enough to return home, and live the remainder of his days like a gentleman.

"What fine times will it then be for Nelly, (thought he.)

when dressed in her silks and laces, she visits her poor cousins, the Burrels and the Blairs, and give each of them every year, on *Hansel Monday*, some handsome present for a New-year's gift. Faith, it will be happy times for us then!"

To America, therefore, it was settled that he should go, but think not, that he separated from his Nelly—no; he would as soon have thought of separating his head from his shoulders. They set sail together from fair Londonderry one bright morning in April, 1723; and Gilbert felt, as many an Irishman has since felt, on taking the last look of his native country, that it required all his courage to prevent him from betraying his sorrow: for notwithstanding the prosperity that he supposed awaited him abroad, he felt that he was about to purchase it dear by forsaking the land of his nativity. He looked at his wife, as she stood beside him, gazing at the fast retiring promontory of Inishowen, which was the last vestige of dear Ireland that she was to see. He perceived that her eyes were swollen with the moisture of grief; and although his own heart was filled from the same cause, he thought it his duty to comfort her, as he tried to comfort himself, by half whispering and half singing in her ear,

> "We need not grieve now, our friends to leave now,
> For Erin's fields we again shall see;
> But first a lady in Pennsylvania,
> My dear, remember thou art to be."

Whether this promise of her becoming a Pennsylvania lady had the consolatory effect upon his wife that Gilbert intended, I cannot say; but it is certain, that except about three weeks, during which she labored under the tortures of seasickness, she endured a boisterous passage of nearly three months with considerable liveliness and good humor. At length, if we may believe Gilbert's own account of the matter, one Sunday morning—(as good luck would have it)—he had the happiness to land on the wharf at Philadelphia, with his Nelly on his arm, and twenty gold guineas in his pocket.

Gilbert was now in the Land of Promise, the bright Eldorado of his imagination, where every thing he did was to

be so richly remunerated, that his very scratching of the ground would cause it to teem with wealth, and spreading his hands to heaven would bring down a shower of gold. During the first week after his arrival, he was in ecstasy. Although none of the expected riches had yet made their appearance, he very reasonably ascribed this to his not having made any of the exertions necessary to attract them; for he was not such a fool as to suppose that they were to be gained without exertions of some kind. But these exertion she could make when he needed them; and, like a true Irish man, he considered his twenty guineas sufficient for all present purposes. He therefore thought that it could not be wrong to enjoy himself a little in a new country; and, as Nelly, who was rejoiced to have her foot once more on Terra Firma, was unusually cheerful and engaging, he could do no less than spend a couple of weeks in showing the dear girl the novelties of the place.

At length his twenty guineas were reduced to ten; and he began to think, for he had a mixture of Scotch blood in him, that he should do some thing to prevent their farther reduction. He expressed his wishes to several of the natives, expecting that they would make him acquainted with the plan of getting rich which suited their country. They told him to "work."

"Work!" ejaculated Gilbert to himself; for he had the prudence to perceive that it would not do to affront the natives, by expressing audibly any feelings of disappointment respecting their country—"work! an' was it for that, after a', that I left the snug toonlan' o' Maughrygowan, an' cam' owre the ocean, whan I thought I wad become a gentleman on my very landin! Work! why what waur could I hae done at hame, than to hae labored for my daily bread! But I was nae quite at that need either. Eh! sirs—Nelly, puir lass! is as little likely to become a "lady in Pennsylvania," as the sang we used to sing, says, than she was in her ain country!"

However, Gilbert was not of a temper to be cast down by trifles; and, as his eyes were now pretty much opened to the real circumstances of the country, and his funds were every day diminishing, he though at last of seriously betak-

ing himself to work, as he had been advised. He was healthy, young, and active, and, as far as respected himself, had no other objection to a life of labor, than the slowness with which it brought in that affluence which had been the great object of his emigration. His Nelly, however, was more affected at the thought of her being obliged to earn their sustenance by the sweat of his brow; and her sorrow galled his feelings far more sensibly than the necessity which occasioned them. She became *home-sick*, as it is termed, and for several months internally pined after the oat-cakes, the heather-rows, the genial zephyrs, the warbling groves, the fairy haunts, and the rural sports of her native land. But her mind, naturally cheerful and elastic, soon recovered its tone, and, becoming resigned to her situation, she not only encouraged her husband in his industry, but assisted him by her own.

In a short time Gilbert's diligence and good conduct became noted among his neighbors, and several gentlemen of property were heard to speak in his commendation. It may be here observed, that the manners of the Philadelphians towards strangers on first settling among them, seem, at this day, to be much the same as our friend Gilbert found them to be a hundred years ago, that is, reserved, discouraging, and forbidding, till some species of merit shall appear to justify attention and kindness, which will then be afforded exactly in such proportion as the merit deserves, but in no more. In other words the Philadelphians appear to be the most punctual in rendering justice, but the most backward in displaying generosity, of any people in the world.

Gilbert Frazier's merit was also pretty much of the kind that has always been in high estimation with the inhabitants of Philadelphia—for "*sobriety and perseverance*" seem to be their characteristics, and might, without much impropriety, be adopted as the motto of the city. It is true, that the warmth of his Scotch blood prevented his manners and conduct from being so rigidly regular, tamed, and disciplined in all things, as those of the older citizens, but, for his levities and indiscretions, as they called them, his neighbors had the good nature to make a suitable allowance, or

account of his being an Irishman, and also to give him the greater credit for that unexpected degree of steadiness and attention to his employment that he exhibited.

But, although resolute and determined to do what he could to earn a comfortable and honest living, the income of his occupation, which was only that of a common laborer, was by far too inconsiderable to satisfy his wishes. He was also, on account of having received, when he was about five months in the city, from his Nelly, the interesting present of a fine son, to whom, although he was no catholic, he gave the name of Patrick, in honor of his native tutelary saint, the more solicitous to change his employment for one more lucrative. He had been bred to no mechanical trade, and he had neither inclination nor talants for traffic. The management of a farm was, therefore, what best suited him; and it was not long after the interesting event just mentioned, that he agreed with a gentleman, who possessed some land on the Juniata river, a short distance above its junction with the Susquehannah, to remove there, and cultivate a certain number of acres *on the shares*.

On this place Gilbert had resided about ten years, and had thriven so much, that he felt himself able to make to its owner such proposals for purchasing it, as he had every reason to believe would be accepted; when unfortunately, a formidable party of Indians made a furious irruption into the settlement, and after pillaging or destroying whatever articles of value came in their way, they carried off, as prisoners, upwards of twenty families, among whom was that of the unhappy Gilbert. He was at this time, the father of three children, two sons and a daughter, who, with their mother and himself, were carried rapidly for more than two hundred miles, over a pathless and interminable wilderness of thick, lonely, and gloomy forest, corresponding in its state of wild and dismal savageness with the nature of the ferocious and vengeful prowlers, on whose barbarous caprice their very existence now depended.

To expend a quantity of elaborate tropes and sounding superlatives in describing the woful contrast produced by this disaster upon Gilbert's affairs, would not, I am convinced, in the slightest degree, strengthen that vivid conception

of it with which the reader must be already impressed The threats, the barbarities and exultation of the savages; the terrors, the tears, the lamentations and actual sufferings of the captives, many of whom, during their rapid and cruel march, died of their wounds or their ill-treatment, might require description if they were not already present to every imagination. The party at length arrived at an Indian town, on the banks of the Allegheny river, called Catanyan, on the site of which the present Kittanning is built. Here a council of the chiefs and other great men of the several tribes in the neighborhood met, in order to deliberate on the fate of the prisoners. Among these, Gilbert was surprised to observe five or six white men in military dress, but different in its decorations and construction from any he had ever before seen. He was nevertheless strongly inclined to conceive them Europeans, and the only thing that caused him to doubt on the subject, was their speaking neither English, Irish, nor Dutch, the only European languages of which he had any knowledge. His doubts were, however, soon removed by some of his fellow-prisoners, whose information was more extensive than his own, from whom he learned that these military men were French officers, who were now exploring the country, and forming alliances with the Indian tribes. He was also given to expect that their presence might be advantageous to the prisoners, as they would no doubt make exertions to save as many as they could from that cruel fate, which the Indians, if left to themselves, would not fail, according to their custom, to inflict.

Accordingly it so happened; for out of about seventy prisoners, there were only five selected to be burned, and about twenty to run the gauntlet. It was Gilbert's fate, however, to be one of the latter; but he underwent it courageously, and being "brave an' supple," as he himself phrased it, he reached the goal with the infliction only of a few bruises, which broke neither bone nor blood-vessel. A few days afterwards the greater number of the prisoners were marched off, as Gilbert was informed, to Canada. With respect to himself he, together with his family, were permitted to remain at the Catanyan town, even after all the other families were sent off, some of them separated

from each other, to different directions. This was a favor for which he could not account, but which gave him the greater joy, as it was unexpected.

Nelly, whose mind had been greatly shaken by her misfortunes, soon began to recover her serenity, after the departure of the other prisoners; and permitted as she was to enjoy the society of her children and her Gilbert, she thought it ungrateful to repine at that Providence which had been so much kinder to her than to so many others of her companions in misfortune. Gilbert's mind, also, on this occasion took a pious turn, so that both husband and wife felt in their adversity, a disposition to religious exercises, to which, during the period of their prosperity, they had been strangers. Such feelings are natural, and could be easily accounted for, but it is not the province of a novelist to do so. His duty obliges him only to state the fact, and leave it to the philosopher, or rather, perhaps, the divine, to discover the cause.

Although Gilbert and his family had been exempted from many of the severities which they saw inflicted upon their unfortunate fellow-prisoners, their minds were still much agitated with apprehension; for they knew not how soon so capricious a people as the Indians, would take it into their heads to torment, and perhaps, destroy them. But the same religious feelings which made them thankful to heaven for the reprieve they had obtained, inspired them also with hopes of continued protection and final deliverance.

But Gilbert's mind was not so entirely engrossed with his own concerns, as to spare no feelings of sympathy for the more disastrous fate of his neighbors; and he was considerably puzzled to account for some who had been more rigid, at least in the externals of religion, and full as attentive to moral appearances as himself, coming off so much worse than he did.

"Ah! it is a mysterious thing," said he to Nelly, "to think how they were permitted to burn that holy man, Matthew Merriam, that never missed mornin' family worship three times a day since he began housekeepin', an' yet to owerlook a cauldrife member o' the kirk

like me, an' no a muckle as brak' a bane in my body!

"Matthew Morrison was fit for heaven, an' the Lord took him," was Nelly's reply; "but he has gi'en ye time to repent—"

"An' oh! that he would gie grace wi't!" returned Gilbert, "baith to make me thankfu' for't, an' to use it richt."

"Ay, ay, Gilbert," she observed—"we should aye be constant in prayin' for his grace, baith to pardon us an' to guide us, for ye ken they're weel guided, that He guides."

In this manner did Gilbert and his wife frequently converse and encourage each other, on this occasion; and although their minds were naturally much agitated with fears and doubts, they were still supported by the kindly influence of piety and hope.

It was not long, however, before Gilbert discovered the agent to whom, under Providence, he was indebted for the favor he had experienced from the Indians. A French officer came one day into his tent, and, to his great surprise, addressed him in English.

"I have been the means," said he, "of preventing you and your family from being sent to Canada, and I wish a favor in return."

"A favor, your honor!" replied Gilbert, who instantly felt the workings of gratitude in his heart. "A favor—ay! that you shall—only tell me how I maun do it, an' I'll rin owre the worl' to oblige ye."

"I do not wish to send you quite so far," returned the officer, "but, if you would have no objection to part with your wife for a few weeks, I have occasion for her services."

At this Gilbert bent his head, and looked somewhat glum, which the officer observing, corrected his phraseology, by saying—"But no—I will not separate you from her. I'll obtain permission for you also to go—and your children; you will all be as secure there as here."

"An' whar do you want us to gang?—an' what want ye wi' Nelly?" asked Gilbert, in a tone half angry, and half fearful.

The officer perceived the state of his feelings, and with a smile observed—"I shall answer your last question first.

as I believe you consider it the most important. It is a female, and to be plain with you, my own wife, who wishes at present for the society and attendance of a white woman. She is far advanced in pregnancy, and is unfortunately surrounded altogether by Indians, for the presence of whose females, on the occasion she so soon expects, she has the utmost aversion. When I perceived your wife among the prisoners, a married woman, the mother of children, and of decent, respectable appearance and demeanor, I at once conceived that she would make a suitable companion for mine under present circumstances; and, therefore, I successfully exerted myself to prevent your being sent away with the other prisoners. As to your first question—where I wish to send you? My wife is at present under the protection of an Indian Queen, who resides on the bank of the Monongahela, a large river about forty miles distant."

During this statement, the countenances of both Gilbert and his wife brightened into an expression of delight, which perfectly satisfied the officer that they would cheerfully and thankfully comply with his wishes.

"We will attend ye, sir," replied Gilbert, instinctively reaching for his hat, of which the Indians had not deprived him, and which now lay on a short log that was used inside of the tent for a seat—"yes, your honor"—said he, clapping it on his head, and making a motion to march forward—"we will attend you, or your sweet wife, by nicht or by day, in a' weathers, an' whare'er ye like to send us."

Nelly also assured him of the care and zeal with which she would serve his wife, in order to make some return for what he had done for them.

The next morning, therefore, the officer accompanied them to the residence of Queen Alliquippa, a short distance above Turtle Creek, near the Monongahela river.

CHAPTER II.

—Now to yon mourner go,
* * * * * * *
Mark the hot tears that from his eyelids flow.
And smothered sighs that all his breast dilate—
Speak not—for comfort doth on silence wait—
* * * * * * *
But thou poor widow'd bird that quivering seest,
At one fell swoop thy dwelling desolate,
Oh! what shall comfort thee, thou o'er thy nest,
In vain may'st chirp and call for thy lost mate—

BROMLEY.

In a reasonable time our party arrived at the royal wigwam of Alliquippa. Reader! startle not at the word royal—for why should not a wigwam be royal as well as a palace, when it is the residence of a queen! If we believe those who conceive that royalty altogether consists in a fair, uncorrupted descent of legitimate blood from enthroned ancestors, or in the title given by a blood thirsty sword, to the supreme authority of a conquered country, then it has nothing more to do with a mansion built of marble and covered with gold, than with a hut constructed of oak bark, and covered with rush mats, except this, that whenever it can, for it is a very selfish principle, it secures to itself residences of the former kind. But setting abstract reasoning aside, for I hate it in a novel, we hear of royal gardens, royal forests, royal theatres, royal fish-ponds, royal stables, and royal hog-sties—and surely, dear reader, you will tolerate a far more decent and respectable phrase than some of these—a royal wigwam. Alliquippa's royal residence, when Gilbert visited it on this occasion, was not, indeed, so costly and magnificent a building, as the good people of New York and Philadelphia have, no doubt, hitherto fancied a royal residence to be! for their ideas on this subject are full as elevated as those of the Londoners, Dubliners, or Edinburghers themselves, who are every day blest with the sight of royal fabrics in abundance. But I would have the New-Yorkers and Philadelphians to know,

what in their republican ignorance they, perhaps, do not, but what the Londoners, Dubliners, and Edinburghers, know well, that the presence of a royal personage has the virtue, not indeed of the philosopher's stone, to transmute every thing into gold—but of Adam's seeds and animals, to produce every thing after its own kind, and consequently to make all things royal. Hence Aliquippa, whose blood is stated by the ancient chronicles lately fished up from the bottom of the Monongahela, to have been as purely royal as a descent of upwards of forty generations could make it, was undoubtedly capable of making the wigwam that had the honor of holding her royal person, a *royal wigwam*.

Having settled this important point, we shall introduce Gilbert and his family to her majesty, who received them graciously, and presented each of them with a string of beads made of red berries, in token of her royal favor. She was seated on a conveniently formed block of wood, about eighteen inches high, covered with a neat mat, in the outer apartment of the wigwam,— for this edifice, although the generality of its species contain only one apartment, happened to contain two, the additional one having been constructed at the request of the French officer for the accommodation of his wife, of whom we shall directly take notice. But we must finish our respects to her majesty. She was a widow, and still young, and considerably handsome. Her manner united dignity with affability, and her personal attractions had lately induced several chiefs and great men to solicit her in marriage. At the present time, her most encouraged lover was king Shingiss, a young warrior whose residence was on the south bank of the Ohio, about two miles below the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monongahela—and it was so confidently believed that he would succeed in obtaining her, that almost all her other lovers had relinquished in his favor. Being, however, somewhat like the British queen Elizabeth in her disposition, fond of being admired, but fonder of being obeyed, she acted much in the same manner, by encouraging lovers, but keeping free from a husband. Her tribe, which was called the Shannoahs, was in complete and satisfied subjection to her authority, and that authority she was resolved neither to

depute nor divide with any one. As however, Shingiss was much devoted to her, she contrived to keep alive his hopes so long, that he never sought any other for a wife, and after a courtship of nearly thirty years, he died a bachelor. She was dressed, when Gilbert first saw her, in rather a showy costume. A kind of diadem made of the red feathers of the flamingo plaited together, encircled her brows, and, in some parts seemed to be fancifully enwreathed with her hair which was very plentiful, and of a brilliant jet color. A large splendid crystal hung pendant from each ear: and from her neck, which, as well as a considerable part of her breast, was bare, hung a glittering chain of variegated beads. Her elbows and wrists were surrounded with scarlet bands made of dyed skins, and ornamented with beads. A kind of gown, or wrapper fabricated from a large silk shawl, of which the French officer's lady had made her a present, covered her body from the breast downwards, being suspended to the shoulders by straps of beaver skin, so formed as to have the fur on both sides. This garment was also fastened round her waist by a beautiful fur belt of various colors secured with silver clasps. Light colored moccasins of deer skin covered her feet, and completed an arrangement of dress, of which Alliquippa was as proud as ever queen Elizabeth was of her court-day robes.

The ceremony of introducing the strangers to her Shannoah majesty being over, she addressed the French officer as follows.

"*My Brother*,

"I am glad you are come back so soon. My sister—your wife—was cast down in your absence. But I could not blame her—for I remember when Shandow, my husband, went first to hunt, after our marriage, I was disconsolate, and dreamed every night of evil till he returned. He is now gone to his fathers, and shall never more return. But he died of a breast-wound fighting the Otawas, and our whole tribe has praised him.

"Brother! you did well to bring these people—your wife will be better pleased with a woman of the east, than with my squaws. You will tell me at another time, why the rising sun gives a fairer skin than the setting.

"Brother! I shall order provisions for your people. But your wife wishes for your conversation. I shall detain you no longer than to request, that until the Great Spirit makes you a father, you will be free to tell me your wants, and use my wigwam and my people as your own."

The officer made a suitable reply, and the conversation, descending from the stateliness of ceremony, became promiscuous and familiar.

Nelly soon became much attached to the officer's lady, who was, indeed, as sweet and lovely a woman as the sun ever beheld. They had, at first, some difficulty in understanding each other's discourse, for the lady, who was a French woman, spoke but imperfect English; and with respect to Nelly's English, she scarcely knew one word in ten. But minds that are disposed to accommodate each other soon overcome difficulties of this kind; and Nelly and her mistress, in less than twenty-four hours' acquaintance, contrived not only to be mutually intelligible, but mutually agreeable and interesting.

As to Gilbert, his habits of industry while he resided on the Juniata, rendered his present prospect of idleness irksome, and perceiving at the junction of Turtle Creek with the Monongahela, a short distance from the wigwam, a suitable place for building a log cabin, which he thought would be a more convinent residence for the French lady on the approaching occasion, he proposed to her husband to erect one, which, with the aid of a few axes and a few Indians, he said he could do, so as to make it considerably more commodious than the wigwam, in a single week. The officer gladly acceded to the proposal, and procured from Alliquippa, not only permission for Gilbert to build the house, but also a grant to him of several hundred acres of the land around it.

Gilbert knew too well how to appreciate this unexpected piece of good fortune, not to turn it to advantage. He immediately commenced building his house, and as the queen directed a number of her Indians to assist him, it was completed in more comfortable style, and in a shorter time, than the officer had conceived to be possible. His lady was conveyed into it; but in a few days, her husband's joy at find

ing her so conveniently lodged, was turned into grief into distraction—by her death in giving birth to a daughter?

On the first intelligence of this event, he sunk to the earth overpowered with anguish; but recovering his muscular energy he suddenly arose, hastened to the beloved corpse, and pressed it to his bosom in an agony of sorrow. Tears now gushed from his eyes, and to all appearance he became somewhat calmed. He asked to see his infant. Nelly brought it forward. He kissed it with an almost convulsive fervor, and burst again into tears. He then withdrew to a bench on which, with his throbbing temples pressed between his hands, he sat in silent anguish for a short time. He then started to his feet.

"Mrs. Frazier," said he, "dreadful, dreadful has been my loss! and dreadful has it been to that infant! I have lost—but oh! I need not now recount her virtues, her loveliness, her tenderness! The world now has nothing for me!—But what will become of this——Oh! God!—God! support me! Oh! protect this tender plant! Nelly, I conjure you to be its mother, for it has now none else. And you, my friend!" he here caught Gilbert by the hand, "be you in place of that unhappy father, who is now unfit to look after it—here, here!" So saying, he ran to one of his wife's trunks,—"here, take this," and he cast a purse of gold upon a table, "and whatever else these trunks contain—support my child—bury my wife decently. Oh, God! her, grave will be here in the wilderness, but her soul is with thee in heaven! He again ran hastily to the corpse, and embracing it for several minutes,——"Farewell, farewell!" he at length exclaimed, and hurried out of the house.

Gilbert, after a moment's deliberation, followed him, for he saw him in a fit of frenzy, and dreaded his committing some rash and fatal deed. But he had disappeared, and Gilbert perceiving from the thickness and intricacy of the woods, that pursuit would be fruitless, soon returned to console and assist his wife, whom grief had rendered almost unable to attend to her domestic duties.

Alliquippa, who was much affected with these distressing occurrences, attended herself, and ordered a number of her tribe to assist at the funeral of her deceased friend, which

they readily did; so that Gilbert had the satisfaction to see the remains of this unfortunate lady deposited in the earth in as decent and respectable a manner as the circumstances of the time and place would admit.

As to the infant whom Providence had thus thrown upon his care, he was resolved both to do for it a father's duty, and cherish for it a father's feelings; and on conversing with his wife, he found her not only ready to approve, but solicitous to perform, every benevolent wish he had conceived in its favor. The little orphan, therefore, whom they named Maria, as its mother had been so called, they resolved to esteem as their own offspring, and provide for it accordingly.

It was now a matter of much deliberation with Gilbert and his wife, whether they should determine to make a permanent residence on the spot where Providence had placed them, or endeavor to obtain permission from the Indians to return to their former habitation on the Juniata.

"I canna weel tell, Nelly," said he, "what's best to be done. Gin we stay here, we may ne'er see the face o' a gospel Christian again, unless it may be some blackguard trader, drappin' ance or twice a year doon the river, to cheat the Indians o' their peltries. I ne'er liked them traders [illegible] the Indians sae *wicked* [illegible] ——"

"An' what's the warst o't," observed Nelly, "if we stay here, we'll ne'er see a [illegible] congregation in a [illegible]."

"But we can worship as the gude [illegible] in oor ain home," he replied; "for Joshua [illegible] he an' his household would serve the Lord; an' ye remember what oor [illegible] the Lord sincerely [illegible], he will be fun' [illegible] as in a temple," by which he meant a church [illegible] o' [illegible] the days o' the Jews. [illegible] whether the savages wad gie us leave to gang back; an' ye ken it's an unco road."

"Ah! I weel ken that," said she, "it's a hard road ava. In Ireland, we had better roads through the peat bogs."

"Ah! dinna talk o' Ireland," he replied, drawing a deep sigh: "it mak's my heart sair ilka time it's named. But we maun e'en bend to Providence—an' it's late in the year: gin we had [illegible], I doot muckle, whether we could mak' oor way hame without a road to guide us in [illegible] weather,—and four helpless weans wi' us. Think o' [illegible] Nelly!——"

"I do think o't," she replied: "I doot muckle we maun bide here for yen season at ony rate. We canna think o' the road just noo, an' we hae a decent biggin owre oor heads to shelter us till the simmer comes——"

"An' I'm thinkin' beside," observed Gilbert, "that we hae a [illegible] we [illegible] to [illegible], or [illegible] be see, [illegible] wee helpless [illegible]'s [illegible] [illegible] leevin', [illegible] may be o' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

"[illegible] Gilbert—puir wee [illegible]! [illegible] Nelly [illegible] [illegible] o' her [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] kissed [illegible]: 'Puir wee thing!' she continued, "[illegible] [illegible] ye're [illegible], [illegible], to [illegible] [illegible], an' [illegible] come back in search o' ye. Gilbert! I think it wad, indeed, [illegible] wrang to gang aff. The gentleman's mind may come to him again, an' he may want his [illegible], an' wadna ken whaur to find her if we were gane."

"It's a' true," replied Gilbert; "an' [illegible] the [illegible] the Juniata was nae oor ain either: an' the [illegible] [illegible] been a' ruined; [illegible] so, on the [illegible]'s account, I think we had as gude [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] try to fence awee, an' chap wood, an' [illegible] things in order to mak' us leevin-like through the winter; an', wi' the blessin' o' God, we'll try to be content an' thankfu'."

It was now that Gilbert began, in the midst of the desert, that course of industry which, in a short time, created a smiling and comfortable farm round him, and which, in a few years, [illegible] him so [illegible] to the place, that he abandoned all thoughts of ever leaving it.

Aliquippa and her Indians continued friendly to him and occasionally assisted him in the heavier exertions which his improvements required; but their habits were too unsteady and uncalculating, ever to imitate him by making

[illegible] of their own. Besides, they were now almost entirely [illegible] in either [illegible] or [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], who were [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] more and more upon those mountainous regions that form the great barrier between the eastern and western portions of the continent, and to the eastern portion of which the Indians were resolved, if possible, to confine them.

History informs us, that the French, who, at this time, claimed the whole of Western America, from Quebec to New Orleans, were [illegible] very industrious in urging the [illegible] [illegible] rapid progress that the British set- [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The savages were [illegible] to the [illegible], [illegible] them, [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] blood with blood, and outrage with outrage.

In the savage state the feeling of revenge is, perhaps, the strongest and most inveterate that actuates the minds, especially of [illegible] [illegible] people; and, heaven knows, the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] abundance of injuries to excite this feeling—a feeling which not only their natural propensities, but their religious opinions taught them to believe that it was meritorious to gratify. It is reasonable also to suppose, that a taste for plunder must have had its influence upon numbers of those improvident and homeless warriors, who were engaged in the sanguinary depredations so frequently committed on the white inhabitants of the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia during the middle [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] century; and, at the present day, when we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had [illegible] exposed such [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as how they could [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] enough to expose both [illegible] [illegible] and their [illegible], by their perpetual advances to the dangerous vicinity of their [illegible] foes, to [illegible].

imminent hazard of destruction. But, in times of danger there is an excitement often produced in the minds of men, which enables them to encounter, nay sometimes to court hazards and hardships, from the bare idea of which they would be apt in ordinary times to shrink with horror and dismay; and there have been instances——but a truce with philosophising!—I must go on with my story, and shall for that purpose, open another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

The sculptor's art can mould the form,
Can give its shape a mien and grace,
Yet cannot give that godlike charm,
The music breathing from the face.

The form Prometheus' hand had wrought,
Remained a lump of lifeless clay,
Until the dreaming heaven he sought,
And fir'd the clod with heavenly ray.

[illegible]

Although separated from the world of Christians, as he conceived himself, Gilbert Frazier felt that amidst his seclusion, he possessed many comforts, and he was thankful for them. His farm advanced yearly in improvement, and produce in value; for being long the only cultivator of the soil for many day's journey around him and living convenient to a navigable river, which was, even then, a considerable thoroughfare to those adventurous spirits who traded with the Indians, he could always without difficulty, make a ready and profitable sale of his surplus produce. With respect to security, in either life or property, he felt perfectly at ease. He knew that Alliquippa and her lover Shingas

were both his friends and declared protectors; besides which, his own inoffensive conduct, not to speak of his useful industry and occupation, from which all classes of the neighboring Indians had, at one time or other, derived some benefit, had interested them in his prosperity, and excited for him such a feeling of attachment that they would have been ready to avenge his cause, had any one, even of themselves, attempted to injure him.

With respect to his children, they increased in years and strength, but not in number, for Nelly had given him none since her settling in "The Wilderness." His eldest son, Patrick, the Philadelphian, we have before mentioned, was soon able to assist him in farming, which he did pretty attentively until he became seventeen or eighteen years old, when, being of a temper far more restless, daring, and shrewd than his father, he manifested a disposition for traffic rather than labor; and, contrary to his father's wishes, spent a great portion of his time in rambling over the country, and dealing with both Indians and white people, as chance afforded an opportunity. By this time, however, his younger brother, who was called Archy, was able to fill his place on the farm, so that the old man's industry suffered but little inconvenience from the defection of his first-born.

His daughter whose name was Nancy, was the youngest of his three children, and but one year older than the little orphan Maria, whom Providence, as we have seen, had thrown upon his care and affections under circumstances so well calculated to excite them. Nancy grew up to be a pretty young woman, the picture of health and good humor, with well-rounded regular features, glancing eyes, smiling aspect, and rosy complexion. She was an open-hearted, honest creature, with little penetration, and less suspicion; one, who, had she lived in what is called the "civilized world," would have been better calculated to enjoy it, than to thrive in it; but for that description of world where her lot was cast, she was well adapted. There she might roam the woods in safety without fear of a betrayer, and indulge her thoughtless gayety without giving offence. Her affections were warm, but her sensibility not extremely acute, for although she may have been said to have loved almost every

one with whom she had become acquainted, yet their misfortunes, though they might cloud, could not obliterate her bias to mirth and hilarity. In short, she was like many of her sex, more fitted for love than for hatred, and for joy than for sorrow.

Such was the young female who had been from her infancy, the companion of Maria Frazier, for so we must at present call the little orphan who had been taught to call our friend Gilbert father, since by that name every body knew her so far as she was known. During her childhood, Maria was of very playful disposition, partaking much of the vivacity of her sister—for the two girls long conceived themselves to be really sisters—but she was too timid to join in many of her freaks; and, although she was the younger, her superior prudence and discernment had imperceptibly acquired for her a degree of control over the other, to which Nancy had become so habituated, and which, indeed, was always exerted with so much good nature and kindness, that it never caused her any soreness of feeling, while it had often the effect of preserving her from indiscretions.

Although in their persons these two young women were both highly attractive, their attractions differed much both in kind and degree. Nancy was, if any thing, rather robust and stout in her appearance to suit the general idea of symmetrical beauty; yet to many tastes, that firmness and solidity of frame which was the consequence of this slight variation to the side of plumpness and vigor was rather pleasing than otherwise. Her countenance, like her person, was also, perhaps, too much rounded and full to entitle her to the character of a finished beauty; but from its regularity in its individual features, and its healthy complexion, together with the perpetual expression of content and gayety that it exhibited, it never failed to please the beholder. Her manners sometimes possessed a little too much forwardness and familiarity to be strictly correct and agreeable; but these, most people would think, were fully atoned for by her innocence, archness and vivacity.

As to Miria's manners, if modesty without coldness, delicacy without affectation, affability without obtrusiveness, liveliness without pertness—if easy dignity and attentive

complaisance can be pleasing, hers were eminently so. Her person was elegantly proportioned, inclining, as some perhaps would think, rather much to the slender form of nymphlike beauty, but at the same time, displaying solidity and fulness enough to indicate a healthy and sound constitution. Her motions and gestures were natural, flowing and harmonious. As to the charms of her countenance, they were so full of that magical attraction which I have heard called the "inexpressible somewhat," and the impression of which no iciness of heart can resist, that it is impossible for words to depict them justly. A mere delineation of her exquisitely-formed features, and beautiful complexion, when she reached the interesting age of seventeen—an account of the bright expression of her black eyes, shaded with their thick silken eye-lashes, and surmounted with her white and polished forehead—of the damask bloom of her cheeks, of the coral of her lips, and the shading of her dark ringlets profusely flowing round her fair temples and snowy neck—would afford but a faint idea of the striking loveliness, which, no doubt, partly emanated from these, but which had their principal source in that soul-speaking intelligence, that living lustre of mind, that glow of sensibility and benevolence, which characterized her looks to an unrivalled degree, and made her the delight, as well as the admiration, of every beholder.

Such were the distinguishing traits in the manners and appearance of these two flowers of "The Wilderness," that had grown up and flourished into full and beauteous bloom under the diligent care of Gilbert Frazier, and his attentive and managing wife. But they differed more in the extent of their information and in their natural aptitude and relish for acquiring knowledge, than in either their persons or their manners. To Nancy the labor of study was rather an irksome task, while Maria ever courted it as her chief delight. It will be naturally supposed that her means of gratifying this inclination for learning must have been necessarily very limited; but Providence furnished her with them to a greater extent than could have been expected. A singular old man, named Tonnaleuka, whom the Indians regarded as a prophet, frequently made his residence in the

vicinity of Gilbert's for several months together, and, on these occasions, took great delight in teaching his children, and seemed particularly interested in giving instruction to Maria, perhaps because he found her so capable and solicitous to receive it.

He informed Gilbert, who, on their first acquaintance, expressed his astonishment to find such a variety and extent of information possessed by an Indian, that he had, in his early youth, imbibed a great thirst for knowledge; in consequence of which he had run off from his tribe, who opposed his desires in this particular, and travelled, for several years, through the towns of New-England, where he studied the English language, and became acquainted with various sciences. "From thence," said he, "I visited Canada, for the purpose of acquiring whatever useful knowledge the French could give me. When in Quebec, the governor, at his own expense, placed me at a seminary, with the intention of qualifying me to act as an emissary among the Indian tribes, whom he wished to secure to the interests of his country. While there, I acquired a knowledge of the French language, and of the histories, institutions, and political views of the principal European nations. I then returned to my own people, that I might gratify the wishes of my benefactor, the governor, to whom I felt very grateful. My friends received me well, and forgave my leaving them, as they said it was the Great Spirit that put it into my head, that I might acquire knowledge to direct them in the management of their affairs with the white people. But they would not permit me to teach any of their young men or young women the sciences I had learned. "For," said they, "if it were useful for us to know these things, the Great Spirit would have communicated them to our fathers, and they would have taught us." However they gave me credit for my knowledge; and whenever I am among them, or any other kindred tribes, they consult me concerning all their undertakings, and generally follow my directions. But I do not wish my knowledge to be useless—I am desirous to communicate it—and since the children of my own people will not hear my lessons, I am glad that yours will."

The reader may wish to know, how an event so fortunate

on the little Maria, as Tonnaleuka's introduction to her father's, (for she naturally considered Gilbert as such,) took place. It happened about two years after Gilbert's first settlement on the Monongahela, and under the following circumstances. His son Patrick, or Paddy, as he was usually called, who was then about twelve years old, had gone one day into a deep glen, or defile, about a mile from home, to search for some cows that had been missing, where, not finding them, he amused himself by climbing the rocks that walled up the sides of the glen, when happening to slip, he fell from a considerable height, and broke one of his legs. His cries occasioned the appearance of Tonnaleuka, who immediately placed the boy on his shoulders, and carried him home. Gilbert had several times of late heard of this Tonnaleuka, and on one occasion, a few weeks before, had seen him, but had never spoken to him. Grateful now for the service he had rendered his son, he invited him to frequent his house, and enjoy his hospitality, whenever he should visit the neighborhood.

"Well, maybe ne' treat you in your ain way, wi' roasted venison, an' sic like, although we kill a deer noo an' then; for we ha' leev'd unco muckle in the Indian fashion, thir twa year back—but, howsomever, come an' see us, my freen, an' we'll aye mak' ye welcome to a share o' what's yann."

"My brother, said Tonnaleuka, think not that I dislike your offer—whenever I have occasion, I will accept of it; but I want you to know that I do not accept of it as wages for carrying home your wounded son. A virtuous Indian will receive no return from men for an act like this. If he did, the Great Spirit might refuse to give him that reward which he expects when he dies—for he rewards every good deed that is not rewarded here, a hundred fold better than either Indian or white man can."

"But, brother, hearken to me, I will tell you what I will do. I will take you for my friend, and because you are my friend, I will eat at your table; and when I am hungry, if I happen to be near you, I will come and tell you, and you will prepare for me, and I will eat as you eat—for I have been among white people, and have been taught to sup from

various dishes, and also to use the instruments of eating employed by the nations of the east.

"Brother, hearken to me, I know something of the art of bone-setting, for I have studied it under the great Mara looma—and, if you permit me, I shall now set your son's leg."

As this was an operation of which Gilbert himself was entirely ignorant, and as there was no professed surgeon within perhaps a hundred miles of him, this request was readily granted, and the service speedily and dexterously performed. The operator daily waited on his patient for for several weeks until a cure was perfectly accomplished.

It was during these visits that this Indian sage appeared to become so much attached to Gilbert's little girls, that he resolved to commence their tutor. He also extended his benevolent instructions to the boys; but the chief object of his care, as we have before observed, was the little Mary, who, although the youngest of the females, soon showed herself the most capable and willing to profit by his instructions. As she advanced in years, he drew up for her use a book, which he entitled "Wisdom for a Young Lady," in which he laid down maxims for the regulation of her conduct in both a state of seclusion and society, but particularly the latter. "For, said he, fortune may yet place you there, among white people like yourself. While I lived among them, I found it was difficult for men, but far more so for women to act properly. Their manner of life is not like ours. Propriety and duty call for a thousand things to be done among them, which they do not require among us, and the best informed of their people, whether male or female, cannot at all times remember, and attend to every thing that the multiplicity of their institutions, customs, and ceremonies, renders incumbent upon the person who would in all respects act well. Hence it is, as I perceived while with them, that no one either expects perfection from another, aims at it himself, and this may be the chief cause why they have never known any instance of complete improvement. But although I do not expect, my child, that it ever you live among them, my lessons will enable you to behave better

[illegible] any of them, yet I hope they will qualify you for being better than the most of them."

There was another copious source of information within [illegible] with the instructions of her friendly preceptor [illegible] was a small but very [illegible] collection [illegible] of both English and French [illegible] the trunks [illegible] her father, which the reader will remember her father to have mentioned in his address to Gilbert on the melancholy day of his wife's death. She was soon taught by her instructor to read and understand the French authors almost as easily as the English, and to comprehend whatever was difficult or obscure in either. Thus a fund of rational enjoyment, as well as of improvement, to which she could, at all times, have recourse, was in her possession, and [illegible]. She valued this the more, as [illegible] whom she now esteemed as her second father, was often called away on the business of the tribes with whom he was connected; for the fame of his wisdom and foresight had spread widely amongst them, and they never wished to undertake any important enterprise without consulting him, and obtaining his advice and direction how to conduct it. On such occasions, he was often obliged to be absent for many months together, during which she generally felt as much solicitude for his safety, as if he had been some near and dear relative.

Next to Tom [illegible], and the members of her own family, Maria's greatest favorite, and most agreeable associate, was queen Aliquippa. This Indian lady had always manifested for her a great affection, to which the melancholy circumstances of her birth, perhaps, at first gave rise; but which her own endearing sweetness, loveliness, and good nature, afterwards strengthened and confirmed into a sincere and permanent attachment. In consequence of this intimacy with Aliquippa, Maria obtained a tolerable knowledge of the language [illegible] by the queen, and a considerable acquaintance with the manners, customs and traditions of various Indian tribes.

Thus, notwithstanding this beautiful young woman was [illegible] by strangers, in the heart of a vast and [illegible]

"Wilderness," and in the midst of savage tribes, yet Providence had not only protected her childhood from injury, but had, almost miraculously, afforded her such means of cultivating her mind as, with the aid of her own excellent understanding, in a great measure, supplied the want of a more regular and finished education. When, therefore, she had arrived at the age of womanhood, whether we consider the endowments of her mind, or the charms of her person, she was eminently qualified to adorn and delight the most polished society in civilized life.

CHAPTER IV.

If thou art parentless, my daughter, hear me
Call Boss I live, and never can have offspring,
But in my heart for thee a parent's love
Long have cherish'd—for a mother then,
Oh! do thou take me, and thou never shalt,
While beats this heart that loves thy gentleness,
Know what it is to feel a mother's loss.

SAVELAPOUE

Thus until about her sixteenth year, did the life of Maria Frazier pass along in an unruffled, undisturbed stream of contentment and satisfaction. No misfortune had occurred either to herself or her friends of such importance as to occasion any lasting impression of grief upon her mind. It is true, that the prevalent quietude of the most secluded and tranquil life will be sometimes interrupted by small domestic cares, crosses, inconveniences, and ungratified wishes; and she was, no doubt, like every one else in the world, occasionally annoyed with such unaccommodating occurrences. But compared with the general serenity of her life, these were only like the touch of a fly upon the cheek, soon obliterated and soon forgotten.

[illegible] was about the age before mentioned, when the first [illegible] impression of a durable nature, was made upon her [illegible]. Of the history of her birth she had hitherto been [illegible] in ignorance, and never entertained the least suspicion [illegible] that Gilbert and his wife, (who had always treated her with the most affectionate indulgence,) were her parents. Ahuquippa's attachment to her was the cause of her now becoming acquainted with the truth. This Indian princess, who was now advancing in years, was childless, and had, therefore, for some time past, unknown to Maria, cherished a strong desire to adopt her for a daughter. She had once or twice expressed her wish to Gilbert, but could not procure his consent. She thought, however, that her favorite [illegible] now sufficiently old to act for herself. She, therefore, [illegible] as they conversed together in her wigwam, unexpectedly addressed her as follows:

"My daughter, hear me! and think seriously upon what I am going to say. Nature has not made me thy mother, but affection for you has long ago told me that it would have been well had she done so, for had you been formed of my own body, I could not have loved you more strongly than I do, or felt more interested in your welfare.

"Daughter; our customs enable me, in this case, to correct nature. You are already the child of my heart. I wish to make you the child of my adoption. If you consent, I shall call the heads of my tribe together, that they may confirm my wish."

This unexpected proposal both astonished and confused Maria so much, that for some moments she could not reply. Ahuquippa therefore continued:

"My child, listen again! I see your perplexity. It may be, you do not approve of my proposal. Perhaps you do not love me so much as I thought; or, perhaps you may be unwilling to live in this wigwam, after our manner. Here we have not so many utensils for cooking, and preparing [illegible] for the table, as where you have been accustomed [illegible]. But if we have not, look to it, my daughter! have [illegible] more ease? [illegible] we not less annoyance to endure [illegible] fire-side labor? And yet we are nourished, and have [illegible] and blood upon our bones, as well as the white people

Look at me, my child! I have seen forty-two summers and am I impaired in strength? Are my bones drier, or is my flesh more shrivelled than if I had been fed at a white man's table?

"My child, listen to me! If you become my daughter, you will become accustomed and reconciled to our mode of living. You will be honored by our tribe. Kings and Sachems will desire you in marriage. You will, if you choose, have the pleasure to resist them, and yet keep them in subjection, as I did. Or, as Shannalow, the eagle of his tribe, gained me in marriage, so may some great warrior gain you, and make you happy in his love, and joyful in his renown. You have heard me, my child! Will you become my daughter?"

Maria was still much perplexed for a reply. She was resolved to refuse, but she feared to offend. She found now, however, that she must say something; and she endeavored to express her refusal in terms as little offensive as she could.

"Mother," said she—for so she had been always accustomed to address Alliquippa—"I have heard your proposal which is the result of kindness for me. It excites gratitude in my heart, and although I cannot become your daughter, for I have parents to whom I owe a child's affection and duty—yet I love you as much as if I could. Think not, therefore, that my refusal springs from my not loving you, for how can I but love one who has been so kind to me?"

"My child, hear me!" returned Alliquippa—"I believe you love me. But hearken to a truth. It is right you should hear it. What parent have you in the world nearer to you than I am? None. Or is there one in it that loves you better? None. Gilbert Frazier is not your father, as you have supposed—nor is his wife your mother—she did not bear you more than I did. Alas! she who bore you, died in doing so. What, my child! be not surprised. Oh, do not tremble! I wished not to frighten you. Oh! Spirit of Maneto! save my child!"

Here Alliquippa caught Maria, for she appeared to be falling from her seat. Her countenance had turned deadly pale, her lips quivered, and sensation for a moment forsook

her. She recovered gradually, but it was several minutes before she could sufficiently collect her senses to speak distinctly concerning the strange and distressing intelligence she had just received.

"Ah!" said she, without recollecting Alliquippa's presence—"what has she told me? Some strange thing. Alas! it was this—that I have not a mother—and she died in giving me birth! Merciful Providence! and am I so bereaved!" Here she melted into tears, and her agitation somewhat subsided, when perceiving Alliquippa much affected, she addressed her calmly.

"My mother! be not so disturbed on my account. I have, indeed, heard what distresses me. I will not ask you to tell me the whole story. I will ask it of my father. But, I think you said I had no father. Ah! say, was I dreaming? or am I really a bereaved orphan?"

"My child!" replied the queen, "I am rejoiced to hear you again. I feared you were gone for ever, and I blamed myself for what I told you. But, listen, child! Alliquippa never told lies—what I said was truth. The Great Father is your only parent—but he is a good one; and he has given you friends who love you, and you have never wanted for anything. Then, child, listen to me! it is not right for you to grieve so much. It is as if you distrusted the good will of your great father towards you. But let me not find fault with what I have done myself. I grieved when Shannalow was killed, although it was in battle against our enemies, and he has been much praised. But I was to blame. And I have since thanked the Great Spirit, that my husband died a hero!

"Hearken further! I wished you for my daughter, because I have no child, and you have no parent, and because I love you, and believe that you love me. But my brother, Gilbert Frazier, and my sister, his wife, love you also, and have been good to you. They are of your own kind, and you may not wish to leave them for a mother of a red color. (Ah! I speak plainly!) Follow your own inclinations. If you become my daughter, I shall be glad. If not, you can still be my friend, and I shall be satisfied."

For these generous sentiments Maria felt, and expressed

[illegible] sincere gratitude; and taking leave of the queen, she returned home, with a mind more disturbed and oppressed with melancholy reflections than she had ever before experienced.

"[illegible] this is the [illegible]—alone [illegible] —in a [illegible] time [illegible] the world—without [illegible] attached to me by ties in the [illegible] of nature and [illegible]! [illegible], helpless, and destitute, must I still depend upon the charitable support of the hard-working, generous people that have hitherto supplied my wants? [illegible] in a state [illegible] would have been [illegible] [illegible] Oh, God of the [illegible]! enable me to [illegible] of his sorrows. Oh! point out to me what I should do, for I feel [illegible] on Thee alone [illegible] to cling for support!"

There was something of a [illegible] to be connected with the [illegible]; [illegible] on account of her being destitute of [illegible] to any other natural support, she felt assured that she had something like a greater claim upon her Heavenly Parent, the supporter of all his creatures, and the only friend of the [illegible] and the helpless. This [illegible] to [illegible] her [illegible], and throwing her [illegible] upon her Maker, and resolving never to distrust his Providence, she reached home in a far more composed state of mind than when she left Alliquippa's.

Her agitation, however, was too apparent not to be at once observed by the affectionate Nelly, who felt for her well-being all the solicitude of a real parent.

"What ails you, Mary?" said she—"I doubt something's wrong, my bairn—are you no well?"

"No—my kind mother!" she replied, "I am not [illegible]; it is my heart alone that is sick. Alas! that heart feels that it owes you a debt of gratitude, which it will never be able to repay."

"Why, my child," said Nelly, surprised at such an observation—"Why, what's come owre ye? That's strange talk, [illegible] ed! I doobt some o' this books ye're aye readin hae put ye crazy. I aften tauld ye it was wrang to study sae muckle. Tak' mair diversion, an' sport yoursel,' like Nancy, for it vexes your puir mother to see you sae."

"My mother, do you say!" cried Maria, almost unconsciously—"Ah! would to heaven that you were my mother—then, you would not see me now unhappy."

"Would I were your mother!" repeated the alarmed Nelly. "Did ony body ever hear the like o' that? Why ye ken, I hae aye been your mother—ay, an' I aye will be your mother, for ye hae aye been a gude bairn to me. Dinna cry noo, my bonny jewel—dinna cry sae—some yen—foul fa' their tongues! maun hae tauld ye some ill story to vex you. But dinna mind them, my bairn—ye hae aye been my ain, an' aye will be my ain!"

So saying, she kissed Maria, who was weeping bitterly, on the cheek, and wiped the tears from it with a handkerchief, while at the same time the moisture was breaking from her own eyes.

"Tell me," she said, "my bonny lamb! what vexes ye sae? for I canna bear to see ye cryin' this way."

Maria grasped her hand: she looked in her countenance and saw that her heart was full, and she could not resolve to increase its sorrow by disclaiming that tender relationship she had hitherto conceived herself to bear to the affectionate guardian and cherisher of her childhood.

"Yes! I feel it," she exclaimed, "you are my mother—my best of mothers, and shall still, still be so—though I have been told you were not."

"An wha was sae hard-hearted as to tell you sae, my [illegible]?—shame fa' their ill tongues! could they no hae been better employed than to blab oot what can noo do naebody [illegible]?"

"Ah! [illegible] mother—Oh! I will still [illegible] so, [illegible] I have no [illegible]."

"Nae right! Maria! my ain! sae lang my ain wean! Wha [illegible] tak' the richt frae ye to ca' me mother? Sair, sair [illegible] will be the day when ye cease to do sae!"

"I never will cease to do so while I live," said Maria; "and now, mother! I am better." And she endeavored to appear more cheerful—[illegible] perceived that her sorrow had made [illegible] violent [illegible]. "Be comforted [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"C[illegible] Nelly, [illegible]—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Maria! I [illegible] ye, I fed ye, an' watched over ye, an' nursed ye on my lap, an' fondled ye in my arms, at [illegible] [illegible]—Oh Maria! Maria! [illegible] ye are my [illegible] [illegible] God had made ye sae. Oh! [illegible] think o' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

"Yes—[illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of my infancy, [illegible] [illegible] my childhood, from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] kindness. I never [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] than the [illegible] [illegible] you have [illegible] so much [illegible] [illegible] towards me. Gratitude for these—ah! that is [illegible] word for what I feel—a daughter's love [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] do I feel it, and [illegible] I cherish it for you."

[illegible] and [illegible] confidence and comfort [illegible] up [illegible] soon restored them to tranquillity and cheerfulness.

Maria now informed the mother of Queen Alimuppa's proposal to adopt her as a daughter, and the account she had given her of the loss of her [illegible].

Nelly, in return, acquainted her with all the circumstances connected with her birth, of which the reader is already informed. She ended her relation by observing your father an' I would hae tauld you thir things lang syne, but, no [illegible] to disturb you wi' [illegible] story, an' no [illegible] either, it may be, that [illegible] [illegible] think us your father an' mother, wha like you as weel as we do them that are oor ain flesh an' bluid, we aye put it aff frae day to day. We feared it wad be an unco trial, an' ye might hae thought we did ye [illegible] unkindness. But you canna think sae noo. The [illegible] [illegible]; I'm glad o't, an' I hope in God, the Great Parent o' [illegible], that [illegible] keep us a' happy lang [illegible]."

"My Daughter—you say you have no kindred: but you only mean such kindred as have been called so by the customs of the world. These it may sometimes be a comfort to have, but it is not always a misfortune to want; for the faults of a man's kindred often reflect upon him their evil consequences, when he himself is blameless. But, daughter, you have kindred. The Father of the world has given us all a common origin: we have all sprung from himself. Every one you see is, therefore, your relative, whether white man or Indian. Such is the unchangeable law of nature!—and so long as you act justly towards these your relatives, they are bound, by that unchangeable law to support and protect you.

"But, my child, I speak thus, not to chide, but to advise you, not blame, but to comfort you; for although it is hurtful for you to grieve, yet for such a cause as yours, it is natural, and, therefore, cannot be offensive to your Great Father. Nay, my daughter, hear me! I am glad to see that you possess those fine feelings of the heart, that sweet and amiable sensibility, which is the true source of affection and tenderness, and which, when it can be controlled by religion and reason, is a great ornament to your sex. But, for your own sake, I wish you to restrain its impulses within due bounds. Its possession is often a great augmentation to happiness, but, unless under proper control, it is almost constantly a great source of misery, and the origin of misfortune.

"And now, daughter, I must say, that you have reason, considering all things, to be satisfied with your lot. God has given you kind and steady protectors in my brother Frazier and his wife; and, have I not been to you the father of instruction, and can you think me less than a father in affection, or that I shall ever see you in misfortune, and not step forth to relieve you?

"Daughter, be of good cheer—your blessings are many. You have health, and understanding, and knowledge, and on earth many friends, and God in heaven!"

CHAPTER V.

> Lay to the desert bend their venturous way
> Ardent band, regardless of each toil;
> Beneath a youthful leader's valiant sway,
> To rear their standard in a distant soil,
> And open out an empire which might tame
> The lawless wild to cultur'd arts of peace
> Bid the bleak waste the boon of plenty claim
> And cause th' accursed reign of savage times to cease!
>
> SAVELABOUR.

About two years after Maria became acquainted with her state of orphanage, an event took place, which, as it had the most important influence upon her destiny, it is our business to relate.

Shortly after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which left the boundaries between the British and French dominions in America altogether undefined, the British government, which claimed an unlimited extent of country westward, on a parallel with their eastern settlements, granted a large portion of land, situated about the head of the Ohio river, to a number of noblemen and opulent merchants, who associated together under the title of "The Ohio Company." This company, which was formed some time in the year 1750, contemplated territorial as well as commercial advantagss, and employed several adventurous individuals to explore the country, with a view to its settlement. It was soon understood, however, that the French, who also made pretensions to this country, would resist any British settlement that should be made there. But the company determined to persist in their designs; and, for the purpose of giving effect to their operations, in the year 1752, it was resolved to send a party of men to take formal possession, and erect a fort on the southeast side of the Ohio, near Chartier's creek, about three miles below where Pittsburgh now stands.

Thomas Adderly, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and a leading member and a director of the company,

was one of the [illegible] promoters of this enterprise. He was a native of Ireland, [illegible] same neighbourhood [illegible] friend, Gibes. [illegible] after whose arrival in America [illegible] Mr. Fisher, who was a man of large property, [illegible] young lady of [illegible] beauty and [illegible] accomplishments, he also emigrated to the same country, where in a short time, his success in mercantile business [illegible] in point of fortune, [illegible]'s [illegible].

This gentleman [illegible] an only son, named Charles, who was [illegible] after [illegible] in Philadelphia, which was in the year 1730. [illegible] son's education, [illegible] sent him to [illegible] years at Trinity College in Dublin and [illegible] in travelling over the British Isles, and [illegible] the European continent. After [illegible] he returned to Philadelphia, [illegible] before the above mentioned expedition to the Ohio.

Being a young man of an enterprising, [illegible] inquiring mind, [illegible] to explore the Western Wilderness, [illegible] with the language and customs of the [illegible], he communicated his wishes to his father, and requested permission to avail himself of the favorable opportunity then offered of gratifying them by accompanying the projected expedition. His father [illegible], that such an excursion would [illegible] addition to the already [illegible] stock of general knowledge that he possessed, and might lead ultimately to the obtaining of vast commercial advantages with the Indians, after some little deliberation on account of the perils of the undertaking, yielded to his request; and as Charles's education, talents, and courage were well known, he had no difficulty in getting him placed at the head of the expedition.

At the time that Charles [illegible] undertook the management of this enterprise, which was one, in those days, somewhat novel in its nature, he was in his twenty second year, and as accomplished, active, handsome and gallant a young man as any lady could wish to behold. His stature wanted but one inch of six feet. His features were well formed

[illegible] expressive: glowing with benevolence, and animated with good nature. His eyes were dark, intelligent and penetrating. His hair was [illegible], and somewhat curled—while the complexion of his countenance was [illegible] [illegible] white and red. His [illegible] were well [illegible] and justly proportioned. [illegible] [illegible] his manners and [illegible] [illegible] with condescension and [illegible].

[illegible] from Philadelphia to the [illegible] at the [illegible] quite different [illegible] from what it is now.—At the present day there is nothing [illegible] except those numerous annoyances [illegible] [illegible] with his [illegible], there was not [illegible] of the [illegible] constant and [illegible] to be met with [illegible] there was then nothing [illegible] continuation of [illegible] forests, [illegible] and gloomy [illegible] and impassable [illegible] [illegible] save [illegible].

[illegible] of Vaux. It consisted [illegible] about a couple dozen [illegible] consisting of [illegible] [illegible] men. [illegible] willing [illegible] who had once [illegible] in the New England wars against the Indians, and understood several of their languages; an engineer; a young

surgeon who was employed not merely as such, but as secretary to the expedition; and two young men of mercantile knowledge, who had been bred merchant's clerks, were the only individuals, not professionally workmen; unless we exclude from this class, Charles's body servant, Peter M'Fall, who had followed his dear master from the sweet city of Dublin—Och! long life to it!—Over all England and Scotland, and Germany and Italy, and France, and now to America; and was ready besides to follow him all the world over, and Ireland into the bargain, if he should ever go back to it."

Every man of this stout-hearted and stout-bodied party was well armed, and well prepared to encounter either the natural obstacles of the way, or the attacks of an enemy, should they meet with any, whether French or Indians.

They left Philadelphia laden with the prayers and good wishes of the citizens, and the fourth day afterwards crossed the Susquehannah in a flat, amidst the cheers and acclamations of the people then resident upon its banks. As they proceeded, however, the obstacles to their progress increased, and it was the eighth day from their starting before they reached the South Mountain. They had great difficulty in passing this mountain. Their axes and mattocks were put in frequent requisition. On the eleventh day of their journey, however, they reached the plain near where Chambersburg is now situated. They here pitched their tents and halted for a couple of days, in order to shoot game, and give those who were fatigued an opportunity of resting.

They set forward again on the tenth day, and arrived at the eastern foot of the North, or, as it is sometimes called, the Cove Mountain, that night. The crossing this stupendous mountain was one of the most laborious tasks they encountered on the whole route. They set their bodies to it, however, with great vigor, and hewed their way manfully through the almost impervious thickets that incumbered the numerous rocks and precipices over which they had to pass into the valley on the western side, in about four days. Here, on the site of the present M'Connelstown, they again halted for two days, for the sake of rest and recreation.

In this manner they proceeded over the vast and moun-

wilderness, not unaptly called the Backbone of America, with infinite labor securing footing for their horses, sometimes filling up, and sometimes bridging over, ravines, creeks, rivers, and morasses, and [illegible] woods [illegible]

about twenty miles distant, had expressed great displeasure at the report of his incursion to this country, and it was probable that he would not even refrain from violence in order to drive him off.

Charles thought that it was not likely the French would use force for such a purpose, as it was then a time of peace between France and England; but, at all events, he conceived it prudent to erect some species of defence, for if the French commandant should not venture openly to attack him, he might secretly spur on some of the Indian tribes to do so.

His men were immediately set to work; some in preparing timber for the block-house, and some in digging the trench. They had been two or three days employed at this business, when Peter M'Fan, who had been hewing timber at some distance from the rest, perceiving a deer, threw down his axe, and seizing his gun, (for, to guard as much as possible against any hostile surprise, each man was ordered to have his charged musket convenient to him while at work,) proceeded after it for a short distance. It had stopped, and in a crouching posture, among some thick undergrowth of hazels and spicewood, he silently and slowly approached it, when, all at once, he heard the sound of human voices, as if talking together. He thought no more of the deer, for he was altogether attracted by the sounds, in which he believed there was something not absolutely unknown to him. He drew near them with as much silence and circumspection as he could, and soon distinguished the words to be French, a language of which he had acquired some knowledge while attending his master on his European travels. He still continued cautiously approaching until he obtained a stolen view of the speakers. They were white men, and he had no hesitation in believing them to be French, although they had on no uniform that could distinguish them as such. Each of them wore a plain round hat, a short gray colored hunting roundabout, and gray pantaloons. They were standing leaning upon their guns, beneath a bush-covered bank that overlooked a small run, and from which bank, concealed by the brush, he saw them only four or five yards below him. After listening to their discourse for about fifteen or twenty

minutes, he became impatient to communicate it to his master, it being of such a nature as to show that there was mischief to be soon expected; but happening to withdraw from his skulking-place rather incautiously, they espied him, and immediately fired at him. One of their balls passed through his hat, and another through the skirt of his coat, without injuring him. He speedily returned their favor, and saw one of them fall, but did not wait to ascertain whether he was killed or merely wounded. He hastened through the wood with the swiftness of an Asahel, and was, in a few minutes, breathless before his master.

"Oh! holy Bridget! master!" cried he in a great flurry—"I am wounded both in the head and the tail!"

"Wounded! how?" exclaimed Charles. "Why, what has happened, Peter?"

"Ogh, nothing, your honor," replied Peter, somewhat recovering his respiration; "but I shot a Frenchman as neat, your honor, as neat as a pigeon, through the——"

"Then, Peter, I dare say it is the Frenchman, and not you, that is wounded."

"Ogh! now, master, sure didn't I tell you the truth? Look at the ball they shot through my head—I heard it whistling like a pipe-staple. You'll see it there in both sides of my hat, your honor. Ogh! it flew like the wind through a barn door—

"But it has not cracked your skull for you, I hope, Peter. Let me see. Why! you blunderpate, there is not so much as a scratch here—"

"Ogh! your honor, let Peter alone for that. The devil never yet made the bullet that broke my head, although he sent one through my tail too. By my sowl, it was tight going, to be shot through at both ends, master!"

"And yet to be injured in neither," observed Charles, who was now satisfied that Peter had received no hurt. "But tell me how this affair has happened. Where did you see the Frenchman, and what was he about?"

"By my sowl, [illegible] wasn't one, but two of them I saw, skulking, like thieves from a Kilmainham twist, behind a hay-stack. It was just, your honor, under the brow of the big ditch yonder where the little river runs, that I spied

[illegible]hem, as snug as [illegible] among the bushes. They were speaking French [illegible], when I listened like a lark, and heard every [illegible]

"[illegible] and [illegible] at [illegible]?"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] what conversation did they [illegible]? Did [illegible]?"

"[illegible] for you! [illegible] your honor! Why, my own mother never heard me [illegible]"

"But what did they say [illegible]—tell me, and be quick."

"Why! they [illegible] would take every soul of us prisoners [illegible]—hang their [illegible]—"

"[illegible]—[illegible]"

"[illegible] C—Clay[illegible] When they would [illegible] they could take us all [illegible] But I [illegible] the master [illegible] of them [illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] know [illegible] better than [illegible] now!"

"[illegible] heard when they [illegible]"

"[illegible] expect them [illegible] for not having [illegible]"

"[illegible]—[illegible] the bugle, and [illegible] in the men [illegible]"

P[illegible] few minutes the [illegible] whole [illegible]

Charles [illegible] danger that threatened [illegible] and desire[illegible]

men conferred privately with Captain Ridgely on the best measures to be adopted.

It was agreed that the men should at once be employed in constructing a hasty parapet for immediate defence, of the materials they had already prepared, so that if attacked they might have some shelter from the enemy. At the same time a messenger was sent to king Shingiss, acquainting him with the state of affairs, and requesting his assistance as an ally in repelling any attack.

Shingiss, with five or six warriors, soon waited upon Charles, and addressed him in the following manner:

"Brother! I will speak freely—your people and the French dislike each other, and many of us dislike you both. Your two nations disagree about this country which belongs to neither of you. It is a hundred generations since the Great Spirit who made it, first gave it to our fathers, and to their sons for hunting ground. They and we have possessed it ever since. Is it not strange that you white nations should quarrel more fiercely about our property than we ourselves?

"Brother! I will speak truth, and you will hear. We have no objection to your lodging among us, and trading with us, so long as you trade fairly, and behave peaceably, and make no attempt to engross our land.

"Brother, be attentive! I do not say that you have yet cheated us, nor that you intend it. But we have heard of some traders from the rising sun who did so. This has affronted our people. They see that the children of your nation can be dishonest, and they distrust you.

"Brother, hear the truth! I gave you permission to build here, because I know that you cannot, as we do, live in wigwams, and I wanted you to be comfortable, that you might have no cause of complaint, and that you might trade with us the longer.

"Brother! I [illegible] you these things that you may know how to please the Indians. If you attend to them, they will, when you are distressed, lend you assistance. If you despise them, they will [illegible] it still when you need them, or it may be they will lift the hatchet against you.

"Brother! Let me now say, that you have not yet dis-

pleased me, but the French have: and if my warriors were at home I would now help you, for you have my permission to live here, and the French have no right to forbid you. I will call upon the Shannoahs. Their warriors will come when they hear my story, and with those of my own tribe that are with me I will join them: but there will be a whole day before we can assemble.

"Brother! Look to it! If you are delivered from this danger, do not be once proud, and say it was your own strength that did it; and that the Indians should be despised, and may be treated unjustly. If you do, think you that they will again relieve you? For you may again be distressed: nay, if you act unjustly you will be so. I have done, my brother! I go to call the Shannoahs. Let what you have to answer be done."

"Brother!" replied Charles, "I am aware that our people have not always acted justly towards you, and I am sorry for it. But we are a very numerous people, and have, no doubt, some bad men among us, for we are much diversified in our dispositions. But you are too just to visit upon the innocent the punishment due to the guilty. You acknowledge we have hitherto acted justly: it is our intention always to do so. And, if you assist us on this occasion, we shall feel bound to act generously, and shall not soon forget your kindness."

Shingis now took his leave, and it was scarcely an hour afterwards when two warriors of his tribe came running towards Charles's fort. While yet at some distance, they were heard to imitate the scream of the owl, the signal by which they intended to inform him that there is a foe approaching. When they reached Charles, they informed him that there was a large [illegible] within a short distance [illegible] was [illegible] in [illegible]ling him.

They had hardly [illegible] when the [illegible] ethic war-whoop was heard to arise from different quarters of the woods at once; and Charles had hardly time to form his men into a posture of defence, ere a continued peal of musketry began to rattle all around, and a shower of bullets

few yards of Charles he stopped, and called in a loud and commanding voice to those who were fighting with him. They immediately ceased, and withdrew to a distance. Charles stood firm and collected, waiting the attack of the formidable savage, for the latter had paused in his approach as if to scrutinize the appearance of his antagonist, and meditate his mode of attack upon one so worthy of his valor—so apparently well calculated to call forth its whole extent, and prove its invincibility. Charles on his part, perceived that the struggle was likely to be a hard one, and he felt a sense of self-congratulation that it was so, because if he conquered, he should rid the world of one who, if he lived, was likely to be a scourge to his countrymen, and if he himself died, he should die by the hands of a hero.

These thoughts had the duration only of a moment, for the savage was soon at the attack. Having observed the kind of weapon possessed by Charles, as if disdaining to use what he supposed gave him an advantage over an opponent whom he wished to fight only on equal terms—he threw the battleaxe, with which he had often turned the tide of victory against his enemies, away, and occupied but a moment in snatching, from the dying grasp of Captain Ridgely who had fallen near him, his sword, which was nearly of the same size and formation with that of his antagonist.

At this instant, Charles paid a tacit, but high compliment to the magnanimity of his opponent, by relinquishing his station at the tree, and coming forward to meet him in the open space: for he instinctively felt that the followers of a brave man, although they should be savages, would not dare to disgrace, both him and themselves, by using unfair means, in the moment of combat, to secure him the victory.

The combatants now met, and fierce and terrible was the encounter. For, although they respected each other's bravery, each was determined to destroy or die. The Indian managed his unusual weapon with wonderful address, and it required all Charles's skill, (and he was an educated swordsman,) to ward off the fiery, the rapid, almost invariably rapid, and nearly overwhelming thrusts, strokes, and

movements of his antagonist. And when at the beginning of the contest he tried on his part to strike, or thrust, he was always baffled by some unexpected, and unaccountable turn of his opponent's weapon or bodily position. The savage, however, could make no impression upon him. He was too well acquainted with every manœuvre of parrying for that. Both were beginning to be wearied, and provoked at such an unavailing contest, when Charles reflected that even if he should in the end conquer, there was no possibility of escaping the terrible tortures destined to one captured by such foes, hundreds of whom stood around, ready to seize and carry him bound to torment and death, the moment his victory should be declared. This idea rendered him desperate: and, almost careless of conquest, he made a spring like lightning for suddenness, upon the Indian's sword, the blade of which he caught firmly, but most unexpectedly, in his left hand, (for the Indian, who had hitherto beheld him fight rather cautiously, had not calculated on a movement of so much rashness,) and, thrusting it aside with uncontrollable force, he dashed his own into his opponent's heart.

The Indian fell, and expired without a groan, a fate which, at first instant, the conqueror ardently wished had been his own: for as many savage hands as could lay hold of him, had now seized him, and he was carried away bound, along with eleven of his company, who were also prisoners, (the remainder having been killed on the field,) to the Chippeway encampment, to undergo the investigation and judgment of the victorious chiefs.

All the way to the encampment, which was on the north side of the Ohio, about two miles from the field of battle, the Indians continued shouting and dancing, and singing songs of triumph, in a manner so wild and frantic, that to their unfortunate prisoners their conduct appeared tainted with actual madness. It was nearing near the evening when they arrived at the camp, which was composed of a number of rude and hastily erected tents and wigwams, in one of which the chiefs assembled, and having approved of an appropriate Song of Victory, ordered two of their best singers to chant it in the hearing of all the warriors, many of whom

joined in the chorus. As one of the prisoners happened to preserve a copy of this song, it has come into our possession and we beg leave to offer the following translation of it to our readers.

An Indian Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Now the storm of battle's o'er,
Victory the brave has crown'd.
Heroes! we exult once more,
O'er the hard contested ground.

Raise the voice of triumph high!
Let it loudly pierce the sky,
And to our father's spirits tell,
How their sons have fought so well!
How they crushed the daring foe!
How they laid the white man low!
And how their haughty souls to tame,
They bound them on the field of fame!
Now the storm, &c.

From climes toward the rising day,
The intruders hither bent their way;
They loved the country we possessed,
Our native region of the west;
They came with murderous fire and brand,
To drive us from our father's land;
But warriors! we have lot them know,
The land is ours, and [illegible]!
Now the storm, &c.

The praises of the brave who fell,
Our songs shall never cease to tell;
Our sons shall hear their deeds of fame,
And warmly glow to do the same;
Our daughters shall find trophies weave,
Such as true heroes should receive
To crown the memory of the dead,
Who gloriously in battle bled.
Now the storm of battle's o'er, &c.

After this song, the whole savage party, which consisted of nearly three hundred, spent the remainder of the evening in feasting, dancing, and every species of exhibition they could contrive to display their feelings of triumph and exul-

tion. The prisoners were exposed to view during the whole of these revels, in order to stimulate the joy of the revellers, by keeping in their minds a perpetual recollection of their victory, as well as to mortify their enemies, by reminding them of their vanquished condition, and the degraded and deplorable state to which the vengeance and valor of their conquerors had reduced them. At length the hour of repose arrived, and the wretched prisoners, relieved from the painful situation where they had performed the part of public spectacles, were huddled together in a wigwam, and left there to endure the intolerable agony of their own reflections until the morning. They were all securely tied by both their arms and legs, and a sufficient guard of Indians stationed round the wigwam, to render their escape impossible.

CHAPTER VI.

Mark yonder the captive! his doom is decreed,
  His merciless foes to the faggot have bound him:
No pity they give; the poor white man must bleed,
  While they [illegible] the wild chorus of triumph around him.
But who seeks his freedom? What strange one is he?
  Who bursts from the mountain-top down to his side?
'Tis the mocker of fortune, the fearless and free,
  Whose [illegible] mazes can see.

PACKET OF SCRAPS

The reflections of Charles Adderly during this melancholy night experienced but one short hour's intermission [illegible] a little before daybreak, [illegible] him with ideas incomparably more [illegible], and more horrible, than his waking thoughts. A confused, unconnected, and unintelligible, but terrifying crowd of ideas, unqualified and unmiti-

gated by any suggestions of hope, or effort of fortitude, gave to his feelings during this short sleep more the character of agonized madness than of uneasy dreaming, and when he awoke, he felt in his real affliction a considerable relief from the intolerable pangs inflicted by the creations of his imagination.

He was not, indeed, without hopes that some of his companions might be saved from the Indian cruelties that threatened them, by the efforts of two or three French officers, whom he had seen among the victors during their revels the preceding evening. One of them had also humanely addressed to him a few words of condolence, but without conveying any precise hope of deliverance.

At length the sun arose—and the victorious Indians starting from repose, the noise and bustle of life again animated the camp, and broke in upon that monotonous and tedious dulness which had been so oppressive to Charles during the night. Two Indians soon entered his wigwam, and ascertaining that none of the prisoners had escaped, distributed refreshments among them, of which the harassed and desponding feelings of the majority prevented them from partaking.

Shortly after this, a council of the chiefs met to deliberate concerning the prisoners, who were ordered to be present, that they might receive their doom. This consultation took place in the open air, in a small glade that skirted the banks of a rivulet, or *run*, as such streams in America are usually called, and beside which the encampment was situated. Here the prisoners, tied in pairs to each other, were seated on the ground, near the centre of a circle formed by all the warriors, armed with guns in their hands, and axes and tomahawks in their belts. Beneath a large chesnut-tree, near the centre of the circle, sat seven chiefs and three Frenchmen, upon logs apparently placed there for their accommodation. To these seven chiefs had been entrusted the determination of the fate of the prisoners.

When they commenced their deliberations, they spoke separately, each, when he had any thing to say, standing up, and generally, but not always, addressing himself to an elderly warrior, who appeared to be their principal sachem,

or king, but who had nothing in his dress to distinguish him from the rest. What each man said, was communicated to the French by an interpreter; by which means Charles became acquainted with their various sentiments, and the [illegible] consultation.

The first proposal [illegible] was to sacrifice half of the prisoners according to their [illegible] war, and to give the others to the French; the division [illegible] made by lot.

To this the French [illegible] assent; and one of them standing up, addressed them to the following purpose: "Brothers! you say it is to please your departed warriors, that you would sacrifice these men. Where are those warriors now? Are they not in heaven? Are they not happy, having done their duty, [illegible] died bravely? If they are then already happy, can you suppose that they require the tortures of these men to make them more so? Will they not rather be angry with you, seeing these prisoners [illegible] brave men, and wish them well?

"But do you think that the English will never take any of your people prisoners? They are a warlike nation. Have you not often heard of them gaining victories? Were they not successful in King Philip's wars? Think you, then, that they will never take any of you prisoners? And think [illegible] these, their brethren, [illegible], when any of them fall [illegible]? [illegible] of this, brothers!"

One of the [illegible] answered: "Brother, hear my answer to your speech. Our departed friends we know to be happy, nor do we think that it will make them more so to burn these prisoners on their account. But it will show them our affection, and they will say to each other, 'Our brothers love us so that they cannot endure the people by whom we fell. See how they consume them from the earth!'

"Brother, if the English do not burn us when they [illegible] us, but because [illegible]; and the reason why we burn them is not because we hate them, but because we revere the ways of our fathers, and walk in them.

"Brother! Let the English adopt our customs if they please. It will not dissatisfy or alarm us. Our people have been often burned by our enemies. It was their fate, and we submitted.

"But, brother, I wish to please you, for your people are our allies and friends. I will propose, therefore, that since for your share you are to have six prisoners, of the six that shall remain to us, we shall save one half by adopting them for our sons. With the other half, we shall support the customs of our fathers, and sacrifice them to the memory of our slain warriors.

"Brother! Will this satisfy you?"

The French still remained unsatisfied; but they despaired of making any better terms with their savage allies, and were about to give up the contest, when one of them, who had, by examining the prisoners, found that there were four so badly wounded that they were not likely to survive many hours, conversed a few minutes with his companions, and then addressed the chief of the council as follows: "Brother! Our nation and yours have been long friends. We have been often useful to each other. We wish not now to disturb our harmony. No seeds of strife shall be sown by us. If you grant us one thing, we will, therefore, oppose you no further. We wish you to choose *now* those you will adopt as sons, and then permit us when the sun goes down this evening to select, without lot, the number that falls to our share. The others will be those you will offer according to your customs."

To this proposal the council appeared willing to accede. There was one chief alone, who had not yet expressed his assent. This man, indeed, had during the whole proceedings hitherto said nothing: but he had manifested great earnestness and attention to all that passed. His countenance was grave and mournful, and he was somewhat elderly, although still healthy, strong and active in his appearance. He now rose in considerable agitation, and addressed them as follows:

"Warriors! Behold me! I here stand alone, like an old oak that has its branches cut from around it.

"Brothers! I know you grieve for me. It was but yes-

terday that I was sheltered by a sapling that grew from my own roots, stronger and more comely than myself. That noble sapling, the pride of the whole forest of our tribe, has been hewn down by a white man, and I see that white man—mine eye pierces his soul,"—here he fixed such an intense and fierce look upon Charles as he could scarcely endure—"he is now before me!

"Brothers! I disagree to the proposal made by our French brother, unless you will except from the number to be saved, the slayer of my son. Ye knew Carrawissa. Were not ye proud of him? Was he not an example to your warriors? Was he not wise and valiant? Your oracle in peace, and your thunder-bolt in war? It is true he was but young, and had not the gray hairs of a sage. But had he not the wisdom of one?

"Warriors! What he would have been had he lived till his brow had been wrinkled like mine, you may conjecture by what he was ere his beard required pulling.

"Brothers! Attend to me! Do you not grieve for him? I look at your faces, and they tell me that you grieve from your very hearts. Then let me ask, how can you save his destroyer? But, hear me! if you can consent to it, I cannot.

"Warriors, and brothers! I request that you will deliver him who bereaved you of a hero, and me of a son, into my hands, and that he may be made an offering to the memory of that hero, that he may glut the vengeance of the father who lost that son. The man that slew Carrawissa must be destroyed by me, or else my sorrows will never cease. I will not yield to the proposal of our French brother, because it might deprive me of my victim.

"Brothers and warriors! you have heard me."

The whole party of the Indians seemed much affected with this address, and remained indulging a deep melancholy silence for some minutes after the speaker sat down. At length one of the counsellors arose, and in a solemn tone addressed the assembly.

"I have heard Carrawoona, and I am affected. What he said is true. His son was a hero, greater than his fellows, as the noble eagle is greater and more generous than the

buzzard or the hawk. We were proud of him, for he was a Chippeway, and no other tribe could show his equal. It was but yesterday when we said, "Now we will gain the victory, for Carrawissa leads us." But when shall we say so again? Never!

"Warriors! Carrawoona has asked what is right. He has asked that we should honor his son as he deserved, by sacrificing a foe to his memory; and who so fit—who so acceptable a sacrifice as he who slew him? Can we refuse so just a demand? Can we say, "Carrawoona, we grieve for your son's death, but we will not avenge it! We admired him, but we will not honor him; we loved him, but we will let his memory pass away from our feelings as the shade vanishes when the substance is no more." We cannot say so, Chippeways. [illegible]; we were proud of that hero. [illegible]—nay, they have trembled at his very name. He has fallen in his youth, in the midst of his glory, when he had many years to [illegible]. His [illegible] is in our hands, and shall we spare him? Our brothers, the French, will not ask so hard a matter. But should they insist on it, I will not consent. Carrawissa was a hero whom we loved. Is it much that we desire to sacrifice to his memory the foe who killed him?

"Brothers and warriors! To please our allies I will propose that all the prisoners except the slayer of our hero be theirs. Let them save them if they wish it, but him I will not consent to save. We must give him to Carrawoona, to avenge his son.

"Brothers, you have heard my opinion."

This opinion, so inimical to our hero, was embraced by the whole of the seven chiefs, and after several unavailing attempts on the part of the French to procure its reversal, they had at length to yield.

Charles was then [illegible] to the [illegible]; and his execution was ordered to take place under the direction of Carrawoona, [illegible] the sun [illegible], as the [illegible] expressed it, when [illegible] of the [illegible] "should conceal himself behind the trees that overshadowed the hills of the West." The chief sachem had finished the

awful annunciation, and all the prisoners, except the devoted Charles, had been given over to the French, when some straggling Indians, at a distance, were heard to give a peculiar shout, denoting both joy and admiration, by which was indicated the approach of some distinguished and respected visitor.

The sounds of "Tonnaleuka! Tonnaleuka!" were soon heard from numbers of the assembly; and Charles perceived a man rapidly descending amidst the woods from an abrupt rising ground, which bounded to the northward the low glade where the council was held. He stopped a few yards from the warriors, when the counsellors all rising up, saluted him with a sound, denoting "welcome, thou messenger of God!" and the chief sachem invited him to come forward.

He was venerable, grave, and majestic in his appearance, and in his manner there was something wonderfully awful. His head was bear, for, when he stopped, he had taken off a cap of buffalo skin, which he held in his left hand, and had lifted his countenance towards heaven, in the attitude of devotion. That countenance displayed an uncommon degree of fervor, dignity, and intelligence. His nose was of the aquiline form, and his cheek-bones slightly prominent, but well turned, and proportioned so as to give an oval, rather than a broad outline of countenance. His forehead was high and round, imperceptibly rising backwards into a broad, smooth, and shining crown, altogether bald, but from the sides of which, and from behind, abundance of long black hair, mixed with gray, streamed down upon his shoulders, and was arranged so as to cover part of his cheeks, and hang on each side upon his breast for several inches beneath his chin. From his dark piercing eyes, there issued an expression of authority almost overpowering to the beholder, but which excited a feeling of reverential awe rather than personal peril.

His dress was simple, consisting of a long flannel garment, like a shirt, with short sleeves, the skirts of which reached down to the calves of his legs. Above this, a wide mantle of bison-skin, thrown round his shoulders, flowed loosely over his arms and down his back, in the manner of

a short cloak. His moccasins and leggins of half-tanned deer-skin, were of the usual construction, and completed every thing observable in his dress, except a leathern belt round his waist, to which was attached a deer-skin pouch, for containing, as the Indians asserted, some mystical books, in which were [illegible] the communications he received from the Great Spirit, whose [illegible] they believed him to be. In his right hand he held a long rod, around which were entwined a variety of feathers taken from birds of different colors, which red the Indians looked upon as sacred, and gave it the name of the "prophet's wand."

When he approached the council, he held, stretched out, this wand toward the chief sachem, and addressed him as follows:

"My brother—I am sent to talk with you. The Great Spirit, whom you worship, knows all things—he knows what you have decided upon to-day. It was he who sent me.

"Then hearken to me, and let all these warriors hearken, for my words are dictated from above. I was not of your council. No one saw me here. But Maneto sent a good spirit, who has declared to me your proceedings. I will, therefore, speak freely. You have offended the Great Spirit by your sentence against that prisoner; and, if you execute it, you will offend him still more. Maneto loves you. He has given you a great victory. He has cast down your enemies before you; and he now warns you, lest you sin too much against him, and provoke him to consume you more than he has consumed them. Take warning, therefore, and sin not!

"Hearken to my voice! Maneto wishes you to spare this young warrior. You know he made the white people as well as the red, and can govern both in any manner he pleases. He has service [illegible] young man to perform, which he [illegible]. He, therefore, calls upon you to spare him, [illegible] into my possession.

"Brothers and counsellors!—you have heard. Will you obey the voice of the Good Spirit and preserve his love, or will you disobey him, and provoke his vengeance?

"Brother! say, what is your choice?"

The chief sachem arose, and replied:

"Prophet! I will give my own opinion. The Great Spirit should be obeyed. We are the workmanship of his hands, and he has a right to our submission. What are we without him? Were it not for him, we should have neither deer, nor buffalo, nor fish to eat, nor air to breathe, nor water to drink, nor weapons to destroy our enemies.

"Prophet! you say he has use for this prisoner, whom we were going to burn. Why were we going to burn him, but to please the spirit of Carrawissa, which yesterday left its body? But it is better that we should please the Great Spirit who has existed forever, and can easily recompense Carrawissa, if we do him an injury.

"Brothers and warriors! I think none of you will refuse to give our prisoner to the prophet, Tommaleuka, as the Great Spirit commands us. If any one refuses, we will hear him. If none speaks, I shall order the prisoner to be loosened, and given to the prophet."

He here paused for some one to reply—but all continuing silent, he was about to command the giving up of the prisoner, when Carrawissa rose in great agitation.

"What! brothers!" said he, "have you so soon forgot my son? Will no one speak in his behalf? Has he no friend here, who will ask justice for him? I cannot believe this story of Tommaleuka. Prophets have sometimes spoken falsely, or they may have mistaken dreams for the orders of the Great Spirit.

"Listen to me. The Great Spirit loved Carrawissa, and never did he more than now. Think ye then, that he could thus command us to defraud his memory of the accustomed sacrifice? I, for one, cannot think it—I, for one, will not consent to spare the prisoner. If Carrawissa has a friend in this council, let him now speak."

When he sat down, the same chief that had so warmly opposed his views in the former part of the deliberations, now rose and addressed him.

"Brother! I am the friend of your son's memory; but I am a worshipper of the Great Spirit, and wish more to obey him, than [illegible]. I spoke for your son to-day;—you heard me. I spoke sincerely—but I did not then know the will of Manito. He wishes for the victim

we intended for your son. That victim, your son, and all of us, are his already. He only asks for his own. We cannot refuse him—and your son cannot be offended. Carrawissa is too just, to ask from us what is not ours to give, and too generous, to be angry for our not doing what we cannot. He saw, from our decision to-day, that our hearts were with him, that our desires were to please him, and that it delighted us to do him honor. He will not, therefore, blame us for surrendering to the prophet of Maneto what we had devoted to him, but what Maneto claims as his own. Nay, hearken to me;—he loved Maneto so well, that he will rejoice in yielding his offering to him; and Maneto will reward him, for he returns all services ten-fold.

"Brothers and warriors! we must give up the prisoner."

Carrawoena again rose, and in a hasty and impassioned manner exclaimed—

"Brothers! hear me again! I am but one among hundreds, and my voice is nothing. But, were I only one among thousands, I would let you hear it. I say, the man who slew my son, shall die! I will hunt him over the earth, till he be sacrificed. My heart must have revenge! Maneto could never forbid it. I do not believe what the prophet says. He says that Maneto wants this white man. What can he want with him? Are there not plenty of Indians to perform his errands, and to worship him? And are they not more faithful to him, and more beloved by him, than the superstitious white men, who have so many different creeds? If it be true, that Maneto wants some one, would he not prefer an Indian? If the service he wishes to be done requires honesty, are not Indians more honest than the whites? What Indian defrauds his neighbor?—If it requires bravery, are we not brave? Think of our last battle. If it requires wisdom, think of our sages, and our old men, endowed with prudence.

"Hear me brothers!—I will not believe that for any purpose the Great Spirit would prefer a white man to an Indian. Has Tonnaleuka said what Maneto wants with the prisoner? If Maneto wanted him, he would have told for what purpose. But he has not, or we would have heard it, if Tonnaleuka be his prophet.

"Brothers!—you perceive there is something wrong in this matter. Be not, like children, ready to believe every story; nor upon such a slight pretence, deprive my son of his right. Act wisely. Comply with the customs of your fathers, or refrain from them only when you have some sufficient reason.

"Warriors! I only ask justice for my son, and the Great Spirit never yet opposed justice."

He sat down, and Tonnaleuka again advanced. He pointed his sacred wand, the very motion of which had power to strike awe into the minds of the savages, three times towards heaven, and three times towards each member of the council. He then raised it, and stretching his arms upwards with his eyes directed to heaven, exclaimed:

"Oh, Great Spirit! what is man, that he should question thy will! Didst thou not make him! Dost thou not sustain him! Is not the ground he treads on, thine! Is not the light he sees, thine! Is not every step he takes, and every breath he breathes, dependant on thy will! And he presumes to dispute thy right to thy creatures. He dares to ask for what purpose thou layest claim to thine own! Glory be to thee, that thou dost not consume him in the instant of his presumption! Thou art merciful—infinitely more merciful than he is. Thou acquittest when he would condemn; thou forgivest when he would revenge; thou sparest when he would destroy. Happy is it for him, that thou art not like him!

"Oh Manetto, hear me! Wilt thou now indulge the vain questions of him who disputeth thy will? Oh, wilt thou answer his sinful inquiries?"

He here paused for about a minute, during which he seemed to mutter something in a supernatural language, and displayed so much the impressive, sublime, and entranced appearance of one holding communication with superior beings, that all present gazed silently upon him with spell-bound attention and astonishment.

At length he was heard to say: "Thanks! thanks! It is good in thee!" Then turning abruptly to Carrawoona, he touched him with his wand, and with an energy and a fervor which made even that hardy savage tremble, he exclaimed:

"Son of presumption! Thou who wouldst thwart the wishes of God; instead of trusting thee on the quest, I am permitted to tell thee what in thy daring wickedness thou hadst the hardihood to ask. Listen to me now, and ask no more. That man in bonds, whose flesh thou wouldst roast in the fire kindled by thy vengeance, is in the favor and under the protection of the Great Spirit; and, listen further, I am commanded by the power who moveth all minds, to open to him the sacred Book of inspiration, to lay before him the oracles of the Great Father contained in this holy book, which profane hands should never touch, into which profane eyes should never look—and which none but the favored of Heaven can understand. This is the destiny allotted to this youth—he must fulfil it if he dare!

"Brother," said he, turning to the chief sachem, "I claim that prisoner in the name of the Great Spirit. I claim him as the successor to my gifts. Order him to be unbound!"

The chief sachem instantly complied. Charles was unbound—and Tomaleuka advancing towards him, said:

"Follow me, my son! We go to worship our Great Father!"

Charles followed his conductor, who, with his eyes steadily fixed upon heaven, in an attitude of deep and solemn devotion, walked slowly from amidst the assembly towards the east, leaving every individual who beheld him, not excepting Carrawoona himself, awe-struck, and fixed immovably to his place, as if by the effects of enchantment.

It was several minutes before any of the Indians recovered from the spell that was over them, sufficiently to speak. Carrawoona, whose thirst for revenge against the conqueror of his son was still the leading passion of his soul, was the first to recover from that supernatural enthusiasm which had produced a suspension of all perception, so irresistibly thrown over the whole assembly by the wonder-working power of Tomaleuka's energy of manner, and preternatural and awful appearance. With the return of his faculties, this thirst for revenge, heightened now by the irritation of opposition and the vexation of disappointment, returned with all the fire and rancour with which such a feeling can fire a savage breast.

[illegible] started up, with all the wildness of ungovernable rage [illegible] addressed the assembly.

"Warriors! [illegible]! I am bereaved—I am defrauded—I am used [illegible]! Did my son deserve such treatment? Would Carrawissa have acted so to the memory of any one here?

"Warriors! What have you done? Think of it. You have permitted the destroyer of a Chippeway and hero, to walk free from his bonds, and to escape that fire through which his soul should have been sent as a grief-offering to comfort the soul of your hero.

"Chippeways! It is useless now to argue. It is useless to rage. It is useless to complain. I will act. Is there any man here who will act with me? I will have my vengeance. Has Carrawissa here any friend who will assist me? You condemned the white man. By your sentence he was mine. You gave him to be sacrificed to my wrath. Your own act made him mine. You could not take him from me. I will yet have him, and execute your sentence.

"Warriors! I again ask, is there one who will assist me?"

He sat down, and no one offering to reply, the chief sachem addressed him.

"Brother! None speaks to you. I will. Hear me patiently, and let the madness of your passion yield to reason. We all grieve for you. Look round—is there a countenance but has grief upon it!

"Brother! Do not fight against the Great Spirit. Do not resist the will of Maneto! He, who is the author of all things, should be permitted to regulate all things as he pleases. It was he, and not we, who deprived you of vengeance. He had a right to do so. The prisoner was his property, before he belonged to either us or you. I am [illegible] you oppose him. It is awful, brother! For our parts [illegible] to the sacrifice first.

"B[illegible]—[illegible] against Maneto, [illegible]. We fear [illegible]—[illegible] in contending with the Great Spirit [illegible] must be overcome. Persist not, or your fate will be [illegible]!"

Carrawoona started to his feet, and in a tone of rage, bordering upon absolute frenzy, exclaimed:

"Chippeways! Have I no friend, then! Am I alone in my wish for justice! Do you want to frighten me from my purpose! You should have known long since, that Carrawoona cannot be frightened. My revenge you call madness. But I call it justice. You advise me to desist from seeking it. Bid the rocks of the mountains skip like the squirrels of the tree. Will they obey you? No. Bid the roar of Niagara resemble the purling of that brook. Will it listen to you? No. Neither will I. But I will talk no more. I will pursue the destroyer of my son. My weapon shall find his heart, if it should be through the heart of Tonnaleuka—nay, the bosom of Maneto will not protect him. Maneto protects no one from justice. But should his lightning shrivel me on the instant, if I only obtain vengeance on my enemy, I shall be satisfied."

He here gave a sudden yell, and made a leap to the eastward, as if he intended immediately to pursue the object of his resentment. The chief sachem ordered him to be stopped, when a warrior rising, called out—

"Brother! Let Carrawoona take his way. We have nothing more to do with the business. We have given up the prisoner as the Great Spirit ordered. He has not ordered us to restrain Carrawoona's madness. We should not take the protection of the white man out of the hands of Maneto. Let Carrawoona go. We have done our duty."

The furious and untractable savage was accordingly allowed to take his course as he pleased, and the assembly broke up.

CHAPTER VII.

A merry day, my boys, we'll have,
And form a happy quorum;
Confound the dog who would be grave,
While he can swig the jorum;
While grog inspires we'll frisk it out,
Just as the whim may please us;
And daddy Care we'll kick about,
Till he no more can teaze us.

SAVELABOUR.

It will be readily supposed, that the French officers were much pleased with this fortunate termination of an affair in which they had so much interested themselves. During the time that their feelings alone influenced their minds, they were, indeed, heartily rejoiced. But when they reflected on the political consequences that might arise from the escape of any of the English prisoners, especially of the leader of the enterprise, which had, as every one of the prisoners now knew, been defeated by their secret instrumentality, they began to feel uneasily, and heartily to wish Charles Adderly in perdition, rather than in Philadelphia, or any other place where he could inform the world of what they had done. They felt a strong repugnance to have any human being sacrificed in the cruel manner in which the Indians often sacrificed their captives; but they, at the same time, dreaded the results which they had a right to suppose must take place if the government of Great Britain should hear of the part they had taken in the attack upon their subjects in the time of peace. Either a national war might be the consequence, or their own government might disavow their conduct, and deliver them up to the vengeance of the British. [illegible] rejoiced in the safety of Charles Adderly, [illegible], and servants of a European [illegible], in the end, sanction and defend their conduct, they feared the evils that would most probably result from the information which, in the event of his

safe arrival among his friends, he would not fail to give to the political world.

The contingency, however, suggested by this political consideration, was more remote and uncertain, than that produced by the splendid and unexpected triumph of humanity they had just witnessed; and we must do them the justice to state, that they, for some time at least, gave way to the amiable impulse of feeling, rather than to the selfish influence of policy. The more, however, they considered the matter, the influence of the political consideration increased; and rather than be brought to an account for their conduct, by their own government, or be the occasion of a European war, of which they could not foresee the consequence, they became the more heartily inclined to wish that the prisoner, for whom they had felt so much, and pleaded so strenuously, had been, by some means or other, put out of the way, as it was from his information alone, they believed they had any thing to fear.

It must not be supposed, however, that the steps they had taken to defeat the designs of the British Ohio Company, were altogether unauthorized by their government. The French ministry had given instructions to their Canadian servants, the spirit of which, at least, sufficiently warranted all they had done. But the agents in this affair knew too well the degree of reliance to place upon such instructions, especially when they are at all vague and indefinite in their particular application, as these happened to be, when it suits the interests of cabinet ministers to disclaim them, to feel altogether easy under the idea that the British government might hear of their conduct, and make it a national concern. It would, indeed, they were aware, be soon known that the Ohio Company's party had been attacked and defeated by the Indians; but, without some specific information, they themselves, although they might be suspected, could not be convicted of participating in the deed.

Had Charles, like the other prisoners, been in their custody, every thing would then have gone to their satisfaction: since their prisoners they could hold an indefinite time, and liberate only when other national concerns occurred to render what they had done of too little importance to occasion inquiry.

It was partly under the influence of these considerations, and partly, we would fondly hope, with a view to save Charles's life, that after the breaking up of the Indian council, one of them offered to Carrawoona a large reward if he should bring Charles a living prisoner to them at the fort of Le Boeuf within six months from that time.

To this offer the chief replied:

"Brother! What do you mean? Do you think I will give up my son's right for a hire? Will I let him remain unavenged for the sake of presents? No. I will pursue this white warrior from no such motive. I would not move my finger at him, to injure him for the paltry object of gain. And, listen to it—had I him now in my power, all the wealth of your great king would not save him from being sacrificed to the departed spirit of my son.

"Brother! I would be angry with you but for this reason—I know that the customs of your country prevent you from thinking your offer an insult. This, and your ignorance of our customs, excuse you. But, as every Indian may not make this consideration, that I now do, I would advise you never again to offer any of our warriors a bribe to act contrary to his feelings. If you do, he will be apt to turn upon you as the bear turns upon those who wound him.

"Brother! I leave you—I pursue our released prisoner, but it is to destroy him, for he who killed my son must not walk abroad upon the earth."

So saying, he left the Frenchman with a look of high disdain, and set off on his revengeful errand.

The day after the council was held, the French proceeded with their prisoners for fort Le Boeuf, which was situated on French Creek, near where the present village of Waterford stands. It was the commander of this fort, who, in conformity both to his official instructions, and to the general policy of his government, to prevent any English settlement from being made west of the Alleghany mountains, had excited the Chippeways to attack our hero's party, and thereby laid the foundation of that memorable war, which, although it began disastrously for the British arms, yet resulted, under the energetic auspices of the elder

Pitt, in the total expulsion of the French authority from this extensive region of America, and in their discomfiture in the East and West Indies and several other parts of the world, raising the power and influence of the British nation to the highest pinnacle of strength and glory.

It was during the disastrous period of this war, that the celebrated but unfortunate expedition of Braddock to this wilderness, the most impressively disastrous of all its events, took place, and perhaps, had more the effect of drawing the attention of mankind towards these remote regions, and their savage inhabitants, than any other transaction recorded in history. This noted expedition, which is still referred to as an epoch in the annals of Western America, will, on account of the influence it had upon the fortunes of those persons whose adventures we have undertaken to relate, come again under our notice during the course of this work, when, we trust, it will be in our power to give the reader some more circumstantial details concerning it, than he can procure from any public history at present extant. We may here observe, however, that it is not our intention to dwell more minutely upon those matters that are already known to the world, than will be necessary to afford a clear and satisfactory view of their connexion with the individuals in whose affairs we are more immediately concerned. We, therefore, beg leave respectfully to refer those who may wish for more extended information, of a public character, concerning "Braddock's times," to the numerous, well-written, and copious histories of that interesting period, which the world already possesses, and which we can assure the reader are, generally speaking, almost as authentic and worthy of credit as our own.

The French officers, who, as we have seen, were both glad and sorry at the escape of Charles Aubrey, finding that they could make no better of it, like true Frenchmen cast care aside, and the next day set out with those prisoners which remained to them for Fort Le Bœuf, in order to have them there secured, as soon as possible, from any accident, which might happen from Indian violence. The prisoners were now only seven in number, four having died of their wounds the preceding night. Of those who survived, three

were slightly wounded, among whom was our acquaintance Peter M'Fall, whose left arm had been broken by the stroke of an Indian battle-axe before he submitted to be bound. Thus, of those twenty gallant fellows that had so lately crossed the Alleghenv mountains, only eight were now living; and but five, one of whom was Charles Adderly, himself, had escaped from their savage foes without personal injury.

The French were assisted by a dozen of Chippeway warriers, in escorting the prisoners to their destination, the remainder of the savages having agreed to continue their excursion into the Virginian settlements, for the sake of additional plunder and scalps.

When the escort with the prisoners had proceeded about ve miles on their way, they came to a tent situated at the oot of a hill, near a small brook, at which they halted. In his tent there were three or four squaws, and two Frenchmen, one of whom was lying on a tolerably comfortable bed made of buffalo skins and some blankets spread upon dried leaves, which, as it was now considerably advanced in the fall, were scattered in great abundance all through the woods. This man was laboring under a bad wound from a musket ball he had received in the groin, which still remained there. His appearance, as well as that of his companion, immediately suggested to Peter M'Fall that these were the men he had overheard conversing previous to the attack of the Indians, one of whom he knew he had wounded. He heard this man moan once or twice from the pain he endured, and his heart smote him from a consciousness of having been its cause.

He went forward to the patient, and taking him by the hand, "Now, honey," said he, "did you never see me before?"

The man looked at him, and answered "No."

"By my sowl, then," he continued, "your eyes were not so good as mine. And it is lucky for my head they were not, or else a bullet might now have been lying as snug in my brain as in your kidney, my jewel!"

The man stared at him—when, as if struck with some happy idea, he continued—

"Arrah now! I have it as nate as my hand. Bee-y, now — You'll be cured as stout as a pea—tack it a pain, my dear. I'll have the doctor of you at once, with his [illegible] and pincers, and he'll soon whisk out the fellow that [illegible] you smack into your [illegible], like the toss of a [illegible]."

He here called out to the young Philadelphia surgeon we have before mentioned, whose name was Kilbreath.

"By my fowl, doctor! here's one of the natest jobs for you, you ever did in your life. Och, now! if Doctor M'Faddyen was only here, he wouldn't be after asking the second bidding to do it, when he knew it was an ould friend of mine. But, God bless the mother's son of you, you can do it as nate as a hair—for you [illegible] my arm, long life to you, as firm as a whip-handle."

By this time the surgeon had approached, and offered his service in extracting the ball which tormented the patient; and the French having secured the instruments he had brought with him from Philadelphia, being a part of the plunder, of which they knew the value better than the Indians, they were soon produced, and the operation performed.

When Peter got the bullet in his hand, he examined it closely, and perceiving that it was perforated with a small hole, he commenced flinging it into the air, and catching it again, exclaiming as he continued this operation—

"By Saint Columb! I have you again, my boy! But the devil a bit of Billy Binder will ever bring a string of *pig's byrses* to you again, my honey. He's [illegible] in the moulds now, under the [illegible] leaves yonder, where we left him yesterday. Jesus be with him!—But when I again send you scampering after a Frenchman, don't stick in his hip, my honey, to torment him, but blow his [illegible] out at once, or don't touch him at all, at all my [illegible]—"

"Peter was here interrupted in his apostrophe to the bullet, by one of the Frenchmen accosting him rather abruptly, in an unintelligible mixture of French and English, to repeat which verbatim, would be as difficult, [illegible] it would be uninteresting. It merely con[illegible] an exclamation, par le diable! that Peter looked [illegible] were the man who had wounded the patient. Either [illegible]

[illegible] of the language, prevented Peter from comprehending its meaning; and [illegible] surprise at the Frenchman, he [illegible]—

"[illegible] master? [illegible] in truth, my jewel, it's [illegible] that looks like a gentleman, every inch of [illegible]! Blessings on the sweet mother who bore ye!"

The Frenchman, impatient at not receiving a direct answer, [illegible] something still more unintelligible, and [illegible] Peter's comprehension, which occasioned [illegible]—

"[illegible] Body! master, if I can make either top or [illegible] what you mane, I'll be hanged."

[illegible] at the word *hanged*, of which [illegible] meaning, repeated it several times, with [illegible] significant gestures, as well as sounds, that Peter [illegible] to perceive the alarming purport of [illegible] addressed to him. He knew some [illegible]; but this man had spoken [illegible] English. Hence Peter either did [illegible] wished not, at first, to understand him. [illegible] was now too plain for misconception [illegible]—

"[illegible] your honor, you'll [illegible] hanging me for shooting a man [illegible] through the head? [illegible]"

"[illegible]" exclaimed the Frenchman, [illegible].

But Peter continued, without [illegible] his exclamation—"[illegible] honor, that the doctor [illegible] him as [illegible] a leek?—and faith and troth, [illegible] tossed up the [illegible], and caught it again [illegible] blessings on the sweet [illegible] made [illegible]."

[illegible]

himself and his companion to be the aggressors, not only on account of acting, as they were then doing, in the character of spies, but on account of having shot first at Peter.

Peter, finding that the patient had exculpated him, seized his hand, and cried out—"Arrah! long life to you, for yourself is a gentleman: and I wouldn't send my ball any where but into your kidney, my honey, where it lay snug among the fat, like a little pig in a gutter, and the devil a bit of harm I knew it would do you, my jewel. Och! the blessing of Saint Bridget be on you, for you have saved poor Peter's neck from the twist, master—and the doctor will cure you in a week, as sound as a church bell—Only now take a little of the stingo to warm your stomach, dear.—Sure, don't I know from experience, that whiskey——"

Here the surgeon interrupted Peter, desiring him to leave the patient, for that quietness and repose were absolutely necessary to him after the operation he had undergone. "As to whiskey or brandy, or any such liquor, it would," he observed, "be extremely detrimental to him in his present situation."

Peter complied, observing, "Sure, doctor, you know better than I do. But, by my sowl, I always found a drop of the cratur good for myself,—and sure, you know, I couldn't think it bad for another."

The performing of this operation, and the enjoying of a plentiful repast, consisting of venison, wild fowl, Indian-corn bread, biscuit, and various other luxuries supplied from the French stores, and which the squaws, assisted by one of the Frenchmen, who was fond of good eating, had set about preparing for the party immediately on its arrival, consumed so much of the day, that it was proposed to pitch a few more tents, and spend the remainder of it in this place in jollity and enjoyment. This agreeable proposal was relished by the whole company; and the French, during the evening, got into such good humor with the prisoners, that they permitted them to join in their revels, ordering the Indians, however, to keep a good look out, lest any of them should escape. As to the surgeon, whose manners, education, and good sense, indicated the gentleman, he had, immediately after the operation, obtained

on his parole of not attempting to leave them until they should arrive at Le Bœuf, the indulgence of being master of his own motions, with the command of a rifle, for the purpose of hunting and fowling.

There are, perhaps, no people in the world better qualified to enjoy the passing moment than the French. They have the happy faculty of dismissing care whenever it becomes troublesome to their feelings, or unnecessary for their purposes; and on this evening they exerted that faculty in a most commanding and masterly manner. We have seen that they had brought themselves into a predicament calculated to make the most serious impression on their minds, and that they were fully aware of the circumstance: and yet, when they had got their bodies replenished with a reasonable portion of substantial fare, and had warmed their minds with a sufficient dose of brandy punch, or, as on this occasion they were not over nice, with whiskey grog, they bade for the time adieu to all uneasy reflections, and absolutely set the power of fortune at defiance, except the power she had of making them happy for the present.

Random catches, songs, jests, glees, dances, and loud laughing, were all that they now either could or would think of. In vain did the affairs of to-morrow venture to intrude. Out they were hurled—there was no room for them in bosoms where hilarity, mirth, and pleasure possessed every corner that could be spared.

If the French are noted for unthinking frivolity, the Irish are no less so for a fervency of feeling, by which they are enabled to suppress the suggestions of care, as effectually as the French can dismiss them. Hence, when opportunity tempts, they are ever ready to yield with their whole heart and soul to the full tide of enjoyment, and swim away on its stream, regardless of consequences. On this occasion, therefore, there was none who entered with more spirit into the humors of the evening, than Peter M'Coll.

On a green level sward, by the edge of the rivulet, the party formed a circle; but it was for a very different purpose from that formed the preceding day by the Indian council. Here were no life and death matters to be discussed—here were no serious and vehement calls for the

destruction and burning of a fellow-being—no loud and sorrowful manifestations of grief—no fierce and reiterated imprecations of vengeance upon an unfortunate captive. Grief, vengeance, and every other uncomfortable feeling, were banished as unwelcome guests: while good humor, sprightliness, cordiality, and joy, were invited to be present, and inspire the revels of the evening by the merry strains of a Frenchman's flute, and the jolly sounds of an Irishman's voice: for, in the intervals of the flute player's performance, Peter, with great spirit, industriously exerted himself, to prevent the company from wanting music, by singing the merry lilts of his native country.

At the commencement of the supple-heeled sport, the Indians had entertained the party by exhibiting the various dances of their nation. The war dance, the hunting dance, the courtship dance, the marriage dance, and the birth dance, had each its characteristic gestures and manœuvres—some of which were, to the eyes of the Europeans, so grotesque, wild, and ludicrous, that they were kept in an almost continued roar of laughter.

Peter was particularly tickled with the romping and capering of the squaws, who were tolerably handsome women, and had been nothing loth to exhibit their personal attractions in the various attitudes of their native dances.

"By the holy Patrick! but it's yourselves can do it in style, my girls!" would Peter every now and then exclaim, while he snapped his fingers and beat time with his feet, in the high glee of admiration at their extraordinary and laughable performance.

His fancy was particularly taken with the gracefulness and agility of the youngest of the squaws, who made really an interesting figure among the groupe; and at every remarkable bound she gave, smack went Peter's fingers in the air, dash went his heel upon the ground, and loud rose his obstreperous cheers of applause.

"Well done, by the powers of Barnaby! Och! kape it up, you swate little soul, ye! There goes mettle for you!" He thus kept vociferating, while the company kept laughing, almost as much at his extravagancies, as at the singularities of the dancers. At length his heels itched so much

to bear a part in the boisterous amusement, that he could keep his seat no longer, but springing up, and with his sound arm, hooking in with the squaw who had pleased him so much, he leaped, and bounded, and capered among the Indians with all his might, imitating as well as he could, their gestures and behavior, to the great admiration and delight of all present.

When the Indians and Peter had finished, the French felt inclined to succeed them in the exhilarating pastime; but as their musician was desirous to join them, and it was impossible for him to both dance and play the flute at the same time, it was determined that Peter should either whistle or sing to them, as he best could, to keep them in time. But he knew none of the airs to which they were accustomed, and after several ineffectual attempts to learn some of them, the French were at last obliged to accommodate themselves to those they did know. They accordingly set off with "Nancy Dawson," to which they tripped airily and nimbly along in measured movements, with great art, sprightliness, and vivacity. Now, (for every ten or fifteen minutes they changed their mood, and Peter had as often to change his tune,) the light corant, the gay cotillion, the merry riggadoon, the measured waltz, and the sprightly jig, succeeded to each other, and were rattled off to the successive tunes of the Irish Washerwoman, the Soldier's Joy, the White Cockade, Patrick's Day, and Morgan Rattler. Through these various measures the nimble-toed Frenchmen tript gaily and sprightly without much noise, so that their easy but busy exertions were, in comparison to the violent romping, jumping and tearing which had just preceded them, what the rippling of a gentle river is to the roaring billows of the stormy ocean.

Becoming at length somewhat wearied with this species of pastime, the party sat down to an evening repast, rudely enough served up, no doubt, but plentiful and substantial. This was succeeded by the singing of some jovial songs, of which, only the two following have come into our possession. The first was sung by one of the Frenchmen, and the other by our friend Peter. Each sung in his own language. Of the Frenchman's performance we of course can only give a translation

The Frenchman's Song

Let philosophers orate, and discuss as they will,
  The maxims of knowledge, the sources of bliss
The true fount of knowledge and pleasure is still
  To be found in a free-flowing bottle like this.
Ah! look where it sparkles so brilliant and gay,
  To enlighten our minds and our sorrows to cheat,
Ah! think of what virtues the soul can display,
  When 'tis warm'd into bliss by a cordial so sweet

Though scorn'd by the world, and deserted by friends
  Each evil in life I will bravely despise,
If only this cordial that [illegible]
  Which to each jovial [illegible] it freely supplies:—
When in debt, I will care not for bailiff or dun,
  If this heart-cheering cordial sticks close to my side
For in life, as in war, half the battle is won,
  When the foe is met boldly and boldly defied.

Then, hear me, ye sons of true wisdom and mirth,
  For mirth and true wisdom are always combined,
The wisest of things we can do upon earth,
  Is like true-hearty souls to give care to the wind.
Then drink from this bottle, the draught of delight,
  That can banish each harassing care from the soul,
Round and round let us drink, and experience to-night,
  The best cordial of life is a free-flowing bowl!

Peter M'Tall's Song.

In Ireland so frisky,
With girls and with whiskey,
How happy was I when a strapping young lad,
Every market and fair,
To be sure I was there,
With my breeches and boots, like a gentleman clad.
And then as to money,
Och! sure it was funny,
To hear the dear shillings and sixpences clink,
And the lasses so sweet,
Arrah, faith! when we'd meet,
By the powers I could bring them along with a wink

Then so snug in the fashion,
We'd take up our station,
In a tent that was covered with blankets and sheets

Arrah, landlord! be quicker,
And bring us that liquor!"
I would cry—and he'd skip like a cat in the streets
So smugly thus fix'd up,
The punch I soon mix'd up,
Then handed it round so genteely and neat,
That the girls, the dear creatures,
With sweet smiling features,
Said "a punch in a tent was a elegant treat!"

Och! the punch was so cheery,
That soon we got merry,
And the lass I lov'd best sat so snug in my arms,
That I courted and kiss'd her,
And teaz'd her and bless'd her,
Till she blush'd like the moon with a million of charms
I was tickled in my glory;—
But to cut short my story,
The best thing—och! conscience, I tell you the truth,
On the girls to be trying,
To make them complying,
Is a jug of good punch and a neat strapping youth.

The next morning the party re-commenced their journey to fort Le Bœuf, leaving the wounded Frenchman, who was unable to endure removal, under the care of one of his countrymen and two squaws. They arrived at the fort on the fourth day of their journey, without meeting with any accident worth recording. Here the escort of Indians received presents for the services they had performed, and were dismissed.

As for the prisoners, they were all strictly confined within the ramparts, except the surgeon, who was occasionally permitted on his parole, to recreate himself in the adjacent country. Our friend Peter had it in his power, very shortly after his arrival, on account of his understanding a little French, to have exchanged his situation of a Prisoner, for that of a servant to one of the officers—but he promptly refused it, from a motive whimsical enough, perhaps, but certainly honorable to his fidelity—which was his resolution never to serve any one in a menial capacity except Charles Ashley, to be sure with whom, soon became the leading feeling of his mind. He was, indeed, treated tolerably well as a prisoner, and the gay sprightly manners of the garrison were perfectly congenial to his disposition; but still he was

a prisoner, and consequently under the control of certain regulations which he did not relish; and what was worse, he was absent from his beloved master, who might be so circumstanced as greatly to require his services. He, therefore, jolly, gay, and thoughtless as his disposition was, had sufficient reason for feeling uneasy in his captivity.

CHAPTER VIII.

> Creation's God! with thought elate,
> Thy hand divine I see
> Impressed on scenes where all is great,
> Where all is full of thee!
>
> * * * * *
>
> In every scene, where every hour
> Sheds some terrific grace,
> In nature's vast o'erwhelming power,
> Thee, thee, my God! I trace.
>
> Helena Maria Williams.

Although Tonnaleuka and his protege had retired in a slow and unhurried manner, while in view of the Indians, yet they were no sooner removed from their observation, than the former, who was aware of Carrawoona's implacable and rancorous temper, thought proper to hasten onwards with the utmost speed. He conceived it prudent also to change his direction, so that if the unappeasable savage should pursue them, he might not be on the proper track. He accordingly turned towards the northward, in which course he kept for about two miles, then turning again towards the east, in about two hours after he left the savages he reached the Allegheny river nearly six miles above the Shanapin's town. Here they entered the wigwam of an Indian, who received them with great reverence and respect. Tonnaleuka desired this man to prepare some refreshments

and while this was doing, he beckoned to Charles, to whom he had not yet, since their leaving the Chippeways, spoken a single word, to follow him. He led the way into a narrow dingle at a short distance from the wigwam, and to Charles's surprise addressed him in English.

"My son," said he, "let us here worship the Great Father of all, and thank him for thy deliverance."

They fell on their knees, and the prophet lifting his eyes and spreading his hands to heaven, addressed the Supreme Origin of all things as follows:

"Almighty Spirit! We kneel here to adore thee, and to thank thee. We adore thee for thy incomprehensible greatness, for thy illimitable power, and thy everlasting purity. We thank thee for thy inexhaustible goodness, thy readiness to forgive, and thy forbearance to punish. Thy greatness fills us with wonder, thy power with awe, and thy purity with admiration. Thy goodness inspires our love, thy readiness to forgive, our hope, and thy forbearance to punish, our gratitude.

"Almighty and good Spirit! We humbly adore thee, and thank thee, at this time in particular, for the manifestation of thy goodness in delivering this youth, as thou hast this day done, from the hands of an unpitying and cruel enemy, who had determined on his destruction. He is on his knees and I am on mine. Look at us, merciful Spirit! look into our hearts—thou wilt see them truly thankful for this signal instance of thy protecting and kind providence. He thanks thee because thou hast, in this manner, assured him of thy friendship, and I thank thee, both because thou hast saved him, and because, in doing it, thou hast made me thy humble instrument.

"Almighty Spirit! Hear us yet! We entreat thee to be always our protector from evil, our deliverer from distress, and our director and conductor through all the snares and intricacies of life, so that we may act pleasingly to thee, and be worthy to be called thy children, and deserving of thy favor.

"Almighty Spirit! we have done, and we hope thou hast been graciously attentive to what we have said.—Amen."

When they arose, Charles caught the prophet by the hand.

"Father," said he, "permit me to ask who thou art, whom that holy God we have been worshipping, has made the means of rescuing me from a cruel death?"

"My son," replied Tonnaleuka, "I am a man like thyself. I have borne trials, perhaps more severe than thou hast, and yet survived them; for our Great Father was good to me. He has sustained me, and thanks be to his goodness, he has not left me without some comfort in the world. In return for his mercies, I wish to serve him in that way, which of all others is the most pleasing to him, the doing good to his creatures.

"My brothers, the Indians, wage often bloody and cruel wars against each other, and, as I know, that the Great Father is always displeased at any cruelties inflicted upon his children, I think it my duty, and I make it my business, to go from tribe to tribe, endeavoring to reconcile them when they quarrel, or if they will fight and destroy each other, trying all in my power to mitigate their unnatural ferocity, and to soften and restrain their revengeful feelings, or when I cannot succeed in this, to disappoint them, if possible, in the execution of their barbarous designs.

"I may have other cares and employments on hand. But, my son, I wish you to inquire no further concerning me. Tonnaleuka cannot now tell all he knows to the world, and I should not wish inquiries to be made, that I must refuse to answer.

"My son, you are now in a vast wilderness, far from the habitations of your people, without friends or resources. Something must be done for you, since our common father has thrown you upon my care, I shall try to do something. May I ask what would best suit you to be done?"

Charles now stated to him the name and residence of his father, and gave him a concise account of the expedition which he had commanded, and which had ended so disastrously. He concluded by observing, that he now saw nothing left for him but to make his way back to Philadelphia as speedily as he could.

"My son," said the Prophet, "you speak wisely. To

turn to your friends is the most prudent thing you can do. But the journey is long; and considering the state of the country, to a single individual, especially a white man, bred up in cities, it must be impracticable. You will find no provisions on the way, and there is scarcely a path to guide you, for more than two hundred miles. It will not be easy to overcome these difficulties. But I shall try to assist you, and, perhaps, it may be done. In this country you are not safe. I acknowledge it, my son. My brothers of the different tribes will distrust you, for they have had reason to both distrust and dislike white people. But from Carrawoona your greatest perils will arise. Beware of him, for I know he is implacable, and will destroy you if he can.

"My son, until we can prepare matters for your return to the east, I will tell you where to reside, and where I hope Carrawoona will not find you. About fifteen miles from us, on the bank of the Monongahela, lives the only man of your nation in this country. His name is Frazier. He is my friend. He will entertain you till I meet you there, which will not be many days. I would go with you now, but I must watch the motions of the Chippeways, and especially of Carrawoona, that I may frustrate, if possible, any attempt against you.

"My son, we will now partake of the refreshments prepared for us in this wigwam. Its owner will supply you with arms for your protection, for he is my friend; but as the day is now advanced, you had better lodge with him tonight. In the morning you will proceed to the house of my white brother, Frazier, where you will remain till I see you."

They accordingly partook together of a tolerably comfortable repast of some wild fowl, and a preparation of Indian corn, called *hominy*, after which Tonnalucka departed, having first given Charles particular directions how to find the way to Gilbert Frazier's residence. It is needless to repeat the expressions of gratitude poured out by Charles to his deliverer, when they separated, as to describe the profound feeling of pious awe and thankfulness to the Deity with which, when left to his own reflections, he felt his mind impressed. The reader who knows the cir-

cumstances we have detailed, will give him credit for both, as readily, and to as great an extent, as if they were painted with all the accuracy and force that the coloring of language could give them.

There is no feeling whatever so conducive to sound repose as the impression of being in the favor and under the protection of a supreme providence. The wonderful deliverance which Charles had obtained from an awful and apparently inevitable fate, naturally produced upon his mind this evening such an impression; and with feelings of a most comfortable, although still much excited description — such feelings as the mariner who, after the extraction of all hope, has been just rescued from the power of the raging main, experiences on laying his exhausted frame upon the kindly-spread couch of some hospitable cottager—he laid himself down upon the bed of dry leaves and buffalo skins prepared for him in one corner of the wigwam by its friendly owner, and enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep, which continued till the morning.

When he arose, his friendly host supplied him with a gun and a war-axe; and with the former upon his shoulder, and the latter, together with some ammunition and provisions girt to his side, he set forward on his journey to Gilbert Frazier's. The reader may smile at the care with which a young fellow like him took to equip himself for so short a ramble as fifteen miles; an excursion which a smart young man of his age would in our day think no hardship to perform in two or three hours. But although I have, on careful inquiry, satisfactorily ascertained that the young men in "Braddock's Times" were in all respects as courageous, spirited, and active, as they are even in ours, and that Charles Adderly was one of the most eminent of them in in all these particulars: yet he expected and found the performing of that same journey of fifteen miles in about seven hours, to be no despicable task. But it was the difficulty of the road, and not the incapacity of the man, that made it so: and I can assure any of our modern heroes, who may imagine themselves fit to make as good a figure in a novel as Charles Adderly, that they would have considered the journey of which we are speaking as difficult, and found it as tedious as he did.

To have a proper idea of his situation, and what he had to encounter, let any reasonable reader lay down this book for a moment, and figure to himself a young man of sociable habits, accustomed during all his past life, to the animation and refinement of cities, colleges, and churches, to paved roads, flagged pathways, and gravelled walks, now dropped, by one of fortune's capricious freaks, into the midst of a barbarous and pathless wilderness, a close grown forest of heavy timber of all sorts—oak, hickory, maple, chesnut, walnut, birch, dogwood, poplar, &c. &c.,—the small spaces between which were completely choked up by a luxuriant growth of underwood, wild grasses of innumerable descriptions, not to mention the trunks of large trees that had fallen from the decrepitude of age, or were overthrown by the fury of storms, and which were perpetually presenting impassable obstructions to the progress of the traveller. And this too, in an extremely hilly country, intersected by deep ravines, glens, and dingles, without number or regularity, and out of some of which it was impossible for a stranger to extricate himself without incredible labor and dexterity.

Such was the country, through which Charles Adderly, to whom any savage path that might be in it was totally unknown, undertook, in the year 1752, without guide or companion, to traverse, for a short distance indeed, but over ground so difficult, and amidst impediments so intricate, that it would be easier now to traverse the same space in two hours than it was then in seven.

The directions, however, which Charles had received from the prophet, were plain, and he set forward fearing nothing, although it was the first time he had ever been altogether alone amidst the woods. But this very circumstance, instead of rendering his excursion disagreeable, threw over it a peculiar charm of novelty and romance, which, to a mind constituted and circumstanced as his then was, was inexpressibly attractive.

"Here I am," he would say to himself, as he often paused to reflect, on any point at a height from which he could look for some short distance around him; "here am I, in the midst of this immense forest, cut off from that busy world of civilization with which alone I am acquainted—

Here am I, with God alone for my companion! Oh, what a sublime and awful thought! Yet, why tremble at its vastness! It cannot be presumptuous, for it is true:

> "For he is always present, ever felt,
> In the void waste as in the city full!"

"Oh, adorable Being! thou hast placed me here, where I feel the true independence and dignity of my nature, for here I am only dependent on thee. In this place society claims nothing from me, nor I any thing from it. Were all my fellow-men extinguished from the earth, and I left alone here, dependent, just as I now almost feel myself to be, solely on my own exertions and thy blessing, how awful, how solemn, but how ennobling, how elevating, would be the thought! O! let me for a moment enjoy the magnificence of the idea, for it will only last a moment. There are yet men in the world with whom I must unite, and to whose institutions and forms I must bend—and this soul-exalting illusion of my God and myself, being all my concern, will soon vanish. But it is thy will, and I submit."

At other times the recollection of Carrawoona's malignancy towards him, would occur to his mind, and he would, especially in passing ravines, glens, and rivulets, instinctively exert all his faculties of hearing and seeing, lest an enemy should attack him unawares. At length, having exerted both mind and body, with intense energy for a number of hours, he reached the Monongahela; but he was uncertain from not seeing the marks referred to in his directions, whether Gilbert Frazier's house was, in respect to the river, above or below him. In this state of incertitude respecting his course, he reclined himself beneath a large maple tree that grew upon the bank, amidst a thicket of sassafras, elders, and hazels, in order to reflect a little before he should determine on which way to proceed. Here his mind soon wandered from its original object, and turned towards the waste and barbarous state of the country where he was then seated, a forlorn solitary being, amidst ferocious savages, and the object of intense hatred to some of them.

Among other subjects of reflection, the strange circumstance of a white man enjoying a permanent and unmolested

residence in such a country, and amidst such inhabitants, drew his attention, and excited his surprise. What could induce a single individual of European origin to settle among such a people, and in such an unpromising region, he could not understand; and if it had not been that he considered it almost profane to doubt the word of Tomaleuka, he should have conceived the tale of a white man being in that vicinity as altogether fabulous. To believe it, however, he was resolved, since his deliverer had said it—and believe it he did; but he conceived that this man must be some adopted son of a savage, perhaps married to a squaw, and in point of manners, disposition, and understanding, in all probability, nothing superior to his wild brothers of the forest.

Having come to this charitable estimate of Gilbert's character, he rose to pursue his course up the river, almost careless whether or not it should bring him to the residence of one of whom he had formed so indifferent an opinion. Since Tomaleuka had agreed to meet him there, he indeed was desirous to find the place; but that he believed he could easily do without at present giving himself much trouble about it, before Tomaleuka could be expected to reach it. In the meantime, the falling in with any Indian wigwam, might afford him for the night, as hospitable, and perhaps as comfortable a lodging. With these ideas revolving in his mind, as he was advancing from his thicket, he perceived, to his utter astonishment, two white and decently attired females, approaching towards him down the bank of the river. He suddenly drew back into his concealment, struck, not with fear, but with awe; for as he could not suppose civilized white women to be in such a place, and, at the first glance, he saw they were not squaws, he for an instant concluded them to be nothing less than supernatural beings, sent for some divine purpose, to visit him in his present extraordinary situation. His philosophy, however, instantaneously rose in arms against this conclusion; yet he thought it to remain concealed for a few minutes, until he had discovered something more satisfactory concerning objects that had struck his excited fancy as being almost too lovely to be earthly.

When they drew near enough, however, to be more

minutely distinguished, he became satisfied that they were of kindred clay, real flesh and blood like himself; and he was delighted to hear their language to be English, for not perceiving him, their discourse was not interrupted as they passed.

"It was indeed a noble, a holy proceeding, worthy of Tomaleuka, whose whole pleasure is in doing good," said she, whom he perceived to be by far the most beautiful of the two, and whose loveliness had, indeed, riveted his attention so much as to make him almost overlook her companion, who replied—

"And Paddy says that the prisoner was one of the best looking young men he has ever seen. I hope Carrawoona will not find him."

"A good providence will protect him!" said the first. "That God who afforded him such a timely rescue is able, and I trust that he will still be willing, to extend over him his shield of safety."

Charles, who at once knew himself to be the subject of this conversation, felt something inexpressibly sweet in the tones of that voice which had uttered this wish for his safety; and he was only prevented from rushing forward to express his gratitude, by that profound feeling of awe he had imbibed at their first appearance, and which was now kept alive, not by an impression of their being unearthly, but by a conviction that one of them surpassed all of her sex he had ever seen, in loveliness and excellence. He came forward, gradually, out of his concealment, as they moved from him, with his eyes steadily fixed upon them, or rather upon her who had charmed him more than ever woman had before. At length, descending into a valley, they were hidden from his sight.

"I will follow her," thought he, "although it be not the course I intended—such a being can lead no where but to safety—to happiness."

He accordingly hastened after them; but, on coming to the point at which they had disappeared, he was surprised to behold, in a romantic valley beneath him, through which a meandering rivulet sought and obtained a union with the Monongahela, a neat and prosperous looking farm with a

[illegible] fences, its orchards, its meadow ground and its field [illegible] and its stocks of grain, surrounding a large, sub[illegible] log dwelling house, of comfortable appearance, hav[illegible] necessary establishment of barn, stable, cow-house, [illegible] not included, all under one tremendous roof, [illegible] Pennsylvania fashion—but separated from [illegible], and erected at different, but convenient distances, [illegible] whole as much the air and character of a small [illegible], as many a one whose name may every day be seen [illegible] such, with a place in the maps of the American [illegible].

[illegible] paused for a moment at the unexpected sight, and [illegible] such a sensation of home-felt comfort glowing [illegible], as the long wandering exile on returning home, [illegible] first sight of his native village. He felt some[illegible] to his very existence, in the appearance of [illegible] sheep, cows, and horses, that were browsing in the [illegible]: the very cackling of the geese and dung-hill [illegible] had, on this occasion, the power to warm his heart, and give him pleasure.

The [illegible] object that had attracted him hither, had been [illegible] minute concealed from his view, by the inter[illegible] of some trees. But he now again perceived her, [illegible] her companion, advancing along a short lane towards [illegible] dwelling house. He [illegible] after them, when through [illegible] the wood [illegible] he suddenly perceived [illegible] man hoeing out potatoes in a field, which here spread [illegible] to view between him and the river.

He approached them and perceived—but I also perceive [illegible] I must cut short this chapter. A dull performance [illegible] never to be a long one; it is so exhausting upon the [illegible]er's patience, of which I am desirous that he should [illegible] sufficient stock to accompany me through the whole [illegible]. I [illegible] make it a rule, when I feel myself be[illegible] dull, to cease writing; and, if possible, [illegible] it will be convenient for the reader [illegible] cease reading. By this means we have both an oppor[illegible] of recovering our spirits, and of recommencing our [illegible]spective tasks with renewed vigor and animation.

CHAPTER IX

> [illegible], of nature, which
> Survives through all vicissitudes of time
> And fall of states; that pure and innate love
> Of human kind, which prompts the generous soul
> To hospitable deeds, which bids it ask
> The lone and friendless [illegible] guest.
>
> BASKET OF SCRAPS.

I may, at once, inform the reader, for I love a round about way of telling a story, that the two men whom we at the termination of the last chapter, left Charles Adderly in the act of approaching, were Gilbert Frazier and his son Archy. They were so busily employed in hoeing out their potatoes, that they did not observe him till he had advanced almost close to them, when Archy called out—

"Father! look about!—I purest there's a white man comin' to us!"

Gilbert turned round, and with an evident emotion both of surprise and respect, moved his hat, and then standing stock still with his hoe in his hand, gazed intently at the stranger until he spoke.

"My good friend," said he, "I am an unfortunate wanderer in this wilderness, where I am both surprised and rejoiced to meet with a white man. May I ask a few night's lodging from your kindness?"

"Lodgin'! yes—wi' a' my heart—a white man! an' a gentleman!—wi' a' my heart! But, may I ask your name, sir?"

"My name is Adderly,"

"Adderly—Adderly!— you cam' wi' the Ohio settlers: I doot na, sir, ye hae been unfortunate. But we'll gang to the hoose, sir. Ye'll be needin' somethin' to eat an' drink, na doot—for there's no muckle to be had that's guid for ony thing in this woods."

So saying, he moved forward a few steps—then turning

suddenly, he muttered—"Wha kens! wha kens!—it may be sae"—and turning to Charles, he asked—

"Adderly, ye say they ca' ye?"

"Yes—"

"An' canna ye mind to hae ever heard o' yen Thomas Adderly, wha, when I lived on the Juniata, I was tauld had come frae Ireland to Philadelphia?"

"That Thomas Adderly is my father."

"Thomas Adderly! your father!" Gilbert exclaimed, staring earnestly in Charles' face—"Thomas Adderly your father! my auld frien'!"—here he threw away the hoe which he had till now retained in his hand, by way of a walking stick, and catching Charles eagerly by both hands, he continued his exclamations—"Why! why! the sin o' my auld frien', Thomas Adderly, o' Maughrygowan! come to ask a lodgin' wi' me—ay, that ye'll hae, the best that I can gi' ye—the best bed, the best meat, the best drink, the best o' every thing that Gilbert Frazier can gie you. The sin o' my auld frien' frae Maughrygowan—Archy! Archy! rin fast, my braw lad! rin fast, and tell your mother that the sin o' my auld frien', the sin o' Thomas Adderly o' Maughrygowan, is come to see us. An' haste ye, Archy! get the white-faced calf killed, it's the fattest—an' be no langsome, noo—that's a braw lad! An' the sin o' my auld frien' o' Maughrygowan!" he again exclaimed, as he shook both Charles' hands; "the sin o' Thomas Adderly, has cam' a' the way ower the [illegible] the [illegible] an' the [illegible]. Gude bless ye, [illegible] as lang as [illegible] a thousan' welcomes. An' [illegible] father, mony a fine day I [illegible] the strawberries an' the [illegible] to [illegible] ye?"

[illegible] the direct re- [illegible]

[illegible] were [illegible]

[illegible] ye were na born [illegible] Maughrygowan, [illegible]

"No," replied Charles, "Philadelphia is my birth-place."

"Ah! weel, it's na difference—ye're the sin an' the grau'-sin o' Maughrygowan men—an' na doot a true Irishman in your heart."

Charles assured him, evidently very much to his satisfaction, that he had a great partiality for that country; for, independent of its being the land of his fathers, he had there received the chief part of his education, and spent the happiest portion of his life.

"Then ye hae been in Ireland, sir?"

"Yes; within these last six months I sailed from Londonderry."

"Frae Derry! frae Derry!—an' hoo did the auld country an' the auld city look?—An' ye were at Maughrygowan too, dootless?"

"Yes, I spent part of the last winter there."

"An' was every thing the same? Ah! I doot na, there are mony changes there syne I saw it. But I need na ask sae fool a question frae you, that was na then in the lan' o' the leevin'."

They had by this time arrived at the door of Gilbert's dwelling, where Nelly, in consequence of Archy's information, was waiting in a state of great impatience to meet them. Recollecting Maughrygowan, and the days of her youth, she had just taken time to make herself *decent*, as she phrased it, by putting on a clean cap and a shawl, in which, although she was now verging towards the pale days of fifty, she still exhibited some remains of those blooming graces which thirty years before had captivated Gilbert; and, if report spoke truth, had drawn some eulogies, which had come to her ears, and now returned to her recollection, from the then young squire, Thomas Adderly, himself.

"Nelly! Nelly!" exclaimed Gilbert, as they approached where she stood in the door; "here, here is the sin o' young squire Adderly, our auld countryman, an' the grau'-sin o' the auld squire, just com frae Derry owre the sea, an' a' the way owre the Alleghany Mountain, an' the Laurel Hill, an' the Chesnut Ridge, to ask lodgin' frae us! Did you ever think o' seeing sitch a day?"

Nelly made a courtesy, and Charles holding out his hand, she caught it, and, while the tears were perceptibly swelling in her eyes, she bade him welcome, adding—

"Ah! sir, indeed ye pit me in min' o' auld times, ye hae sae muckle o' the braw looks o' your father. Glad I am, truly, to hae yeu frae the place un'er my roof. In thir wild woods, I ne'er expected to be sae christianlike on this side o' the grave. I kenned your father weel in Maughrygowan—ye hae muckle o' his looks! But come in—we maun get something ready to mak' ye comfortable—for ye maun hae had a hard time o't through the woods. I wonner in the wide warl hoo ye could guide yoursel' amang them."

She had by this time led Charles to the door of a decent but small apartment, in which the furniture, although it was rough, was convenient, and extremely clean in its appearance. It had been, as the greater portion of the furniture in the house was, of Paddy Frazier's workmanship, whose industry, when he would be industrious, inclined more to matters of this kind, than to cultivating the soil. It was well for the respectability, at least in point of appearance, of Gilbert's household concerns, that Paddy did possess ingenuity of this nature; for he himself possessed little or none, and as to Archy, he was totally destitute of any thing like it. We may here mention, that Paddy had procured tools and other necessaries for making furniture, from several of the Indian traders; and that he had, in consequence, frequently tried his hand in manufacturing chairs, tables, bedsteads, chests, etc., which, although as we have already said, they were coarse, yet were convenient, and gave the whole habitation an air of considerable comfort. The floors, doors, partitions, and shelves of the house, were also [illegible] and kept by him in a tolerably neat condition; so that, upon the whole, Gilbert's residence had no splendor [illegible], [illegible] of taste to [illegible], it was at [illegible] and comfortable.

It was two [illegible] high, built of logs hewn square, with a long platform or porch in the front, made of logs squared on the upper side, and solidly fixed together, like a wooden pavement, on which were constructed seats for

enjoying the luxurious atmosphere of a summer's evening. The front door was in the centre of the building, from whence an entry or hall, of about five feet wide, extended through the house, leading out of the back door into a secondary or inferior house of round or unhewn logs attached to the other which served for a kitchen. The stairs or rather steps, for they were nothing but a *broad stepped* ladder, boarded behind, arose from the back part of the entry. Both floors consisted of four rooms, of nearly equal size and construction, but not equally well furnished: the one into which Charles was now introduced by Mr Frazier being by far the most favored in this particular.

But this room contained what would, in Charles' eyes, had it been ten times more rustic than it was, have given it the superiority, in point of attraction, to the most splendid apartment in any of the king of England's palaces. After saying this, we need scarcely add, that it contained the beautiful being whose charms had been, as we have related, so strongly riveted his attention, and attracted him hither, and whom the reader [illegible] already conjectured, and conjectured [illegible], to be Maria Frazier.

She [illegible] introduced to him [illegible] Gilbert's youngest daughter, and [illegible], who had been in another apartment at that [illegible], she was introduced as the eldest. [illegible] which the [illegible] of the forest [illegible] different [illegible] and, considering [illegible] manners and education [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] before she [illegible] changing her apparel, she had

taken a sly stolen glance or two at a mirror, (for Gilbert had been supplied by the river traders with several of these articles,) which hung conveniently for such a purpose, upon the wooden wall of the apartment. The result of this examining glance was, that she should be content with her present condition: for, although she was not gaudily, she was neatly apparelled, and having no desire to particularly to attract the stranger, she did not think it necessary studiously to adorn her person.

When she first saw Charles Adderly, however, a feeling of an undefinable nature, such as she had never before experienced, seized upon her mind, which caused her, in a certain degree, to repent her not having followed Nancy's advice: and when this feeling became considerably heightened, by his name suggesting to her, that this must be the same interesting youth who had been so lately rescued from the cruel vengeance of the savages by her revered Tomahawk, she, in spite of herself, felt uneasy and embarassed, from the idea that it had been in her power to have made a better appearance in his presence. The reception she gave him, therefore, was cordial, but a little constrained, and her salutation, although kind and sincere, was diffident and timid, and her manner was rendered the more embarrassed from her dissatisfaction with it.

On the other hand, Nancy, prepared for the occasion, with all her rural grandeur on her, addressed him with an ease, [illegible], and self-possession partaking somewhat of [illegible], which Charles would have felt rather disagreeable and unbecoming, but for the apparent candor and innocence with which it was accompanied. In short, the manners of the unlearned, and, comparatively speaking, unrefined Nancy, on this occasion, displayed all the assured and unblushing ease of the fashionable lady, while the well-bred and enlightened Maria exhibited the bashfulness, [illegible], and confusion of the rural maid.

[illegible] unhesitatingly the preference to [illegible] by [illegible]. In her he either saw, or fancied he saw, the effects of artless nature, genuine modesty, and refined sensibility; and these he preferred infinitely to any effort of cultured man-

ner, or disciplined conduct. In his view, nothing in the world could exceed in elegance, tastefulness, and propriety the dress and behavior of Lilias, while every thing he had ever seen, or believed he ever could see, fell infinitely short of the charms of her countenance, and the witcheries of the thousand nameless graces that he was every moment discovering more and more to adorn both her person and manners. But at this time, it must be confessed, that he was in a state of mind which disqualified him from being an impartial judge of any thing connected with the young woman. He was, although, perhaps, not quite aware himself of the circumstance, deeply in love with her, and, consequently, was unfit to consider her as other than perfection in all she either thought, said or did.

"Thir twa lasses o' mine," said Gilbert, after all the party were seated, except his sister, who, placing some bread and cheese before them, withdrew for the purpose of getting ready refreshments of a more elaborate description for her guests—"thir twa lasses o' mine, ye maun ken, hae been brought up like deers amang the woods here, an' it maun be a treat for them to see ony thing like a civilized white man. Lassies, haud up your heads, an' dinna be shy—Mr. Adderly's a gentleman born, the son o' my auld acquaintance, young Squire Adderly o' Maugherymoran. Agh! I kenned your father weel thirty year syne—there wasna a brisker an' bonnier young fellow in a' the parish. I hope he's doing yet, an' weel, weel?"

Charles assured him that he was still healthy, and very little altered in his appearance since he first knew him.

"Glad o't, glad o't, sir," replied Gilbert; "I wad gie the best horse ere put leg in my stable, to hae yae shake o' his auld hand, just for the sake o' Maugherymoran an' our daffin days. But, sir, Paddy tells us ye hae had an unco escape frae thae wicked Indians, the Chippeways. But Tonnaleuk can manage them when nobody else can—he's a wonnerfu' man that."

Charles now informed him, that it was by Tonnaleuk's directions that he had obtruded himself upon his hospitality.

"Obtrude, sir!" interrupted Gilbert, "obtrude! I'm no' very muckle learned, sir, but I think that word means comin'

gin ye're no' welcome. Naa, sir, gin ye were na as welcome here as in your father's parlor, this hoose shouldna belang to Gilbert Frazier."

"I am sensible of your kindness," observed Charles; "and to tell you the truth, I in reality feel happier just now under your roof than ever I remember to have felt under my father's, or I believe that of any other person whatever."

"Thank ye, sir. I'm glad o't—and I wish hoo lang ye may bide wi' us, gin it will answer ye. Ye'll no' think o' ganging hame this six months, at ony rate. The winter's sae near han', it wadna be possible."

Charles replied, that his duty required that he should carry, or send speedy intelligence of his late disasters to Philadelphia; but that with respect to the measures he should adopt concerning his return, he had thoughts of being regulated altogether by the advice of Tonnaleuka, on whose knowledge of the circumstances and nature of the country, and on whose prudence, candor and friendship for himself, he had every reason to rely.

"Ye're right, my friend," said Gilbert, "an' ye're wise too in that. Tonnaleuka kens every thing aboot this country, an' I dinna say aboot every ither country in the warl', better than ony man leevin'. I'll no except Sir Isaac Newton, the Englishman, wha they say is the greatest philosopher, an' the wisest man, except Solomon, that was ever known. Ye wad wonner, sir, to hear Tonnaleuka sometimes talkin'. He's sae learn'd, an' has sic a muckle knowledge, that nane o' our folk can ever comprehend him, except [illegible] Maria [illegible] hersel'. [illegible] Maria; it's [illegible]. I wad rather [illegible] than I could understan' sic things sae weel as you do. [illegible] Nancy, I [illegible] her."

"[illegible] Nancy felt [illegible] Tonnaleuka's instructions. An-

as to myself, considering the remote and secluded situation in which I am doomed to pass my life, the gratifying my desire for knowledge may have been rather disadvantageous than otherwise; it may have occupied that time which would have been employed with more advantage to both you and myself in personal labor."

"Personal labor, my bairn! Why think ye, that gin ye had never sae muckle as learned the alphabet, that I wad hae let you work in the cornfields or meadows, or in grubbing roots, or makin' rails? Na, na, faith! I wad hae done a' thir things on my knees first. But hae na ye been aye busy, Maria? Why Neily has aften said that ye hae doon mair sewin', an' spinin', an' knittin in yon week than Nancy, wi' a' her disregard to learnin', has done in a month."

"My dear father," said Maria, seeing that Nancy was extremely hurt at this invidious comparison, "do not be so unjust towards my sister. I cannot bear to be complimented so much at her expense. She is far from being so ignorant as you suppose: and Tamaleuka, whose judgment you will not dispute, has often borne testimony to the goodness of her heart, and the amiability of her disposition. As to industry, does she not perform thrice the labor that I do in dairy matters, and in kitchen concerns? From which of us does our mother receive the greatest assistance in the preparation of your food? Is it not from her? Yes, father, she has often, when she supposed I was too busily employed in these matters, desired me to leave their performance to her, lest I should fatigue myself. I cannot bear that so much kindness should not receive justice."

Here Nancy, whose feelings were more touched with her sister's generous defence than they had been with her father's accusation, caught her by the hand, (for she sat next to her,) and with a heart evidently as full at least of gratitude as of vexation, said—

"I must confess that my father speaks truth: for you have obtained far more benefit than I ever could from Tamaleuka's lessons. And as to heavy working, you are always as willing as I am, but as you are not so strong, you are more easily fatigued, and on that account I do not like

o see you much at it. You are better and more usefully employed at quilting, and darning, and figuring, and knitting, and such things that keep the house trig and comfortable, than I could be, for I couldna like you confine myself closely at them, as they sometimes require."

Here Gilbert, pleased with this generosity of Nancy, as if his heart misgave him for having said any thing to hurt her feelings, arose, and catching both her and Maria by the hand, said—

"Ye are baith my bairns—gude lasses to yere father, an' I hae na' fau't to find wi' ye. I dinna prefer the tane to the ither; I like ye baith alike, an' I'm muckle pleased that ye hae aye liked yeu anither sae weel. Indeed ye hae aye been a comfort to baith me an' yere mither in this wild wilderness. Withoot ye, I think we wad hae brak' oor hearts. But God has gien ye to us, an' ye hae made the desert smile on us. An' oh! may he lang preserve ye to us, my bairns, baith gude, an' innocent, an' contented, as ye noo are."

So saying, he kissed them both upon the cheek, and turning to Charles, asked him if he would walk out with him upon the porch for a few minutes, until supper should be ready. Charles readily assented, for he perceived that the old man wished to relieve his daughters of their presence, in order that Nancy might the sooner recover her serenity and cheerfulness.

CHAPTER V.

Around the bowl of vanished years,
We talk of joyous seeming;
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So soft, so sad's their beaming;
Till memory brings us back again,
Each early tie that twined us,
How sweet's the cup that circles then,
To those we've left behind us!

MOORE.

As Nancy's mind was not the most susceptible in the world of lasting impressions, especially of a disagreeable kind, a short time was sufficient to restore her usual vivacity and good humor; and as both she and Maria now assisted their mother, supper was soon got forward, and Charles and his host were without delay summoned from their perambulation on the porch.

When Charles saw the plentiful, and even luxurious table that was spread before him, and the good-hearted and contented family, whose own industry, under the blessing of Providence, had thus procured it for them in a wilderness, sitting down to partake of it, his heart was filled with sensations of pride for his species, arising from this proof before his eyes of what their own efforts, if properly directed, can do to supply their wants, and make them happy in this world, under even the most unpromising circumstances. What a contrast, thought he, is what I now behold, to that scene of savage wrath and vengeful feelings to which I was yesterday so nearly becoming the victim!

Impressed with these ideas, his heart was in a fit state to join fervently and thankfully in that simple but sincere address to the Giver of all good, which Gilbert, who ever since he had been cut off from all opportunity of enjoying public worship, had been careful always to pronounce, not in set words, but in the spontaneous expressions dictated by his feelings at the moment, before partaking of the bounty

ot his Maker. Sometimes this address, being the only species of religious worship strictly attended to by Gilbert, was extended through the duration of several minutes. On the present occasion, it was not so long, but it was still longer than any fashionable clergyman would ever think of making a grace. As it was, notwithstanding its illiterate and unharmonious phraseology at the time, highly gratifying to Charles Adderly, I presume it will not be unacceptable to the reader, and shall, therefore, submit it to his perusal, as follows:

"Great God! oor Maker, an' the maker o' a' things whilk are in the heavens or on the yearth, an' the ruler o' baith the city an' the desert! thou hast gien us these gude things oot o' the bountiful stores o' thy providence, that we may nourish oorsels wi' them. Albeit we are na' worthy o' the sma'est morsel o' thy favor, an' could na' mak' the grun' produce a single ear o' corn, or a koo bring forth a single calf without thy ordering! Yet thou hast gien us plenty o' baith, an' mair nor that, thou hast gi'en us this e'ening, un'er oor roof, what we hae na' had for near-han' thirty year, a visitor, an Irishman's son, o' oor ain kind, frae Maughrygowan. Oh! bless him, an' bless us a', so that we may be nourished by this temporal food, an' also, or a' be owre, wi' the spiritual food o' grace an' glory in heaven. But thou kens better what fits us than we do oorsels. We therefore lippen every thing to thy mercy, whilk we earnestly pray for, through Christ our Redeemer. Amen."

Many a more splendid supper than Gilbert Frazier, the only cultivator of the ground, at this time within, perhaps, a hundred miles of him, could afford, has been more splendidly described than I could describe it. No entertainment could, therefore, be expected from a middling description of what, at the table of a great man, would scarcely be accounted a middling supper. I will, therefore, be excused from not entering into tedious particulars concerning it. I shall merely state, that at the one end of the table, (the end where our hero himself was stationed,) was placed an elegant roast joint of the fatted calf which Archy had speedily sacrificed for this joyful occasion. By special request, Charles had undertaken to carve and distribute this which

I can assure any gay lady or gentleman, who wishes to be informed on the subject, he did with exceeding good grace and gentility. Mrs. Frazier and her son Archy had each under their jurisdiction a large barn-door fowl, elegantly and sumptuously stuffed with the most sapid and agreeable ingredients the good hostess could command; the very smell of which when opened out would, in less than a quarter of an hour after a full meal, have restored to original vigor and voracity, the appetite of any hundred thousand pound alderman in existence. Gilbert himself had charge of a large dish of exeellent potatoes, which although he said they were as gude as he ever could raise here, yet were naething like the rich, laughing, mellow, an' mealy jeanachies he used to raise in Maughrygowan. Still wi' a' their fau'ts, they were aye a favorite dish wi' baith him an' Nelly.

When a reasonable havoc was made among these substantials, Maria and Nancy distributed to the company and to themselves, dainty and enticing slices of apple pies, custards, or egg puddings, just as the appetite of each desired. After the disappearance of these, Gilbert returned thanks, and the cloth being removed, (for, dear reader, Mrs. Frazier had several table cloths,) he produced from a cupboard, which was in one corner of the room, a bottle of brandy, and soon the fragrant and inspiring vapors of the punch-pitcher curled swately and nately, as Peter M'Fall would have said, over the table, which was now lit with a flaming candle of Gilbert's own manufacture.

On this occasion the social bowl did not frighten away the ladies, as it mostly does within the circles of ultra civilization and high refinement. But in Gilbert Frazier's house the superb customs of the *haut ton* were unknown, or rather uncared for; and as no excess from spirituous liquors was feared by the ladies, for neither Gilbert nor Archy were drunkards, and they had no reason to suppose Charles Adderly one, they conceived that they could spend the evening as comfortably and as creditably in their society as any where else. Nay, they did not disdain, for the sake of complaisance and good humor, to use a moderate portion of the exhilarating fluid themselves, and to pledge in its socializing draught their good wishes for their visitor's health and

prosperity. But the degree of their complaisance, I can assure the world of sobriety, was both as moderate and modest as the most rigid could wish, and extended no farther than the most precise-mannered and delicately-nerved lady in Christendom might have carried it, without risk to either her reputation or her morals.

Neither did the gentlemen indulge too heartily in the use of the fascinating liquor. They only drank as much as tended to dispel vapors and enliven conversation, thereby showing themselves to be real men, whose strength of resolution enabled them to stop at any assigned point in the path of enjoyment. But we must confess that, although the ladies only tasted a little for the sake of complaisance, yet the gentlemen used a sufficiency of the cordial fluid to render their situation comfortable, and their conversation free. It was now that Gilbert communicated to Charles the history of his life, from his leaving his native country till the present time, excepting that passage which related to Maria's birth. He explained, at the same time, in his own homely language, the feelings that the passing events had excited in his mind. In return, Charles detailed to him the history of the expedition that he had lately commanded, its unfortunate result, and his own adventures with, and providential deliverance from the Indians. Maria listened to his recital with great interest, and seemed to be particularly affected with his hair-breadth escape. She hung upon his story with fervid and enthusiastic intensity, and when he had finished she could not help exclaiming—

"Happy, happy Tonnaleuka, who has had it in his power to do so much good!"

"Heaven bless ye, my barn," said Gilbert, "for that gude-hearted sayin'. Oh! Mr. Adderly! gin Tonnaleuka could only teach the Indians humanity to their prisoners, I think he wad be ranis-t as great an' useefu' a man as Moses, who taucht the Jews the sixth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill!" Gin the savages only knew that commandment, and feared to break it. I'm thinkin' I micht soon hae white neighbors plenty roun' me, and may be some Irish families—an' its no' likely that Nelly an' I wad then break oor hearts sae muckle about Moughrygowan."

"Alack!" cried Nelly, "bonny Maughrygowan will ne'er be oot o' my head gin a' the Irish in America were to settle beside us. Its bonny green meadows, an' its hawthorn hedges, wi' their sweet smelling blossoms, an' its saft dimplin' burns, wi' the yellow primroses an' speckled daisies on their banks, an' the sweet pretty larks an' the thrushes, an' the lads an' the lasses, an' the sports of a simmer evening, an' the jokes an' mirth o' a lang winter's nicht– ah! I cannot think o' them without a sair heart—for—for I'll ne'er see them again!"

Here Nelly's heart filled, and she was wiping away a tear that annoyed her, when Gilbert addressed her—

"Dinna fret—dinna fret, Nelly, at misfortunes. It micht hae been waur wi' us. God didna forsake us a'tegither. We are aye leevin' examples o' his gudeness, an' hae oor weans aboot us. We hae mony comforts, Nelly, gin we should ne'er see Ireland again. Dinna think o't noo—it maks ye greeve owre muckle."

"Ah! ye may bid me no greeve, gin ye like," replied Nelly—"but dinna Gilbert, diuna bid me no think o't, for I canna obey ye in that. I maun aye think o't, though my heart should bleed for't—though it should break for't, as it's sometimes like to do. It would noo please me, Gilbert, to hear Maria sing the sang she learned frae ye, an' which ye're sae fond to hear yeresel, that was made by Tam Beggs, oor neighboor on the Juniata, whom the savages burned on that awfu' day at Catanyan. He made it on leavin' Larne, an' I ne'r hear it but it does my heart gude, its sae melancholy, an' it shows that there were ither folk that grieved for ither places as muckle as I do for Maughrygowan. An' Maria aye sings it so sweetly, that it makes my heart baith pleased and sorrowfu'. Ah! it's a warm-hearted, comforting sang?"

"Weel, Nelly," observed Gilbert, "if it will comfort ye ony thing, an' Mr. Adderly has nae objection, I'm sure Maria will please ye. That sang aye pleases me, though it aye mak's me mournfu'."

Charles signified his desire to hear the song, and Maria, knowing that it would yield satisfaction to both her father and mother, required no further solicitation, but sang as follows, with a voice, every tone of which thrilled through

Charles's heart, and awakened all his feelings of sympathy, tenderness, and admiration:—

The Haunts of Larne.

Oft as I think on other days,
When with a blithe light heart I rov'd,
Those haunts which lovely Larne surveys,
Where first I felt, and first I lov'd;
What sorrows pierce my bosom's core,
Since I must sigh,
Farewell to joy!
Ah! lovely Larne! must I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more?

By Curran's shore I often stray'd,
And scenes of purest rapture knew,
When there I met the sweetest maid
That ever blest a lover's view;
But ah! those joyful scenes are o'er,
And I must sigh,
Farewell to joy!
Ah! lovely Larne! must I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more?

By Inver's banks, so green and gay,
I join'd each little warbler's song,
And tuned to love the blithesome lay,
The fragrant hawthorn shades among.
Fate ne'er can scenes like these restore,
For I must sigh,
Farewell to joy!
Ah! lovely Larne! must I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more?

Oh! mem'ry, cease! it gives me pain
Such recollections dear to wake;
Yet I will think them o'er again,
A though my tortur'd heart should break.
Yes, still I'll think, and still deplore,
How I must sigh,
Farewell to joy!
Ah! lovely Larne! must I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more?

When Maria had done singing, so deep was the impression which her melodious voice and affecting manner had made upon her auditors, that they all, for a minute or two, sat silent, as if for the purpose of prolonging that luxury of sorrow which she had thus so strongly excited in their bosoms. At length Nelly, whose feelings had become so acute as evidently to require relief from weeping, retired, that she might indulge her grief the more privately. Her daughters

withdrew also, and as Charles arose to bid them good-night, he was irresistibly impelled to say to Maria, "This has been my happiest night—I shall never, never forget it!" He then checked himself as if he felt that he had taken too much freedom, and resumed his seat considerably embarrassed, with his eyes fixed steadily upon the door through which she had passed, as if still beholding the lovely image that had there left them.

His meditations were soon interrupted by Gilbert exclaiming, "Poor Tam Boggs! his story was a mournfu' yen! But grievin's a folly, an' we maun e'en just tak' the warl' as it comes—the sweet wi' the soor. I yence ran through the gauntlet wi' the savages mysel'. That was na to be sure sae bad as being burnt. But there's na gude in complainin'—what's gone past is done, an' canna be help't. We'll e'en, Mr. Adderly, talk o' something else, an' no' torment oorsel's this way wi' sorrow. He hae na seen my son Paddy yet. I christened him for oor auld Irish saint—he's a through-gaun chap—winna min' the farm, an's awee owre fand o' the drap by times. Ye hae na seen him yet, Mr. Adderly?"

"No," replied Charles, who had by this time thrown off his reverie, "no—but I have understood that you had a son of that name."

"Ay, but he's a quite different chap frae Archy. He's a smart fellow, sir, an' a wee crafty in his disposition, that is, when he's dealin' wi' the Indians. I'm no pleased at it, for I dinna like them cunning tricks, it's so much like cheatery. Though Paddy winna cheat either, I'll no say that o' him—but he'll no' gie the Indians fair play an' he can help it. He palms on them shells, an' beads, an' brass rings, an' ither things, no' worth a button, for whilk they sometimes gie him hale back-burdens o' skins o' musk-rat, an' beaver, an' buffalo, that he sells to the traders comin' doon the river for fifty times as muckle as they cost him. I canna think it a'togither fair—forbye, I canna see the gude o' him tradin' this way. I'm sure that a' the skins an' trumpery he has gathered togither this six year past, wouldna get us a comfortable dinner in thir woods. I kenna what they're gude for here, but to look at."

"Father," observed Archy, who had just come in from disposing of the cattle for the night, as Gilbert commenced his complimentary picture of Paddy's character and employment, "father, I maun say you speak owre hard o' Paddy. He disna cheat the Indians half so muckle as some o' the ither traders. They aye say he deals fair, though he maks hard bargains; but the men that come doon the river often cheat them cotricht. The gentleman mamma think Paddy sae bad as ye ca' him."

"I hae na ca'd him a downricht cheat, Archy; I canna think that badly o' him; but I think it wad be a mair honest employment, forbye being mair usefu', to stick by the farm, an' help us to raise something that we can eat an' wear; for, atweel, I can see nae gude in them wild beast's skins, an' bits o' glass, an' auld brass rings that he's so fand o'. They can neither be made into cakes nor puddin', Archy: an' as to wearin' them—troth, a coat o' the coarsest sacking that was ever made into a beggar-man's poke, wad be mair comfortable."

"I perceive," said Charles, "that it is not with your approbation that your son has devoted himself to traffic rather than agriculture. But you seem to get on with the latter tolerably well without him; and, perhaps, the furs you speak of his having amassed, may yet turn out much to his benefit. They are very valuable in the eastern cities. As to his obtaining them for articles of such little real value, if the Indians attach an imaginary importance to these articles, they have a right to please themselves, as much as the white people have to attach a value to gold and silver, which are in themselves as intrinsically useless for either sustenance or apparel, as any of the trinkets you mention. Your son cannot be said, at least in the common meaning of the word, to cheat the Indians, when he makes them such a return for their goods as renders them content to part with them."

"It may be sae," replied Gilbert, "I dinna dive sae deeply into sitch arguments as to ken a' aboot them; but I aye think that Paddy wad hae mair ease o'min', an' lieve happier, helpin' us here on the farm, than in rinnin' after the tails o' the savages to spy farlies, or to catch a chance o' a

bargain. Forbye, I'm awee flyed that he may sometime or ither fa' in wi' some slut o' a squaw, an turn Indian himsel!"

"For aught I know," observed Charles, "there may be some danger in that respect, especially as he never sees any other females except those of his own family. A trip to the eastward might remove this danger."

"I hae often thought sae," returned Gilbert; "an' sometimes whan I think o' my twa boys, I canna help comparin' mysel' to auld Isaac, wi' his Esau an' his Jacob. The auld cat is the Esau, an' the youngest is the Jacob; the yen wilfu' an' stubborn, an' the ither obedient an' gude-natured; an wi' respect to baith, I often feel as if I could apply to mysel' the words of Rebecca: 'I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are the daughters of the lan', what good shall my life do me?'"

"An' what wad ye hae yen to do," said Archy, who felt himself interested in the cause of his father's uneasiness. "What wad ye hae yen to do, whar' there are na ither women to be had? Ye wad na surely ask yen to leeve a' his days without a wife?"

"it's a hard matter, I acknowledge," said his father; "an' gin I could spare ye, Archy, I wad send ye, wi' my blessing, owre the mountains eastward, as Isaac did Jacob, to get a wife amang the daughters o' yere ain kind."

"But wad it no' be neest thing to impossible," said Archy, "to coax ony o' them white lasses at the ither side o' the mountains, to come back here to lieve in thir savage woods? An' ye ken, father, ye wad na be pleased gin I staid awa frae ye a'tegither. 'Trouth, I canna' tell weel hoo ye could work the lan', and mind things right without me, noo when ye're getting auld, an' hae sae muckle mair cleared than ye had no mony years ago. I think, Mr. Adderly," said he, turning to Charles, "that it wad be better for the auld man that I should bide wi' him, an' gin I should tak' a fancy to marry, to tak' a squaw, than gang twa or three hundred miles owre the Alleghany mountains, for a wife, or else ha nane ava. Want, ye ken, is an unco bare word, sir."

Charles acknowledged that the dilemma was rather of a

perplexing nature. All he could counsel him to, was to lay with his father, and have patience; as fortune, by some unforeseen occurrence, might throw a white woman in his way: in which case, if he were too hastily to unite himself with a squaw, he might feel inclined to regret his precipitancy.

"Oh! sir," said Archy, "I'm na just yet sae madrife for a wife as that comes to. I'm no' just gaun to marry the first Indian woman I meet wi'. I'm thinking that I'll gie fortune the opportunity o' half a dozen years yet to bring me a white wife; after that, I think the auld man canna say muckle gin I should bring a red daughter-in-law ben the hoose to him."

"Guid forbid! Guid forbid! ye should do sae, Archy!" exclaimed Gilbert, shaking his head, "But we'll no' talk mair aboot it noo. Gin ye only keep your word, an' gie us six years to come an' go on, I doot na but Providence will consider your case, and provide some yen for you that we may a' like, before that time. But as to Paddy, I dinna ken but it wad be wiser in me.—"

Here Gilbert was interrupted by the door opening without ceremony, and Paddy himself entered, and Gilbert, in a kind of continuation of his discourse, addressed him: "An' there ye are, my lad. We were just talking o' ye, an' I was telling this frien' o' mine.—Paddy, ye maun ken that's a frien' o' mine, a sin o' my auld acquaintance, Thamas Adderly, the young squire, o' Maughrygown. Ye didna ken the squire, Paddy, but your mither kenned them a' weel; an' sair grat this vera nicht wi' joy to see the sin o' her auld frien' un'er her roof in this wild wilderness."

Paddy had by this time approached Charles, and cordially shaked him by the hand, expressing great pleasure to see him here so far safe from the savages.

This young man was rather below the middle size, and of a slender, but very firm make, indicating great agility and endurance of fatigue, rather than muscular strength. He was not, however, deficient in the latter respect, his want of sufficient weight alone preventing him from being remarkably powerful. His countenance was keen, smart and intelligent; expressive, however, of ingenuity rather than deep thought, and of cunning rather than caution. He was slightly pock-

pitted, and so much sun-burnt as to be almost of that Indian hue which he sometimes affected, when he wished to flatter the native tribes. He also often dressed in their fashion, and on such occasions, as he had learned several of their languages, and spoke them fluently, he could not easily be distinguished from any of his red brethren. He had been present, as a spectator, at the Chippeway council, which had so nearly sacrificed Charles, in his Indian costume, on which account, as his dress was now more of a European than of an Indian fashion, he was not recognised by Charles, who had not, indeed, paid much attention on that occasion, to the appearance of the individuals forming the mass of the assembly. He was at this time attired in a rudely formed white flannel jacket, or rather long vest, with sleeves attached to it, being put on in the manner of a shirt, with that part of the front, usually permitted to open, tied with tapes. A pair of long canvass drawers came up to his waist, round which, outside of his vest or shirt, they were bound with leather thongs, instead of buttons, and kept in their place by a broad leathern strap carried over each shoulder in a crossing direction, like modern suspenders. The common Indian gaiters, and moccasins of half tanned deer skin, and a bear skin cap, constituted the residue of his dress, which, from its lightness and freedom from every kind of incumbrance upon his motions, was well adapted to the exercise of that swiftness and dexterity in scouring the woods, for which, habit, and a healthy, sinewy, and buoyant frame, had rendered him remarkable, even among the wild sons of the forest.

When he first entered the room he had a musket in his hand, and a long knife of the dagger form, for bleeding any animal he might shoot on his excursions, in a leathern sheath at his left side, which sheath was suspended from a belt that crossed his right shoulder. On perceiving Charles, without paying any attention whatever to the address of his father, before given, he hastily deposited his gun in a corner of the room, and, with an air of recognition, saluted him with the cordial expression of satisfaction for his safety, we have mentioned, adding, at the same time, "But I am sorry that you have met with so rude and uncivil a reception in our country."

"In that respect," replied Charles, "it is a question whether I ought to complain or rejoice: for, since coming to your Wilderness, I have met with the extremes both of kindness and hatred—happiness and misery."

"Then you have met with all that life can give you, since you came among us," observed Paddy. "But I think you have purchased your pleasure, whatever it may have been, dear, by the sufferings you have paid for it."

"But I, perhaps, enjoy it the more sensibly on that account," returned Charles; "and I do not know if I can grudge the personal hardships and trials I have sustained from the Indians, since they have been the means of procuring me the happiness your father's house has this night afforded me."

"It was but a sma' thing we could do to make you comfortable," said Gilbert. "Could we do mair, I wad be glad o't: for the very sicht o' ye, sae Christianlike, sae like oorsel's, and o' oor ain kind, has made us a' blither an' happier *nor* we hae been for mony a year."

"Mr. Adderly," observed Paddy, "you have gained one friend by your misfortunes, for whom it was, indeed, worth while to endure something—I mean Tonnaleuka—although, I confess, I should be very loath to undergo what you did even for such an acquisition."

"To have acquired the esteem and friendship of that good and wonderful man," replied Charles, "might itself have been sufficient remuneration for my sufferings; but Providence has added to satisfaction others that"—(here he checked himself, and hesitated for a moment; then continued)—"that providence has shown me in this house to-night, that virtue can secure to herself happiness, even in a 'Wilderness,' amidst savages; and henceforth I resolve to keep in her paths, so far as I know them, in despite of all temptations to the contrary. Is not the arriving at such a resolve worth all I have endured?"

"I have no means of exactly comparing the benefits of such a resolution with the evils you have undergone," observed Paddy; "for I do not understand the matter sufficiently. But this I know, that I yesterday saw you in a predicament, to get out of which I would have thought you

excusable in committing any sin, although I confess I was better pleased to see you escape by a miracle; and I only wish that in every scrape of the kind you may fall into, you may be so fortunate. To be sure, you have watchful and powerful friend in Tonnaleuka. If any man can protect you from Indian violence, it is he. But he cannot do every thing; and, to be plain with you, for it is only this very day that he desired me to be so, there are trap-doors of destruction into which you may yet fall, if you be not circumspect. Your arch-enemy, Carrawoona, is intractable. He has vowed either to sacrifice himself or you, and is, at the present time, ranging the woods, like a wild and infuriated animal, in search of you. You are safe here, in the meanwhile, however; and I have reason to believe that the prophet will manage matters so, that the implacable savage will take the wrong direction in pursuit of you."

"Surely," observed Charles, "I need not be under much apprehension from the hostility of a single man. His tribe relinquished their claim upon me, and he will scarcely dare to destroy what it was their pleasure to spare."

"He has sworn your destruction," said Paddy, "and his tribe have abandoned any further concern in the business. The contest is now between you and him, and God grant the right side to be successful, say I, which is a wish altogether at your service."

"With arms in my hand, and a watchful eye in my head, I think," said Charles, "if the contest be only between him me, I have nothing to fear. He cannot be more terrible in fight than his son."

"He is not, perhaps, more terrible," rejoined Paddy, "but he is more treacherous; and who knows but he may seduce some of the haters of the white men for there are many of them in this country, to join his cause. He would have had half a dozen after you from Shamplintown, but for the timely interference of Tonnaleuka, who represented to the warriors that you were under the protection of the Great Spirit, who had denounced [illegible] against any one who would harm you."

"I fear much," said Charles, "that the prophet's [illegible]rous zeal in my behalf will excite this rancorous savage

[illegible] ion, which would be to the world a much greater [illegible] than mine, and [illegible] would grieve me more than [illegible]."

[illegible] that point," [illegible] Paddy [illegible] to [illegible] of men, [illegible] from the Alleghany mountain to the Mis[illegible] him, and his name and [illegible] as the enemy [illegible] of Maneto, their chief deity."

[illegible]," said Charles, "I will fear nothing. [illegible]."

"[illegible]!" said Paddy, who had learned a num[illegible] from the white [illegible] he had so fre[illegible] with which, when he wished to [illegible] than usual energy, he never failed [illegible]: "By heavens! sir, I like your spirit, and I [illegible] Carrawoona myself, if he pur[illegible] neighborhood, where I know every foot of [illegible] and times better than either he or any [illegible]."

[illegible] thanked him for his friendly intentions, observ[illegible], "With such protectors as you and Tonnaleuka, I do [illegible] why I should apprehend anything from a savage [illegible] power, unless I am taken unawares, or unprepared. [illegible] me no [illegible]."

"P[illegible]! ye please me noo," said Gilbert; "I aye ken[illegible] ye had some spunk in ye, though ye never made a gude w[illegible] on the [illegible]. I thought ye were carried awa' ower [illegible] wi' the Indians, but I see ye hae nature in ye, an' [illegible] to see ye're [illegible] kind, when the pinch comes. [illegible]! Archy! you an' I too maun hae an e'e to this mat[illegible]. We maunna sit still, an' see a Maughrygown man ill[illegible] us. Na, na; fegs! that wadna be natural."

[illegible] assented to the propriety of this opinion. [illegible] his thanks for their kindness and [illegible] Paddy [illegible] pretty far ad[illegible], and proposed [illegible]. Gilbert yielded to [illegible] proposal, although, he said, he would hae been glad to h[illegible] cracked an 'oor or twa langer wi' his Maughrygowan

freen': but he comforted himself with whispering, "it wasna to be the last night he should share a jug o' punch wi' him."

CHAPTER XL.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing!
Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger:
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

BURNS.

ALTHOUGH Charles' frame had need enough of repose his mind had too many objects of contemplation to dwell upon after he had retired for the night, to permit him for a long time to enjoy it. There was one object, in particular, that soon swallowed up the rest, and engrossed every faculty of his mind, and every feeling of his heart, so entirely that he neither thought, nor wished to think, of any other. What was this object? Was it the sudden and enthusiastic friendship of his good host and hostess, and the singular and unexpected state of domestic comfort in which he found them? No. Was it the extraordinary and almost super-human character and conduct of the benevolent Tonnalcuka? No. Was it his own miraculous deliverance from an apparently inevitable fate? No. Was it the unfortunate issue of the expedition he had commanded? No. Was it the persecution and perils he was likely to sustain from the inveterate malignancy of Carawoona? No. It was something that had a more immediate, more uncontrollable influ-

With respect to his father, the only objection could be her want of fortune. But, did he not himself choose a wife without regard to fortune? It would, therefore, be with a very bad grace that he should condemn him for following his example. His example, however, he was determined to follow, provided he could only obtain the fair one's consent. Of this, although he might have hopes, he could have no certainty. It was not indeed probable that her affections could be engaged. She was yet very young, and, except the Indian traders, to none of whom it was likely that she could become attached, there was no white man, he had reason to presume, had ever seen, much less solicited this captivating daughter of the Wilderness.

"Shall I declare myself?" thought he. "Shall I tell her how much I love her! how I cannot be happy without her! Shall I do so to-morrow? Ah! I fear it would be imprudent. I am yet too much a stranger to her. Such precipitancy might alarm her delicacy, and rouse her pride to oppose me. I must act with caution, if I mean to gain such excellence. Her understanding must be convinced, that I am not unworthy of her. Oh! if I could only gain some interest in her heart. But time, and time only, can effect these things. I must have patience! I wish Tonnaleuka were here. I will tell him how I feel. His wisdom will advise me how to act: and perhaps his friendship may successfully plead for me, if my own suit be rejected; for she reveres him as a father, and will attend to his counsel. I will wait the coming of Tonnaleuka."

With this resolution, whether wise or foolish the reader may decide, formed in his mind, after about three hour's active meditation, Charles at last resigned himself to sleep, in which he spent about three hours more, very deliciously dreaming of Maria, love, and happiness.

Some of our sympathising readers will, perhaps, wish to know how Maria felt on this eventful night, towards by far the most interesting young man she had ever seen, and upon whose heart her charms had made such an indelible impression. But as I never considered it proper to enquire minutely into the feelings of young ladies on such occasions, I cannot give the exact chain of thoughts that passed through

her mind, although I have ascertained that their tenor was something even more than favorable towards Charles.

"And was it this noble youth," she would say to herself, "that the hard-hearted savages were about committing to the flames? Oh, happy Tonnelcuka! I shall love you, I shall revere you more than I ever yet did, since you were blessed instrument, in the hands of God, to save him. Oh! may heaven still grant him protection from that barbarous enemy who seeks his destruction!—Ah! if he were destroyed now, in the bloom and fervor of youth, what an ornament to his species would be cut off from the world!"

But, as I have already said, I know not the exact chain of Maria's reflections on this occasion, I shall not, therefore, follow them further. I have given a few of them only, to show the temper and feeling with which they were conceived, not the form or manner in which they arose. But I have another view in refraining to detail Maria's thoughts on the first night that she beheld her lover, even if I could do it in a regular and connected series, which is, my wish to acquire the reader's favor by leaving him something on which to exercise his own imagination.

The whole of the ensuing day was spent by Charles Adderly, in the manner of all others the most delightful to a youthful lover, in looking at and listening to the mistress of his heart. It was a day altogether unchequered by any incident of importance enough to claim a place in this narrative. It passed on in the calm enjoyment of domestic and social happiness; or, if it be thought that the happiness derived by Charles from the presence of his Maria, was something different, perhaps superior, to this, than the appellation of *enamored felicity* may suit it better. In beholding and conversing with Maria, the world and all its concerns were forgotten, or only so far remembered as to occasion a comparison which added a higher relish to his present happiness. In short, the preceding evening, the chains of love were prepared and thrown around his heart, they were now riveted there, never to be taken off; and so delighted was he with these chains, that he would not have exchanged them for King George's crown. Although he was afraid to excite her displeasure by a premature disclosure of his feel

[illegible] exist. But in the civilized world, you must have [illegible] examples of becoming better acquainted with these [illegible] than a child of the forest. It would, therefore, be [illegible] in me to offer you Tonnaleuka's explanation of the things you mention."

"In the civilized world, as you are pleased to call it," said Charles, "there are many appearances of nature which are not studied so well as in the desert; and such of the inhabitants of the forest as have inquiring minds, frequently discover truths for which the drudges of science often search in vain. I doubt not, but the most learned of our philosophers would find Tonnaleuka capable of teaching them many things, especially on abstract and metaphysical subjects which require not the proof of experiment, but only the suggestions of nature, for their elucidation. As for myself, I will always be proud to learn from Tonnaleuka, and always delighted, oh! more than delighted! to receive his doctrines from you."

"It may be so, sir," replied Maria; "since you say it, I must believe it. But in this instance, as I am convinced you will be more benefitted by getting your lesson from its original source, I will not deprive you of that benefit, by communicating it at second hand."

"Forgive me, Maria," said Charles, somewhat startled at this reply, "if my asserting the truth has given offence. Believe me, I spoke seriously, and not with the least view to compliment, when I mentioned the delight your communicating Tonnaleuka's doctrines would give me."

"You mistake me, sir," replied Maria; "you have given no offence. But do you suppose I shall be so presumptuous as to turn your instructor? What a reflection it would be upon the learned professors of Dublin college, if a simple girl, born and bred in the wilds of America, should be found teaching a pupil upon whom they no doubt expended their lore!"

"I beg you for mercy," said Charles, "be not so severe with me. What those men taught me, might be of service to me in the ranks of society; but here, I acknowledge—here, in the midst of sublime and beautiful nature, it sinks into insignificance—and here, heaven knows, I feel happier,

and would be [illegible] to spend my [illegible] there [illegible] then in the [illegible] pleasures and all the [illegible]

"Sir," said Maria, [illegible] you [illegible] wilds, [illegible]

[illegible] But [illegible] [illegible] sounds [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] not [illegible], who [illegible] who have [illegible] many [illegible] ted them to [illegible] them to return to it, none ever described it to me as so very disagreeable and horrid as you [illegible] would infer."

"I [illegible] not to say [illegible] that [illegible] is destitute of its charms [illegible]. It has some, and those, too, powerfully alluring. But to me, all its charms are inferior to the charms I have here beheld—all its enjoyments are insipid, to those I have within these last two days, experienced. Ah, Maria! I do not undervalue the joys of society—but I value more highly, because I feel far more acutely, those I have felt here!"

"I am glad that Mr. Adderly is so happy with us," observed Nancy, "but I cannot guess what has made him so. It surely cannot be the bonny blue mist that's now around us, curling over the tops of the trees like smoke rising from the burning of brushwood."

"No," said Maria, smiling, "I think not; neither our fogs, nor our withered leaves, nor any other feature of our landscape, nor yet the *genial* reception that our native tribes have given him, could have been the strangely attractive cause that has bound his fancy so strong to these uncultured wilds. I rather imagine that Mr. Adderly is subject to a certain complaint, with which I have heard Tonnaleuka say that young travellers and young poets were often afflicted. He called it the hyperbole, which, he said, in English means 'overstraining.' Not, Mr. Adderly," said Maria, somewhat raising her voice, to check an attempt which Charles was here making to speak, at the same time sweetly smiling in his face, so as to keep him in good humor—

[illegible], Mr. Vaderny, that you have wilfully, or even knowingly, fallen into [illegible] disease. Your judgment and your candor, I believe, are sound; but your imagination—I beg your pardon, sir, I say nothing about it."

"Ah! tantalizing girl!" said he, not knowing whether he ought to be pleased or displeased with her observations; "tell me whether you really think me mad, for you half seem to do so—or are you only bantering me?"

"Think you mad!" repeated Maria—"why, I admit it likely enough. But then, if you were mad, it might be dangerous to tell you so, and still more dangerous to banter you. No, no: I shall never banter a madman, unless I [illegible] become mad myself. But, in sober earnestness, sir, I do not think you mad—I only think you wild. But, perhaps it is necessary for you civilized gentlemen to be so."

"I beg a truce," cried Charles; "for really if I have offended by expressing the sense I have of my present happiness, I have surely been chastised enough. But no," he added; "even this chastisement is happiness."

"What," said Maria, "hyperbole again! But I see you are incurable, sir. I will have done with you, and leave you to your malady. So let us return home, if you please."

They accordingly turned towards the house, when Nancy observing [illegible] a short distance in the woods, which she wished to [illegible] after them, and left Charles alone with his beloved.

"Alas! Ma[illegible]," said he, [illegible] their companion was out of hearing, "[illegible] happiness here—oh! would to heaven [illegible] and [illegible] of it!"

"Mr. [illegible]," [illegible] tone and manner which had become suddenly [illegible] embarrassed, "what, what good would my knowledge of the circumstance do you? If it will do you good, let me hear it, for I will rejoice to serve you. [illegible] happy, as you say, already, is it not [illegible] continue [illegible]. My knowledge [illegible] [illegible]."

"[illegible]!" he cried [illegible] than [illegible]—"[illegible], of all [illegible] the greatest control over [illegible]—you [illegible]——"

"Sir," said she, interrupting him, "this is my serious language. How I can in any manner control your fate, I do not understand, nor do I wish, at the present time, to be informed. Mysteries and secrets have never been pleasing to me, and to become acquainted with yours now, is what I will not, with my own consent. I am persuaded that while it might do me harm, it could do you no good; and now, when I think of it properly, I desire you to let me remain in ignorance concerning your affairs."

"Ah! Maria," said he, "why put this cruel injunction upon me. But it is your wish, and I shall obey it."

They here walked for some time in silence, during which Charles's manner betrayed great agitation. Maria, afraid that this might continue after their arrival at the house, and be observed by some of the family, stopped at a short distance from it, and said—

"Mr. Addeley, I wish what has occurred between us this evening, not to alter our bearing towards each other, nor to interrupt whatever degree of friendship may have existed between us. I assure you I have not changed my opinion of you, be that opinion what it might, nor will I change my manners towards you, unless a change becomes perceptible on your part."

"Maria! Maria!" said Charles, looking seriously and affectingly at her, while he laid his hand upon his heart, "I here seriously promise, that whatever may be your wishes, only let me know them, and I shall obey them—for obedience to you is, and ever shall be, my chief happiness."

Maria blushed deeply, for she could not now avoid comprehending his meaning, but she said nothing, and continuing their walk, they soon arrived at the house.

CHAPTER XII.

> She felt his flame; but deep within her breast
> In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
> The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
> In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
> Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
> Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
> He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart;
> And if an infant passion struggled there,
> To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
> A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
> Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
>
> THOMSON.

THE day after the preceding interview, Tonnaleuka visited Gilbert's residence. Taking Charles aside, he informed him of various unsuccessful attempts that Carrawoona had made to engage the neighboring Indians to assist in pursuing him. "But," said he, "my son, although he is not likely to obtain auxiliaries in this vicinity, yet he may obtain them elsewhere. Besides, without any auxiliary, his own personal exertions, his cunning, ferocity, perseverance, and intrepidity, are formidable perils to encounter. There will be no end to his attempts against you, while you remain in this country. Alas! my son, while here, you are not for a single day assured of your life. You know not how soon, from some unsuspected ambush, the treacherous savage may discharge the thunderbolt of your destruction. Then, hear my advice. Fix on an early day for your departure. Our brother Frazer will furnish you with a horse and provisions, and I will procure you a guide. My son, I wish you were safe with your friends in the East, for I fear for your safety here."

"My father and my deliverer," said Charles, "I know you wish your son to be happy. Ah! if you wish him to be so, do not so soon bid him leave this place. When I first met you, my father, I wished for nothing more ardently than

to get out of this Wilderness. Now, I dread, I tremble, to leave it, for in leaving it, under present circumstances, I shall separate from happiness, and perhaps bid adieu to it forever. Oh, father! forgive the weakness of your son. I will reveal to you my heart. I want a confidant and an adviser, and where can I find a better than you? You whose friendship will sympathize with me, and whose wisdom will direct me. Father, my heart is bound to this place, for it loves, fervently and unalterably loves, the fairest, the sweetest maiden that ever charmed the affections of man. Ah! need I tell you, when I say so, that it is Maria, the daughter of our kind host, to whom I am become so attached—so devoted, that without her, or without hopes of her, I know not how I shall support life."

"My son," said Tomalenka, "you have made me your confidant—I will endeavor to be a true one. You have told me your weakness—I will not blame you for it, nor coldly exhort you against encouraging it, for I am not ignorant of what love is, and therefore know that it would be fruitless. Advice to a lover is like the wind to the burning forest, instead of cooling and diminishing the fury of the flame, it aggravates and increases it beyond the power of control. But, my son, I will say that I grieve for you. Your passion is, at present, extremely inconvenient, it is unfortunate, it may interfere with your safety; for if it will not permit you to leave this country, you are sooner or later likely to fall by the revenge of Carrawoona. My son, may I ask if the maiden knows that you love her?"

"Alas! father," replied Charles, "she has not permitted me to make the declaration. But I believe she suspects—ah! she cannot but suspect how I feel."

"Hear me, my son," said Tomalenka; "the maiden you love is the child of my instruction, and as dear to me as if she were the offspring of my loins. Her peace of mind, therefore, and her prosperity are as much the objects of my solicitude as yours can be. Your attentions may have made an impression upon her mind, even at present unknown to herself, which may, in the end, be ruinous to her peace—for alas! the female mind is too susceptible of such impressions. I shall try by studying her attentively while I talk

o her about you, to discover the state of her feelings; and t she be undisturbed, if she be cool, if she be indifferent towards you, hear me, my son, nor consider it unkindness if i say, that I shall then require you, for her sake, to relinquish all pretensions to her, and if possible, for your own sake, to abandon all thoughts of her. For I will not sanction any measure that will tend to interrupt the even and smooth tranquillity which has hitherto occupied her unruffled mind."

"Ah, father! will you be——"

"Hear me, further—son, do not interrupt me; I have not yet done. If an impression has been made on Maria's mind; if I find that your attachment is likely to be mutual, I will then advise you to declare it. I will encourage you to persevere, and use any influence I may have over her in promoting your success. My son, you may now speak."

"Father—by what you have said, you have bid me despair. I hoped for your interference in my behalf, but, alas! I now expect none. You will not befriend me—nay, you will oppose my efforts to gain her favor, unless you discover that I already enjoy it! Father, you may save yourself the trouble of making the inquiry, for I know I do not enjoy it. She has forbidden me to speak to her the feelings of my heart, and, alas! I have no friend who will prevail on her to withdraw that prohibition. Oh! if I had only permission to plead my cause, permission to tell her how much she causes me to suffer, I know she would pity me—she is too kind-hearted to be aware of my sorrows, and not bid me be comforted."

"My son," replied Tonaalenka, "I really feel for you—I grieve for you. But if Maria cannot love you, grief is all I can give you; for never will I assist in either constraining, or even in persuading her to join her fate with one she cannot love. It is my anxiety for her welfare, and not my indifference for yours, that prevents me from interfering with any undue influence in this matter.

"My son, listen to another thing. Have you thought seriously upon what would be the consequence of your suit being successful? You would, no doubt, make her your wife. But your laws require a certain prescribed ceremony

to be performed by a privileged person for that purpose. Where could such a person be found here? Neither she nor you would think of submitting to our barbarous form of marriage; and you could not expect that she would leave her father and her mother, and travel with you, for weeks together through a howling wilderness, in search of a priest to tie the nuptial knot! No—my son, you cannot expect this—for you must see it could not be done. Why, therefore, disturb the mind of an innocent and hitherto happy young woman, by exciting her affections and securing her love, when to gain the object for which these are done, is, under present circumstances, so utterly impracticable? No, my son, you will be wise, you will be generous; and if you really love this young woman, you will permit her to remain happy as you found her, and not by indulging in the pursuit of a wild and visionary, and, you may now perceive, unattainable object, plunge both her and yourself into perhaps a series of misfortunes, the extent of which can neither be foreseen nor calculated."

"Oh! Father! bear with me yet!" replied Charles. "Surely to procure a lawful person to unite our hands, if our hearts were once united, would not be so difficult a matter as you suppose. Oh! let me only be sure of an interest in her heart—let me but have her consent to join me in wedlock, and I will soon hasten through the desert, and bring from the habitations of christians a clergyman to perform the ceremony."

"My son! hear me again," said Tonnenka, "your impetuosity blinds you to obstacles. It is indeed always the nature of passion, and especially the passion of love, to blind its votaries. The accomplishment of what you propose, may not be impossible, but an immense majority of chances are against it. My son let us suppose you have gained the affections of Maria; you are obliged to leave her speedily, or risk falling the victim of Carrawcona. This would render her miserable. Or you get safely out of the wilderness, and your father opposes your return, unwilling that you should again encounter such hardships and perils as will even make him shudder to hear recited; or he perhaps compels you to marry some eastern heiress; or, if left to your own inclina-

tions, you may search in vain for a priest to accompany you back to the desert; or distance may cool your affection, and your desire to return; or—hear me yet—you may meet with some fatal accident on your perilous journey; you may sicken and die. In short, a thousand things may take place to prevent Maria from ever again seeing you. She, in consequence, sinks into an agonizing suspense concerning your fate; she pines under the weight of long continued disappointment, and at length, dies of a broken heart, the victim of disappointed love!

"Listen, my son—is it not my duty to protect her if I can, against such a fate? and Oh! may her great Parent above assist me! Still, my son! hear me. If I find that her heart is already touched, that her affections are already yours—then, as I know she will be unchangeable—as I know that her happiness will then depend on yours—I will bid adieu to caution on the subject; and, as I before said, will be the promoter of your suit. For when two minds are thus mutually attached, the sooner they come to a mutual understanding, they are the sooner relieved from an unnecessary burden of suspense and anxiety."

"Father!" said Charles, "your sentiments may be reasonable, but I do not feel as if I could judge of them properly just now. They sound harsh to me, but you are my deliverer, and I know you are my friend. I will therefore, think nothing you can say to me harsh. But, Oh! these sentiments promise nothing to my happiness, and I am not now in a fit state of mind, altogether to acquiesce in their propriety. But you need not fear that I will importune Maria with my passion. I shall for ever love her, and none but her. I shall bear in silence the tortures of an unrequited love; for she has commanded me to be silent, and she shall be obeyed. With respect to any danger from Carrawoona, since my life is thus likely to be miserable, it is scarcely worth preserving. Still it would be criminal to tempt fate; and the sooner I proceed to the eastward, the sooner I shall have it in my power to return with the means of removing at least some of your objections to my suit. As soon, therefore, as the necessary preparations for my journey can be made, I shall bid, but I trust only for a time farewell to a

country, where, in the space of a few weeks, I have felt both more joy, and sorrow, than I ever did during the whole course of my previous existence."

The effects of this conversation upon Charles's mind, were visible during the whole of that day, and Maria could not but observe them. Indeed, her own spirits were not in the most comfortable condition. Tonnaleuka had decided that Charles was only to remain another day with them, and she saw that preparations were now making for his journey.

"But what, thought she, "is this affair to me, that I should permit it to affect me so much? This young man is but a stranger to me. 'Tis true he is interesting, brave, and unfortunate, and he has almost said that—that—no I will not presume so—for if he did *love* me, how imprudent it would be to return or encourage his partiality, when fortune compels us to reside so far asunder! Why should I regret that he must now leave us when his safety requires it? I will try to be cheerful—although I see that he is not. Unfortunate young man! I really wish his safety permitted him to stay, for some short time, at least. But it does not. He must go and I must not appear to grieve for it. I will keep up my spirits. It might occasion remarks to be made, if I should appear particularly melancholy about this time."

During the whole of that evening, she accordingly did keep up her spirits very successfully, and so great was the triumph of her resolutions over her feelings, that when Tonnaleuka, with the design of discovering how they were affected towards Charles, talked publicly to her about his leaving them, professing great regret for the necessity that occasioned it, and great admiration for the openness, manliness, and general excellence of his character, she completely succeeded in deceiving him with regard to the state of her affections. She acknowledged that he was a very fine accomplished young man—but she did so in such a careless manner, that Tonnaleuka supposed she conceived it of no importance whether he was or not. She pitied his misfortunes, and wished him safe at a distance from Carrawoona's vengeance with so much undisturbed and tranquil sincerity, that Tonnaleuka believed her to be actuated only by the mere charity of her nature, to desire his safety. He

gave up his examination, which by the bye, he had commenced just when she was least prepared to meet it, became convinced that [illegible] Charles [illegible] explanation [illegible] might arise from [illegible].

When, however, the morning of that day came, which was to be the last of Charles's abode with them, she felt internally so agitated, that she feared that during its course, if she staid at home, she might betray herself. She thought it prudent, therefore, to spend the day at a distance. After breakfast, she accordingly set off on a visit to Queen Aliquippa, so that Charles, very much to his dissatisfaction and mortification, felt himself compelled to pass the last of his days at her abode, without the satisfaction of seeing her. His chagrin at her absence was the greater, that all the rest of the family paid him more than usual attention, frequently expressing their regret that it did not suit him to remain longer with them.

"Ah! thought he—is she whose attention I alone cared for, indifferent towards me? She avoids me, she flies from me—perhaps because she knows, for she cannot but know, that she renders me miserable by so doing. Ah! this is refined refinement in cruelty, and inflicts a torture less tolerable to my soul, and less excusable, than that which Carrawassa himself would inflict upon me. He would only inflict vengeance upon an enemy—but she! she entails misery and despair upon a lover. But, heaven forgive me if I accuse her wrongfully! She certainly knows not how much I desire her presence to-day, or she would not so cruelly absent herself, for it is not in her nature to be so cruel."

Thus he reasoned, and thus he fretted, and thus he accused, and thus he acquitted her, until the day had advanced somewhat into the afternoon; when unable longer to bear her absence, especially as he was not sure whether she would return at all before his departure, he resolved to set out for Aliquippa's, and solicit at least a parting interview.

He accordingly, without acquainting any one with his intention, set off in that direction. Fortune sometimes favors lovers even in their most desponding moments, and, on this occasion, she favored Charles so far as to permit him, when a little more than half way to Alliquippa's residence, to meet his Maria returning homewards alone in the woods.

His heart leaped with joy as he beheld her continuing to advance: for he was afraid, when he first saw her, that she would, in order to avoid him, perhaps return back to the queen's residence. But I may now inform my readers of what Charles himself was at that time ignorant, that feelings similar to his own actuated the mind of Maria, and were the cause of her now returning to unexpectedly seen from her visit. She thought that it would be carrying her caution with respect to her lover, (for she knew well that Charles was such,) too far, and that it would be acting with too much harshness to both his and her own feelings, (for she too felt a tenderness, or something else for Charles Adderly, which she did not wish to consider love, although it possessed every one of its qualities except the name,) to refuse him an opportunity of bidding that farewell, which, in all probability, was to be both the first and the last he should ever bid her.

"I will, at least, see him once more before he departs," she said to herself; "there can be no harm in that, since we shall bid farewell, it is likely never to meet again."

Charles, in consequence of this charitable resolution of Maria, met her, as we have stated, and met her with feelings such as none but those who have loved can comprehend, and which it would be a folly to describe to those who have not.

"Oh, Maria!" said he, when he approached her, while she blushed in some confusion as she held out her hand to him by way of salutation—"Oh, Maria! how glad I am to meet you! I really feared I should not have seen you to have taken a long, but, I hope, not a last farewell."

"Your not seeing me, Mr. Adderly," said she, "would have been no great disadvantage to you. I believe it would not have added one particle to either the length, wildness, or difficulty of your way homewards."

"It would, however," replied Charles, "have dispirited and enfeebled me. I should have feared that you wilfully avoided me, from some personal dislike; so that I should have been far less capable of encountering the difficulties of the journey, than if I commenced it with a consciousness of possessing your esteem and good wishes."

"My esteem or good wishes either can be of but little importance to you," she replied; "but such as they are, I have no hesitation in avowing that they are yours, in welcome and sincerity, wherever you go; and if no harm befall you until I wish it, you will always be in safety and comfort."

"Oh! dare I ask nothing but esteem from you? Is there no warmer feeling of your heart to which I might lay claim? Would it be presumption——"

"Stay!" said she, interrupting him—"I wish to hear nothing, at the present time, upon that subject, to which I see you wish to bring the conversation. We are soon to part, and may, perhaps, never again meet. To cherish, at this time, under such circumstances, feelings in any degree warmer than sincere esteem, might be detrimental to the peace and happiness of us both. Let us, therefore, look upon each other only as——"

Here she was startled with a report of a musket, the ball of which struck Charles in the right arm, and broke it. This was immediately succeeded by the terrifying and tremendous yell of a fierce and powerful savage, who leaped with dreadful ferocity and force upon Charles, now unable to defend himself, and throwing him upon his back, held him firmly down, with one knee upon his breast, while the other [illegible] firmly to the ground. With his left hand, he grasped Charles by the throat, thereby forcibly pressing him to the earth, while with his right hand he brandished his tomahawk, and [illegible] the blow, with which he intended to terminate Charles's existence, he exclaimed—

"Destroyer of my son! where art thou now? In his father's grasp. Yes, [illegible] of [illegible]! This [illegible] victim. I sacrifice thy enemy to thee. The [illegible] of Tomm[illegible]!"

"W[illegible], [illegible]! [illegible] [illegible], when [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]? And [illegible] thou not [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]! But my soul [illegible] [illegible]. I now

have my revenge—Yes, I will let thee see that woman! I perceive thou castest thine eyes towards her. Didst thou love her! Then I am doubly revenged—for see, her soul is departed. Look at her—and despair to torment thee. She is killed! I will send thee to death after her. Thy blood shall appease my passion, thy scalp shall gratify my pride, and thy soul I shall devote as an offering to Carrawissa! Now for it!—No prophet of Manetto saves thee now!"

So saying, he collected his whole strength, and the fatal blow was in the act of descending, when a rifle-ball penetrated the brain of the savage, and he fell lifeless by the side of his intended victim. Charles, being thus unexpectedly freed from the death-like grasp of his terrible foe, started to his feet, and springing to Maria, who had entirely fainted away, from the effects of the sudden and terrifying scene, he perceived she was still quite insensible, and in a voice of despair, he cried out—"Oh! God! is she indeed dead! Is there nothing I can do to save her?"

At that instant, Paddy Frazier was at his side; but directing his whole attention towards Carrawoona: on lifting whose head, and seeing his brains scattered on the earth, he cried out—

"By heavens! it is what he deserved. It was a good hit too, at such a distance. It took the very spot I aimed at. I had no time to get nearer—but never yet, since I was a boy, have I missed within a hundred yards. It has done his business, and killed him surely—thank God!"

"Maria's senses were now returning, and the first words she distinctly heard, were the Irishman ones, "and killed him!" which, in the present scattered state of her senses she supposed were applied to Charles, whom she did not at once perceive beside her, supporting her head with his sound arm under it, and with the wounded one lying on the other side, bleeding on the ground.

"Ah! my Charles! my Charles!" she in a frenzied manner exclaimed, "has he killed thee! Has the monster killed my beloved! Oh! let me see my Charles! Is he dead!"

(Here, seeing him beside her, and thinking what she saw to be only his corpse, she threw her arms around him)—

"Oh! my best beloved, have they murdered thee?" she again exclaimed. "Oh, God! thou hast soon taken him from me. I am left miserable here. Oh! that I could die with him! Why did not the murderer kill us both! These pangs—I—I—there her senses had returned so far that she began to discover the truth—I—I—oh! what—" she now distinguished Charles, saying in a soothing manner—

"My love, be calm—neither of us is killed. Thank God! you are yet safe—still alive to comfort and delight your Charles."

"Thank God! thank God! indeed," she replied—"but Charles, how is this? Was not that shot mortal? And surely I saw you fall beneath the grasp of that dreadful savage. I thank heaven there has been no murder here."

"No murder, indeed," said Charles, "has taken place; but there is a death, although a very deserved one. My enemy, Carrawoona, has breathed his last."

"Your enemy!" repeated Maria; "God be praised! God who twice protected you, and delivered you from your enemies. Oh, Charles, how thankful we should be!"—then checking herself, as if she felt that she had expressed her feelings too warmly, she said—"Indeed, Mr. Adderly, you have the ... reason to be thankful for the protection of heaven, which has now twice so miraculously rescued you from impending fate."

"I am thankful, Maria," said he, "not for my deliverance only, but also for my danger, for it has been the means of letting me see that the hear whose affections I would rather possess than those of the whole world besides, is not indifferent to my fate. Oh, Maria! there has been a sweet consolation afforded to me this evening. Tonnabuka will not now ask me to leave thee so soon."

"Mr. Adderly," said she, "you have, I believe, discovered the weakness I wish to conceal; but let us talk, at present, no more about it. "Ah!" she exclaimed, noticing the condition of his right arm, "ah! I fear you are wounded, perhaps dangerously wounded. Oh, Charles! the worst may not yet be over!"

"The worst is over, my love!" said he, in a low voice, so that Paddy could not overhear him, "I think this hurt

honour, which I value far more than all the wealth I have gained from Pipe, the love of such a creature to me in the world."

"Oh! talk not of me," said Maria; "I have a deeper wound than your own heart has received upon. Oh, Charles! how much you have suffered in the short time you have been in this Wilderness! but [illegible]: your wound, indeed, must be very painful."

"Yes," said Paddy, turning from the examination of the deadly piece which Cheewoona's skull exhibited of his dexterity as a marksman, and addressing the lovers—"yes," said he, "Mr. Adair's arm must be taken care of. This savage, thanks to the goodness of my rifle, requires no more care; he'll frighten you no more, Maria."

"The goodness of your eye, Paddy, I believe also deserves credit for this feat," said Charles.

"No matter," replied Paddy, "about my eye; the fellow won't trouble us more, that is the best of it. As to the worst of it, your broken arm, that dangles there like a twig from a tree—Maria, lend me that shawl; I will sling it comfortably to his breast till we get home, and then Tounaleuka will fix it as neatly as he did my broken leg long ago, for his hands are as well skilled in these matters, as his head is in philosophy."

Maria hastily loosened her shawl, and tremblingly assisted Paddy in fixing Charles's fracture with it, so that its motion might not give him pain till he reached the house, which, as he was able to walk stoutly enough, was accomplished speedily and without accident.

CHAPTER XIII.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

SCOTT.

The excitement—the mixture of alarm and joy produced on Charles's arrival at the house of his kind host, upon the minds of its inmates, must, like many other things hinted at in this history, be left for the reader to imagine. Their joy soon predominated, however, when Tonnaleuka, after binding up his arm as art, or rather as nature, suggested, declared that the hurt was not dangerous, and that a few weeks of care and good nursing would restore him to as much vigor and soundness as he ever possessed; and they warmly expressed to Charles the great satisfaction they felt at this successful termination of his contest with his rancorous enemy. Paddy also came in for a share of their joyful attention, and obtained many hearty thanks and eulogies for his timely and fortunate interference, with his steady and keen eye, on this occasion.

"Goth, man!" said his father, "it was the best guided an' luckiest aim ye ever took. Aye draw ye're trigger in sitch cause, Paddy; aye shoot sharp in favor o' yere ain kind o' folk, an' dinna spare the ithers when they wad do mischief, an' I winna say, but after a' ye were born for a guid end, though ye'll no work christian-like on the lan'. Heth, lad! ye hae at last done what maks me prood o' ye!"

As for Charles, the assurance he now had of being beloved by the mistress of his heart, and the assiduous attentions which, in this period of his affliction, she unhesitatingly paid him, gave him such a delightful flow and buoyancy of spirits, that he appeared all cheerfulness, ani-

mation, and gayety, happy in himself, and pleased with all around him.

Tomaleuka, who did not know that he had discovered the state of Maria's feelings, naturally ascribed Charles's good humor to his having so providentially got rid of his persecutor, together with the prospect he now had of enjoying a longer residence in the same place with the woman he loved. His mind being now at ease with respect to Charles's safety, he was not, of course, so solicitous for his speedy departure as he had been; and the wounded arm making a delay of some weeks necessary, he acquiesced in its propriety. He thought it prudent, however, to take an early opportunity of cautioning Charles against disturbing the present serenity of Maria's mind by any disclosure of his passion.

"You know, my son," said he, "that there are difficulties in the way of your union which you may never be able to overcome. How unfortunate would it then be for this young woman to fix her affections upon one whom it is so unlikely she shall ever call her husband. If you wish her well, my son, you will be careful to conceal your passion from her knowledge. I know it is, under the circumstances in which you are now placed, a hard task that I prescribe to you. There are few young men who could accomplish it; but if you can do it, so much greater will be your victory, and, in the end, believe me, so much greater will be your self-approbation."

"Father," replied Charles, "it would be wrong in me to conceal aught from you. Of my attachment for her, she is already aware. If you have discovered that she views it with indifference, it is my misfortune. But, father, permit me to say, that I cannot, and I believe no one can, love as I do, without hope. Yes, kind-hearted, lovely maiden! she has given me ground for hope. Ah, father! I feel here, within my breast, a presentiment, in which I cannot but confide, that this sweet, this fascinating young woman and I are destined for each other. Do not—do not, I implore you, you who are my best of friends—do not, by your cold, discouraging injunctions, forbid me to cherish that sacred presentiment, which affords me so much happiness!"

"My son," observed the prophet, "I am then mistaken respect to Maria. I have talked to her about you, and ncluded, from her manner as well as her language, that er mind was yet at ease. I may have been deceived. But you yourself said you were certain she did not love you."

"I said so once, my father," replied Charles; "I was hen miserable—I believe differently now, thank heaven! nd I am happy."

"If it be so," said Tomaleuka, "then the die is cast. If he loves you once—I know her—she will love you forever: and the only method to secure her happiness, will be o promote yours, and use every fair means to clear the way or your union. She has been more than a favorite pupil ith me. She has been the very child of my tuition. I ust forever feel concerned in her welfare. My son, if you ave her affections, you have, indeed, a valuable prize, hich I trust you will ever possess wisdom enough to appreciate justly, and honor enough to cherish fondly.

"My son, I go off to-morrow to the northward. An Indian council requires my presence in a few days. It will e three weeks before I return here. You will be then uch recovered, and, under your present prospects, I expect will have no objection to proceed soon to Philadelphia, where you may smooth the way for the attainment of your uture views."

During Tomaleuka's absence, Charles, who had, as we have seen, exchanged an almost broken heart for an altogether broken arm, was so rejoiced at such an improvement n his affairs, that he felt as if all the world was in the Wilderness—all of it, indeed, that he at this time considered necessary to his happiness, namely, Maria Frazier, was there.

Since the accidental discovery he had made of her feelings owards him, she had not shown him the same shyness and reserve as before: now, during the first few days of his racture, she manifested for him unusual tenderness and ympathy, under the persuasion that his misfortune was sufficient justification for the display of such feelings. But she soon found herself under the necessity of abating her

attentions, and sometimes even of avoiding his presence, in order to prevent him from exposing both her and himself, by an ill-timed display of his fondness: and, also, perhaps, with the view of keeping alive that respectfulness of passion which he had hitherto borne for her, and which she supposed (for she had occasionally a slight tincture of the prude in her disposition) that too much familiarity would tend to weaken and diminish. She, however, knew how to regulate this slight assumption of dignity so well, that in place of reserve, it appeared gracefulness, and instead of displeasing, it only the more charmed her lover. But she, in reality, allowed him so many opportunities of enjoying her society, of talking of his love, of his hopes, and of his intentions with respect to her and connubial happiness, that he had, on the whole, during Tomaleuka's absence, no reason to complain.

His love matters, that is, the matters dearest to his heart, being thus providentially placed on the most favorable footing, he began seriously to reflect on the propriety of returning home, that he might not only acquaint the Ohio Company of the misfortunes that had befallen their expedition, but also arrange matters for a speedy return to the Wilderness, with the necessary means of making Maria his wife. Paddy Frazier, to whom gratitude now naturally much attached him, was desirous to accompany him on his journey, for the purpose of carrying his furs and peltry wares to Philadelphia, to exchange them there for such merchandise as suited the Indians. This desire of Paddy was very agreeable to Charles, not only because he would be both a useful and agreeable companion on the way, but because he would have an opportunity, when they should arrive at Philadelphia, to reward him by a present of merchandise, for the active and dexterous management by which he so critically saved his life; and, if the whole truth must be told, he also wished to have the means of writing to his beloved by some safe and speedy conveyance, if it should happen that uncontrollable circumstances compelled him to remain longer personally, for he felt assured that he could never be mentally absent from her.

Paddy accordingly having resolved upon this journey,

considerably to his father's satisfaction, who hoped he might fall in with some good christian woman on the journey, whom he might bring back with his other eastern goods, as his own property,) was now busied preparing for the great undertaking, by assorting, cleaning, and packing up his wares, and adding considerably to their quantity, by hastily purchasing whatever the Indians in the neighborhood could spare him.

At length Charles's arm was sufficiently recovered to permit him to undertake the journey, and the day drew near when he was to bid farewell to his beloved. Tonnaleuka had returned from the Indian council which he had been attending, and the guide whom he had some time before provided for Charles was in readiness. This man whose name was Manhulseh, was much in awe of Tonnaleuka, and was, at the same time, well acquainted with the whole mountainous district of Pennsylvania, from the Chesnut ridge to the South Mountain. He was also a tolerably brave man, and could handle a musket or a tomahawk with any individual of his tribe. Hence he was one of the best qualified persons our travellers could have procured, to conduct them through the vast, intricate, and appalling Wilderness they had to traverse, and his reverence and attachment for Tonnaleuka, secured to them the full benefit of his fidelity.

Although thus well supplied with a guide, and in every other respect fully equipped for the journey, Charles felt in his heart such a reluctance to commence it, that, under under various pretences, some of which were so frivolous as to be seen through and smiled at, although they were indulged by his friends, he succeeded, in spite of all Paddy's efforts, who was very impatient to proceed, in getting their starting postponed, from day to day, for upwards of a week after the time originally fixed upon for it. At length all pleas and excuses were exhausted, or rather he felt ashamed to advance more; and, becoming resigned to the necessity of separating, for a time, from his heart's best and dearest treasure, he agreed that the next rising sun should see him on his way. He had just enjoyed what he considered would be his last private interview, at this time, with Maria, and was wandering, towards the evening, alone in one of Gilbert's

fields, indulging a train of none of the most agreeable kinds of reflection, in which he was entirely absorbed, when he was startled by a person springing over the fence near which he was meditating, and suddenly to his great astonishment, stood before him the well-known and identical person of Peter M'Fail, who, while he eagerly caught Charles's hand, exclaimed—

"Och, Master! now I have found you at last! Just put your hand here, and feel how Peter's heart beats, for I'm all out of breath with joy, and with running to see you alive. By the powers of Moll Kelly! but I thought the ould prophet had taken you to heaven with him and I feared I should never see you again."

"Had I been taken to heaven, indeed," said Charles, it is likely you never should. I therefore, suppose, Peter, that my being there would have much displeased and grieved you."

"Arrah, master! now believe me, for its true as the gospel, that I would almost as soon have wished myself to be there. But my blessing on the lucky head of you, I see that you are not so badly off yet."

"Then you are pleased," observed Charles, "that I must fret and fight a little longer with this troublesome world."

"By the sweet Hill of Howth!" replied Peter, "and sure I am so—and many a hard fight may you have of it, and the blessing of Saint Kenan into the bargain! But master, yonder comes the doctor who set my arm in a sling so neat—but how! what! your arm in tapes, too! Not broken! master—I hope—but arrah! by my sowl, the doctor must cure it. Not broken, I hope!"

"Yes broken, but mended again," replied Charles.

"Mended!" repeated Peter. "och! sure now, wasn't it a pity to get it done so soon, master, before either the doctor or I could get to you to fix it. Doctor Kilbreath is the best hand at soldering bones ever came from a college. Arrah now how lucky it would have been if you had known we were coming, for, sure now, wouldn't you have waited to get the doctor to cure it?

"It is pretty well as it is, Peter," observed Charles, "and a good deal better than if I had kept it hanging these five or

six weeks by flesh and skin, in order to accomodate you and the doctor with a job. But I beg your pardon,!" he continued, turning to the surgeon, who had just approached. "he had not exerted his speed on seeing Charles, with such enthusiasm as Peter had done; but coming forward at a moderate rate, he arrived just at this point of the conversation. "Doctor, I beg your pardon," said Charles, "I was just excusing myself to Peter for not permitting my arm to remain for the last six weeks in a state of fracture, in order that you might now have the pleasure of reducing it."

"Had you done so," said the doctor, smiling, "it is ten to one if you should now have had any arm to talk about."

"Why sure, now, doctor,!" observed Peter, he didn't get them both smashed. Arrah, master, I think you still would have had one of them to shew and to talk about."

"I hope so Peter," replied Charles, "I am glad you are so witty. Why, you have really detected the doctor in a bull; unless he supposes, that had I paid him the compliment to wait for his services, both of my arms should now have been food for the worms, and consequetly unfit for me to talk about. But my friends, I am glad you have come here at such a critical moment, for I was about setting off to-morrow for Philadelphia. Now we can all go together. What say you doctor? My good friend, Frazier, who lives here can have you both equipped for the journey in a single day."

"There is nothing I wish for more sincerely," replied the doctor; "the sooner we get out of these wilds the better. I am happy that that we got here so opportunely. I have indeed, reason to thank Peter for it."

"No, by my sowl!" said Peter, "you may thank master, there, for I would not have thought of leaving the French yet, if the ould prophet hadn't told me to a shaving, how master lived here with a decent christian and an Irishman, heaven bless him! but I must see him and shake his ould bone for him on account of the sod."

"Come along then, Peter," said Charles, "old Gilbert will be glad to see you. Yonder comes his daughter, Nancy. Doctor, you must take care of your heart, for she's a pretty

girl—and I know it is rather tempting to meet a pretty girl in the wilderness.,'

"I suppose you have found it so, Mr. Adderly," replied the doctor.

"I cannot say much about it," observed Charles, "but I know, doctor, you are no woman-hater—and Nancy, as you will soon see, is really handsome."

"I acknowledge," returned the doctor, "that in this desert, I should consider the sight of a handsome young woman a real treat."

"Well, take care of your heart, my good friend," said Charles, "for here comes temptation." At this moment, Nancy, who had been in the woods on some errand, and was now returning home, turned off in another direction, as if to avoid the men with whom Charles was conversing, for she had advanced near enough to perceive they were strangers. Charles called on her to stop, which she did, and the party approached her.

"Why do you run away from me, Nancy?" said Charles. "These are some of my old Philadelphia companions, just escaped from Le Bœuf, and one of them is a countryman of your father."

"My father will be glad to see them, doubtless," said Nancy.

"And won't you too, make them welcome for a couple of days?" asked Charles. "Here is Doctor Killbreath, my friend, who, I hope, will be found a pleasant companion?"

"Sir," said Nancy, who had taken one or two sly looks at the doctor, for she had observed his eyes fixed upon her, with a meaning she did not exactly understand, but which she thought did not denote anything uncivil. "Sir, I will do my best to make your friends comfortable, for I doubt not that they will deserve our kindness."

"Doctor! why don't you thank the young lady," said Charles—"why, man, you seem to be in a reverie."

"I feel, I feel—her kindness," replied the doctor, rousing up at this reproof; "Miss—Miss Frazier, I assure you I feel your kindness as much as if I expressed it better."

"Why, I think," observed Nancy, "you express well

enough what there is, indeed, no need at all of mentioning. You should first receive the kindness, before you give thanks for it."

"Agh! let the lasses alone for good manners!" cried Peter M'Fall. "The pretty creatures can still teach us entecliy. God bless the kind hearts of them, for sure my mother was one of them.

"And have you never seen any of them you loved better than your mother?" asked Charles.

"Well, the devil take me, master, but I have," replied Peter, "but it was in sweet Dublin, your honor. Oeh! there, how I longed, till I was bothered almost out of my senses, for a little bit of the cherry lips of Molly M'Nickle, of Thomas street. Arrah, master, just think now how it pleased me to sit beside her and sing—

"Oh! Molly Astore!
How much I adore
The sweet smiling charms of your beautiful face,
On your lovely white breast,
Oh! how fond I could rest,
And enjoy all the bliss of a mutual embrace."

Alas! poor Molly! she may never hear me again!"

The party had now arrived at the house, and a hearty shake of Gilbert's Irish fist soon dispelled from Peter's volatile heart the melancholy which the remembrance of the happiness he once enjoyed with Molly M'Nickle had excited.

CHAPTER XIV.

Speed, speed for your freedom, the war dogs are out!
Their scent is a sure one, it marks out your path;
Speed, speed for your safety, I hear the fierce shout
Of the foes who are panting for blood in their wrath!
BASKET OF SCRAPS.

Whether the writer of a tale should relate more of it than is just necessary to make it easily understood, is a question which I could wish the critics to decide. It would save an indolent author, like me, many a half hour's troublesome reasoning and balancing within himself the various pros and cons concerning the propriety of narrating incidents, the connection of which with the grand thread of his story, may be somewhat doubtful; but which, if not narrated, would leave a certain air of incompleteness and obscurity hanging over some transactions and characters, which must be introduced. It is true, there are many readers, who might not observe this want of connection—for there are indolent readers as well as indolent writers; but there are others who would not only observe it, but feel it offensive, and be, in consequence, heartily inclined to consign the author to unpitied condemnation.

But who are the critics? My dear reader, you are one of them; and if I could possibly have your opinion on this matter, before I write this chapter, the intended subject of which is one of the above perplexing description, I should then know, whether giving it would please you or not: and to please you, you are aware, is the great object I have in view. But being, of course, ignorant of what may be your wishes on the subject, I can only do what I suppose best adapted to keep you in temper. I will not, therefore, withhold the chapter, lest peradventure, you might desire to read it, but will tell you the subject, so that, if you should think it has not concern enough with the main story, you may avoid it, and without either troubling yourself, or vexing me

by your displeasure, go on with the next, which will be the fifteenth chapter of this volume, and which will carry you along the path of the history, ruggedly and coarsely enough, I forewarn you, but I assure you, with great fidelity and exactness. By this management, I conceive that the only error I shall commit, will be giving to those who may travel through this work, the choice of two roads for their journey—the one shorter, but a little more obscure and abrupt, and the other clearer and smoother, but more winding and tedious. Now, reader, having thus stated the merits and demerits of both these ways of getting onwards, and left it fairly to your own choice, which to take, I think that you cannot in conscience blame me, if you take the one that gives you least pleasure.

The subject of this chapter will be the adventures of Peter M'Fall and Doctor Killbreath, in making their escape from Fort Le Bœuf, and traversing the wilderness from thence to Gilbert Frazier's. It will consequently have little or nothing to do with the history of either Charles Adderly or Maria Frazier. You may, therefore, pass it by if you choose.

Although Peter M'Fall had the fortunate faculty of soon making himself comfortable in almost any situation, yet there were places and persons in the world whose presence he infinitely preferred to others. For instance, the air of sweet Dublin he greatly preferred to that of Le Bœuf, and the authority of Charles Adderly to that of the French commandant. Notwithstanding this feeling, Peter had not for some weeks after his imprisonment entertained any desire to escape. At Fort Le Bœuf he could eat and drink, and be idle, or when he pleased, he could be merry, and dance, sing, and frolic away with his gay-hearted jailers, as contentedly and giddily as any of them. But this was because he saw he could do no better. If he got out of the fort, he was convinced that he could never get out of the unbounded forest that surrounded it. The chance was, that in attempting it, he would either perish from cold and want, or fall into the hands of the savages, and perhaps meet that terrifying fate from which the humanity of his present jailers had rescued him.

These reflections had prevented him from harboring any desire to escape, until about three weeks previous to his appearing in the presence of his master, as related in the last chapter. An accident which befell his fellow-prisoner, Dr. Killbreath, first excited the intention to effect both his own and the Doctor's freedom.

The Doctor had been amusing himself one day in the woods, shooting game, (for it will be remembered that such liberty was permitted to him on his parole,) when he narrowly escaped being killed by an Indian, who shot at him from behind a tree. He immediately fired at the assailant, who attempted to run off, and killed him. Five or six savages instantly raised the war-whoop, and the Doctor was nearly seized by them. By swift running, however, he escaped into the fort, which fortunately was at no great distance, where the French protected him from the immediate vengeance of his pursuers. The whole tribe of the Otawas, to which the man whom he had killed belonged, were excited to revenge, and made such continued and unappeasable demands upon the garrison for the Doctor's punishment, accompanied with threats, if they persisted to refuse, that the commander at length thought that prudence required his compliance. The matter was in consequence submitted to the decision of a council of twelve, composed one half of French and the other of Indians. The latter insisted strenuously that the prisoner should be committed to the flames; and, after as much resistance as they could possibly make, the French were on the point of yielding to a compromise which had been proposed, of having him shot, when the approach of the prophet Tomaleuka was announced to the council. The Indians received him with profound respect, and the French, on account of their expecting some favorable result from his visit, with great cordiality and satisfaction.

After some minutes of profound silence, during which he alternately pointed his wand towards heaven and towards the council three times, his lips moving in the meanwhile, as if he were soliciting the dictation of a superior power, he spoke as follows:

"My brothers of the Otawas! Ye seem not at this time

to know the will of Maneto. He has sent me here to reveal it. This white man, whom you would sacrifice, has killed one of our brothers. I grieve as ye all do for his death. But I must tell you, that the Great Father said he should die by the act of this white man, for he himself excited that act. Yes, I can tell you, brothers, that he first fired at the white man, and the Great Spirit, in consequence, permitted his death. Do not, therefore, bring down upon you the vengeance of Maneto, by destroying this prisoner. Why should you fight against the Almighty, against the Great Father. Ottawas, you will be wise, and do as I am ordered by Maneto to direct you, and pardon the prisoner. Brothers, I hope you will obey these directions, for I would grieve much for the calamities that will befall you, if you disobey them. You have heard what I was sent to say; I hope, my brothers, you will attend to it."

One of the Indian counsellors, named Palaro, replied:

"Prophet! to obey the directions of Maneto, who governs all things, is our duty. I believe his words as they have been delivered by you, but all may not believe them. You say that Maneto requires us to let a white man who has killed an Ottawa, go free. We have not been accustomed to receive such commands from him when we would sacrifice an enemy to the spirits of the slain, and it is hard to let our brother remain unrevenged.

"But, prophet, hear your son! Is it not fair, in order that our tribe may be convinced that pardoning our prisoner was right, to ask what sign you can give of your words being the words of the Great Spirit? When we can say to our brothers—behold the sign! they will not blame us for giving up the prisoner.

"Prophet, you have heard my suggestion: is it not reasonable?"

Tonnaienka now lifted his hands and eyes towards heaven, and continued in this attitude, with his countenance expressive of earnest supplication, for several minutes, during which all eyes were fixed upon him with mute attention. He at length spoke audibly:

"Thou art, indeed, kind and merciful. Thou dost pity our weakness, and pardon their unbelief. Oh! that they

were as merciful as thou art! then would such thirst for vengeance and for each other's destruction cease.

"Otawas and brothers, hear me! You have desired proof of my veracity—a sign, by which you may be convinced that Maneto forbids the sacrifice of this man. Were ye not afraid that he would punish such presumption? He would have punished it, but shows himself merciful, that you may learn mercy: and he allows me to give you the sign you ask.

"Listen to me, brothers! There is a high rock on the shore of Erie, the top of which was rent last summer by the hand of Maneto, when the land shook, and the waters trembled at the thunder. Beneath that rock, you, Palaro, my brother, had then your wigwam: it stood uninjured amidst the agony of nature, and you were piously thankful. Brothers! on the third day from this, let three of your warriors proceed to this rock. A living eagle will be found there, fixed in the breach made by the thunder. Seize him—he will be a sacrifice to the memory of your dead brother, and a more acceptable one to his spirit than this prisoner.

"Brothers! attend to Maneto, and avoid destruction."

The council determined to send in search of the eagle, and accept of it as a substitute for the prisoner, who was given over to the charge of the French, on condition that, if no eagle were found, he should be without delay put to death in any manner the Otawas might desire.

Three warriors were accordingly despatched to the rock, who, arriving there at the time directed, found the eagle exactly as Tonnaleuka had described; and to the great surprise and satisfaction of the French, returned with it living to Le Bœuf, where the council and a numerous party of the tribe still remained, anxiously waiting for the result.

Palaro, in the name of the Otawas, now addressed the commandant:

"Father, the Great Spirit, who is the owner of all things, has thought proper that we should not put the white prisoner to death. We submit to his will, as his good prophet our brother Tonnaleuka desired us. We have lost a brother by the hands of the prisoner, but our brother was himself

o blame. Maneto knew this, and has not permitted us to urn the slayer.

"Father! look at this eagle; it has been miraculously ound fixed in the fissure of a rock, which the finger of the Great Father opened last summer. The Great Father permits us to sacrifice this bird to the memory of our brother, n place of the prisoner. We will obey him, we will revevence him, and respect the voice of his prophet.

"Father, we wish you to let the prisoner go free."

The doctor was instantly liberated from his bonds, and n about fifteen minutes beheld the unfortunate eagle tied to he stake that had been intended for himself, where amidst a blazing pile of faggots it was soon consumed in his stead. He was, however, forbidden for the future to be seen outside of the ramparts.

During this sacrifice, the Indians chanted forth with great fervency the glory of Maneto, the praises of Tonnaleuka, and the valor of their deceased warrior. The doctor wished much to thank the prophet to whom he owed so much; but Tonnaleuka had left the fort immediately after pleading his cause before the council, and now all he could do was to supplicate the deity for blessings upon his head. But the prophet had not withdrawn so hastily as to prevent Peter McFall from obtaining with him a short, but, to Peter, a very satisfactory interview.

Peter was standing, a very anxious and deeply interested spectator of the deliberations, when Tonnaleuka entered and addressed the council. He recognized him at once, as the same extraordinary personage that had delivered his master from the Chippeways, and he immediately concluded that the doctor was safe.

"I will ask him about my master," thought he; "whether he took him to the other world or not, sure he won't be angry at me for inquiring."

Peter accordingly watched his opportunity; and, as the prophet was hastening towards the gate of the fort, with hat in hand, he very reverentially approached, and addressed him to the following effect:

"Och, now! I hope your reverence won't be angry with me, if I ask you a civil question!"

"Let that question be brief then," said Tonnaleuka.

"Suppose now, I ask you what you did with my master when you took him away from the Chippeways—would your holiness tell me?" inquired Peter.

"What is your name my brother?" asked the prophet.

"Peter M'Fall, may it please your worship to command."

"And what is your master's?"

"Charles Adderly, your reverence."

Tonnaleuka, now whispered something into Peter's ear, which he ended by enjoining him to strict secresy; adding, "if you reveal it to any one in this garrison, dread my vengeance!"

"May your holiness blast me to pieces," said Peter, earnestly, "if I breathe a word of it to any woman's son, or daughter either, while I am within twenty miles of this place."

But ere he got the sentence finished, the prophet had departed from the fort, and was instantly out of sight.

"Agh! long life to you, and are you gone! ye jewel of a prophet! I wish to St. Patrick that I was only clear out of these walls with you. I could find the Shanapin's-town—and then, ten miles up the river,—why, it would scarcely be a hop, step, and jump, to bring me to—But mum's the word."

So saying, he gave an arch smile, and accompanied the last expression with that very significant gesture of slyness, the placing of one of his fingers upon his nose, and then leaped off, singing with great glee—

> "In Dublin so clever,
> By Liffy's sweet river,
> When Molly McNickle was civil:
> With kissing and laughing,
> And whiskey-punch quaffing,
> Old care I sent smack to the devil!"

From this moment, Peter resolved by some means or other, speedily to attempt his escape. He had the determination fully formed in his mind by the time the doctor's fate was decided; and the eagle was not yet altogether consumed amidst the flame, when he accosted his fellow-prisoner:

"By my sowl! my dear doctor, but the fellow fries well. Och! botheration to them that would have roasted your precious flesh in his stead, in that horrible bonfire. Sure, now, I couldn't have stood to see the fat melting from your crackling bones, like grease dropping from a leg of roast mutton. The devil take me now, dear doctor,—don't be frightened."—for the doctor had actually turned pale at this coarse representation of what was so nearly being his fate; which Peter perceiving, gave him a sly wink, and said—"Och, now! come a long, I just want to *spake* with you, to comfort you a bit!"

So saying, he half dragged the doctor to a convenient place, where he acquainted him with the determination he had come to, of escaping from the fort, and the ease with which he believed he could in three or four days, at furthest, reach his master's present residence, and invited him to join in the enterprise.

The doctor considering that he was now under no obligation from parole, and that while he continued in the garrison, he was still in danger of some accident taking place which might again expose him to the awful fate from which he had been just saved, by an absolute miracle, agreed at once to the measure.

Fort Le Bœuf was situated upon the bank of the western branch of French Creek. It occupied about a rood of ground, and was surrounded by a stockade circumvallation, made of strong piles driven close to each other into the earth, sharpened at the top, and more than twelve feet high, with port-holes for cannon, and loop-holes for small arms, cut through them. The garrison, at this time, consisted of about two hundred men, whose cooking, washing, &c. there being but few European women among them, were principally performed by squaws, who had learned a smattering of the French language.

How to get out of this stockade, was the question, upon which Peter M'Hall now for about five or six days exercised his ingenuity. At the end of that time, however, by dint of personal exploring, rather than thinking, he resolved it to his own satisfaction. He had discovered a small sewer commencing in the yard of a wash-house, which was occu-

pied by a number of squaws in the service of the garrison. This sewer had been made for the purpose of carrying off to the creek, the waste water that had been used in washing. The distance from its entrance to its outlet upon the bank of the creek, Peter conjectured to be about ten or twelve yards. It was through this passage that he contemplated making his escape. It was, indeed, so narrow, he perceived, as scarcely to admit his body; and from the daily flow of dirty water that passed through it, it was an absolute puddle of mud and filthiness. The softness, and sponginess, however, which the latter circumstance occasioned, he calculated would facilitate his passage, by enabling him the more easily to drag his body through. The only obstacle that perplexed him, was a strong iron grating that was fixed over its entrance. This, he however was determined to overcome by some energetic effort. His chief difficulty was in persuading the doctor as to the practicability of the scheme. At length, when the latter perceived that no reasoning would prevent Peter from trying it, he determined not to desert him, but to assist all he could, although he anticipated all the evil consequences of complete failure and detection.

In pursuance of this resolution, having secretly provided a small bag full of provisions, and a couple of spades, they one dark night, about two weeks after the doctor's rescue, when all the garrison, except the sentinels, had gone to sleep, scaled the low wooden fence that surrounded the washer-woman's yard, and commenced their operations by digging a hole close to the grate, sufficiently large to admit their entrance. As the ground was soft, and Peter an excellent spadesman, this was only the work of about fifteen minutes, and into the mud-bottomed pit he plunged, without hesitation, head-foremost, dragging, by means of a strong cord attached to it, the bag of provisions after him. The doctor had now nothing for it, but to follow.

For the first three or four yards, they swam or paddled, like ducks, in the stagnant water which had here collected to the depth of eight or ten inches, on account of some deficiency in its fall towards the creek. But this was the easiest part of their progress, for during the remainder

Peter found the passage so small, that it required all his perseverance and strength, to squeeze himself forward a-breach, however, he persisted in doing, and at last, with incredible labor, and not without great fatigue, and soreness of both flesh and bones, he arrived at the open air on the bank of the creek. The doctor being a smaller man, found less difficulty in passing, especially as the efforts of Peter cleared the way for him.

Although enveloped in a complete vesture of mud and dirt, our adventurers did not wait to wash themselves in the creek, but taking to the woods, hastened on as speedily as the darkness and the numerous impediments of the way would permit, towards the Allegheny river. Daylight overtook them while yet in the intricacies of the forest, when being both hungry and fatigued, they thought proper to enjoy some of such fare as their bag afforded, and then to repose themselves for a few hours. About noon they again proceeded, and continued their journey till the evening; when resolving not to undergo the fatigue of another night, struggling amidst brush-wood, swamps, and fallen timber, they selected a place of shelter, and by collecting together a quantity of dry leaves, made themselves as comfortable a bed as they could, on which their fatigue and long wakefulness, enabled them to sleep soundly till the morning.

After three days troublesome journeying in this manner, during which, they became sometimes afraid of not being on their proper course, they arrived at the Allegheny river, a short distance below its confluence with French creek. From thence they kept down the stream of the river for upwards of four days, and it was the ninth from their leaving Le Bœuf, before they met with Charles, as already stated.

CHAPTER XV.

Survey his front, where wisdom sits serene,
And the bright flashing of his fearless eye;
That gallant port, that majesty of mien,
Which promise deeds of unsurpassed emprise,
Such as to minstrelsy its fondest theme supplies,
And gains the palm the world may not deny.

BASKET OF SCRAPS.

THE dearest to each other are often doomed to part. It is one of the evils incident to humanity, and one from which all the philosophy in the world will not relieve us. The best way, therefore, to meet the evil is, to do it courageously, and philosophize nothing about it.

Charles Adderly, on this occasion, did so; and in consequence, he succeeded in separating from Maria, with a reluctant heart, it must be confessed, but not with a desponding one.

His party, consisting of himself, Dr. Killbreath, Paddy Frazier, Peter M'Fall, and Manhulseh, their Indian guide, commenced their journey on the third day after Peter and the Doctor had arrived at Frazier's. Besides the horses on which they rode, they had along with them three others, two of which were laden with Paddy's merchandise, and the third with provisions and other travelling stores. They were of course well armed—for in those days, no one ever thought of attempting a journey, of even a short distance, through the Wilderness, without being properly prepared for both defence and attack.

On the third day they crossed the Chesnut Ridge, and encamped that night between it and the Laurel Hill, in what is now called Ligonier Valley. As they were about continuing their journey the next morning, they were unexpectedly attacked by a small party of Ottawas, whom the French had despatched to scour the country in pursuit of Peter and the Doctor. The savages, however, had given

fire at too great a distance to do any serious mischief. Two of their shots feebly pierced through a package of Paddy's furs, and another slightly wounded one of the horses. The rest fell altogether harmless. Each of our travellers immediately took to a tree, and kept up such a well-directed fire upon their enemies, when any of them dared to appear in sight, that the latter thought proper, about mid-day, to withdraw, after having lost five or six of their number, who were killed on the spot.

Our party then cautiously proceeded onwards, keeping on all directions a good look out, which obliged them to travel so slowly, that they only reached the top of the Laurel Hill that night. Here they encamped on a spot where they could not be easily surprised, and Charles, equally with the rest, took his turn in watching as sentinel during the night.

The savages, however, during the preceding day, had tasted so bitterly of their intrepidity, that they had no relish for more of it, and they were not molested during the remainder of their journey, which they performed, without meeting with any serious disaster, in about four weeks.

The account which Charles gave to the Ohio Company, of the fate of their expedition, which he ascribed altogether to the jealousy and management of the French, made a great noise in the political world, and produced much excitement throughout all the colonies. But there was none of them that took up the matter with greater spirit than Virginia. That state, indeed, did then, as it does still, possess a high-minded and courageous population, that could not tamely submit to any insult or encroachment upon their rights; and the territory thus usurped by a hostile force being then considered as within the bounds of her charter, she felt herself called upon both to demand satisfaction for what had been done, and to take measures for resisting such aggressions for the future.

But, although the public mind continued, during the whole of the spring and summer succeeding the occurrences we have related, to receive fresh and repeated provocations from Indian incursions upon the back settlements, especially in the Virginian territories, yet the colonial governments

thought proper to delay making any public effort to restrain or punish these depredations, until they should receive instructions on the subject from the government of Great Britain. They had reason, indeed, to presume that the remonstrances which they knew the British ministry would make to the French government, would induce the latter to recall, and perhaps chastise, their Canadian servants for the outrages they had committed on the subjects of a power with which they were then in a state of peace and amity. At all events, they wished to be fully authorized by their own government to make whatever opposition they should find necessary, whether by force or otherwise, to put a stop to the unwarrantable proceedings of the French.

With respect to the hostile Indians, small parties of militia and volunteers were, indeed, immediately employed, but in a very inefficient manner, against them; and for several months, the terror and sufferings of the Virginia backsettlers continued daily to increase.

At length Mr. Dinwiddie, the Governor of Virginia, received intelligence that the French government manifested a very suspicious reluctance to give any satisfaction to the British on the subject at issue, and he was authorized to use his discretion in bringing the aggressors to an account for what they had done. A national war, however, at this time was not to be wished: at all events, he resolved not to act rashly in kindling its flames, but to convince the world that every thing had been done, consistent with the honor and dignity of the British crown, and the prosperity and safety of its subjects, to prevent such a calamity. He, therefore, thought it expedient, before he should have recourse to actual force, to send an envoy to the commander at Fort Le Bœuf, to whose instrumentality the late outrages had been particularly charged, for the purpose of demanding from him in the name of his Britannic Majesty, an explanation of his hostile conduct towards British subjects, and some satisfactory security that it should not be repeated.

It was, at that crisis, very difficult to find any one properly qualified for such an embassy, willing to undertake it, a circumstance which, if the nature of the country and the state of the times be considered, will not be thought surpri

ing. A distance of several hundred miles through a trackless and rugged wilderness of woods, inhabited only by savages, the most of whom had of late become inveterately hostile to the English name, had to be traversed. No English white man it was thought, could then penetrate into these wilds and return alive, unless by the aid of a mere miracle; for even the traders, that had formerly been rather invited than forbidden to frequent the country, and were in most instances kindly enough treated by the natives, had latterly been often plundered and sometimes massacred, for no other reason than their being English. There were in Virginia, no doubt, numbers of patriotic and gallant spirits, whom danger alone could not have deterred from the undertaking. But various other motives operated on their minds. Many were opposed to the measure altogether, as betraying imbecility, and want of promptitude and wisdom. They exclaimed against the folly of sending such an embassy into the midst of a barbarous race of men, who neither knew, nor cared for, the sacred character of embassadors; and alleged, that it was worse than madness, even if the messengers should happen to perform their errand in safety, to expect any favorable result from the enterprise.

"No," said they, "if we go at all into the haunts of these savages, let us go sword in hand, and drive them and their christian allies together out of their dens with the bayonet and the rifle. We should negotiate with such enemies only with the mouths of cannon."

Domestic concerns and family interference prevented others, who might not have the same objection to trying the effects of negotiation and remonstrance, before the drawing of that sword, whose unsheathing might involve two powerful nations in all the evils of a tedious and sanguinary war.

In short, Governor Dinwiddie, after he had decided on the propriety of the measure, found so much difficulty in finding any one qualified for the hazardous service, willing to undertake it that he began to harbour thoughts of abandoning the idea, especially as the winter season was approaching, until the ensuing spring.

As he was one day in his private apartment, meditating with considerable anxiety on this subject, he was informed

that a very respectable looking young man requested admittance to his presence. The governor desired him to be shown into a front chamber, where he in a few minutes attended him.

The governor, although, as we have seen, his mind had been rendered uneasy by contemplating the unfortunate aspect of a favorite and important measure, saluted the stranger with much complaisance; for notwithstanding his youth, being apparently not above twenty years of age, there was in his manner and aspect an air of dignity and intelligence, with which the governor was struck, and before which any feeling of ill-humor that might have arisen from the unpleasant nature of the reflections from which he had been interrupted entirely gave way.

As this young man will make a considerable figure during the remainder of this history, it is presumed that a description of his appearance on this occasion will not be unacceptable to the reader.

His stature was exactly six feet, and his form a happy medium between the usual slenderness of youth and the more rounded muscularity of manhood. His chest was already somewhat full and expanded, as if to make room for a liberal and capacious heart. His limbs were in just proportion to the rest of his frame, and so free and unincumbered in all their motions, as to give a peculiar gracefulness to his gait and gestures. His shoulders were broad, but finely shaped, and harmonizing so well with the stateliness and just symmetry of the other parts of his figure, as to impart to the whole an extraordinary degree of dignity and majesty of mien; and indicating, at the same time, strength, hardihood, and activity.

With respect to his countenance, if ever there was one that expressed true nobleness and magnanimity of soul, it was his. It was of the oval form, with a remarkably high forehead, which was open, serious, kind, and candid. His sparkling blue eyes displayed the fire of passion, combined with the coolness of wisdom, while the movements of his eye-brows assured the beholder, that in every contest the latter should gain the victory. His nose was of a commanding agreeable form neither exactly Grecian or Roman, but

partaking of both, and it was, perhaps, this feature which most forcibly impressed the beholder with the idea of his fearless intrepidity and undeviating integrity. But it was in the expression of his mouth that the benevolence, generosity, and tenderness of his nature were chiefly to be seen; for his were lips to which no one could ever impute the utterance of falsehood, calumny, or even unnecessary censure. His chin was muscular, round, and full, but agreeably corresponding with the general contour of his countenance. As to his complexion, it was at this time slightly sunburnt, but still affording a pleasant mixture of that fairness and ruddiness which is so becoming in youth, and which generally betokens an originally healthy and still unbroken constitution.

His dress was at once modest and genteel, affecting in no particular either to despise, or to be fastidiously imitative of the fashion of the day. It was neither gaudy, nor slovenly, but such as a gentleman who, while he does not despise his person, seems conscious that his mind is his better part, might be expected to wear. When we have said this, and when we add that it was a mourning-dress, (for this young gentleman had lately succeeded to the ample estate of a deceased, tenderly beloved, and much lamented elder brother,) the reader will easily figure it to himself, without our giving him more particulars.

He was a native of Virginia, and descended from one of the most respectable families in that province; but in the opinion of governor Dinwiddie on this occasion, such a youth would have made any family respectable. His name was—George Washington—a name which is now synonymous with virtue, and to pronounce which is to eulogize.

After the usual salutation was over, Mr. Washington presented an introductory letter from a valued friend of the governor, who immediately read it as follows:

"May it please your Excellency,

"This letter will be handed to you by Mr. George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a young gentleman of whom I doubt not report has already spoken favorably to you. For myself, I profess to feel a high respect for his promising ta-

lents, and a still higher for that steady conduct, unsullied virtue, and strong sense of honor which have hitherto marked his character.

"To speak thus decisively in behalf of so young a man, may seem to your excellency, to be a somewhat overstrained recommendation, but if I know any thing of the characters of men, I am convinced that in giving credit to Mr. Washington for all the virtues and talents my language may ascribe to him, you will not find yourself deceived.

"The ardor of his patriotic feelings, together with his commiserating the distresses under which our back-settlers now labor, and, no doubt, a laudable ambition to signalize himself in doing good to his country, induce him to solicit what he is grieved to find so many of higher name and pretensions have lately refused—the appointment of envoy to the French commandant at Le Bœuf.

"Should it please your excellency to confide to him the management of that arduous and important mission, I am persuaded that young, and consequently inexperienced, as he is, you will have no reason to regret having done so; for, I believe, that it prudence, intrepidity, and perseverance in the attainment of the public good can succeed, whatever enterprise he conducts must be successful.

"I have the honor to be, your excellency's sincere friend and most obedient, humble servant.

———"

"Why! Mr. Washington," observed the governor, when he had done reading, "this is really a complimentary letter, but Mr. —— is a good judge of characters, and I believe he has not mistaken yours. Your brother was a brave man, true to his country, and I think that you cannot be inferior to him. When would it suit you to go on this mission?"

"At a day's warning, whenever your excellency orders——"

"Suppose—let me see—this is Tuesday the 23d day of October. In a week from this date could you be ready?"

"To-morrow—to-day—this hour—and at all hours, I am at the service of my country. You are her monarch's representative; order me when you choose. But if I might suggest any thing in this matter, it would be promptitude and expedition—Your excellency is aware that the season requires it."

"Young man! my friend has not been mistaken in his estimate of your character. Your ardor in this case is wisdom. Your country has been fortunate in giving you birth; for I perceive, if heaven spares you, that you will be both her blessing and her boast. Had I known of you only two months sooner, this mission might now have been successfully terminated; but name your day, and every thing shall be provided."

"It is your excellency's right to name it."

"Well, then, let it be this day week; your commission and instructions shall be immediately prepared. But, tell me, have you thought of the dangers and difficulties?"

"I have thought of them seriously, sir."

"And they don't make you hesitate?"

"Nothing, I trust, will ever make me hesitate to do my duty."

"I am satisfied," observed the governor. "It has been perhaps fortunate that the perils of the undertaking have deterred others from engaging in it whose services I should have gladly accepted. The delay may not have been lost to our country, since it has brought you forward to her service; and that backwardness to serve in this case, which I but half an hour ago lamented as an evil, may in reality turn out to be a benefit. My young friend, I shall now detain you no longer, but shall be glad if you come to spend the evening with me."

"With your excellency's permission, I should rather return to Mount Vernon to arrange some matters, so that nothing on my part may retard the expedition."

"You can return to-morrow: one day will make no difference, and you will have sufficient time to be back here in a week. If you should be a day longer, it will not be charged upon you."

"Your excellency will excuse me; but I cannot remain to-night, unless it be that some public business requires my presence."

"There is no public business to require your stay, I acknowledge," replied the governor, "but I wish to enjoy your conversation, and cultivate your friendship, so that you may be convinced how much I set on your. Your proposal to

embark in this service—a single evening will be of no consequence."

"I should, indeed, feel happy and honored in your excellency's society," observed the young hero, "but I am now to prepare for a public service which requires expedition; and I confess that, unless my going off instantly to make preparation will give you more displeasure than, if I have any knowledge of your character, I think it will, I should much rather depart; for I must ever make it a rule, that when duty is to be performed, no time should be lost upon pleasure."

"My friend," replied Dinwiddie, "be ever thus proof against temptation. I esteem you the more that you have resisted my wishes on this point. Be as expeditious as you please, and may heaven prosper your zeal! I shall try to imitate you in getting everything ready without delay."

Washington now withdrew, and immediately hastened home to make the best use he could of his time, in both arranging his private affairs and in providing for the performance of his public duty.

When he was out of sight, Dinwiddie could not help exclaiming—"Admirable young man! you will yet be of more service to your country than a thousand mines of gold!"

CHAPTER XVI.

There is a tie, whose magic force
  The power of lengthened years defies;
There is a thought whose stayless course
  A dearer tide of life supplies,
That gives to other thoughts their source;
And days of gloom may intervene,
  Like ocean's waves its flight to stay,
And distant climes may come between—
  They cannot—must not—check its way!
And there's a cord which love entwines
  Unconsciously round kindred hearts,
Which length of absence but refines,
  And death alone forever parts.

BASKET OF SCRAPS.

How it is that the female heart, when in love, can more successfully control its affections, at least the display of them, when their object is present, and suing with all his might, for some little symptom of reciprocal fondness—than when he is absent, and cannot witness, and, consequently, cannot enjoy such endearments—I will not stop to explain; and, perhaps, for the very good reason, that I cannot do it to my own satisfaction. But I can state, that after Charles Adderly's departure from the Wilderness, Maria Frazier experienced that she possessed this feminine quality in perfection.

He was not many hours gone, when his image took such full and forcible possession of her mind, that whether she dreamed by night, or meditated by day, that image was still present with her. It haunted her in her rambles, it engrossed her studies, and disturbed her devotions; and whether she ate, or drank, or walked, or slept, it would never leave her, and what was in all respects as extraordinary, she never wished it to leave her. No, she cherished it fondly in her heart; it was her only care, her only comfort, and her only joy. Though she dared hardly venture to expect that she

should ever see him again, yet she felt that without him the Wilderness was cheerless, life insipid, and the world a blank. Her fears that he should never return were great, but they arose not from any doubt respecting the sincerity and unchangeableness of his love for her, but from the numerous perils and obstacles which she knew he must encounter and overcome before he could retrace the dread and savage-haunted wilds that now separated them.

She, however, succeeded tolerably well in concealing these feelings from the observation of all her friends, except Nancy, who, perhaps, on account of being actuated by some feelings of the same kind, for a different object, but one also now at a distance, the more readily suspected her sister; or, if it be true, that the pangs of love are always relieved by being poured into the ear of a confidant, Maria may have voluntarily intrusted her with her secret.

With respect to Nancy's own case, Dr. Killbreath had found means, during his short abode with her, not only to convince her that she possessed his heart, but also to obtain possession of hers. In consequence of this, although the feeling with which she remembered the doctor was not so very deep and acute as that with which Maria remembered Charles, yet it was sufficient to make her sympathize so sincerely with her sister, as induced the latter to confide her sorrows, and her love, to her secrecy. Nancy returned the favor by a reciprocal confidence, which, perhaps, did more to keep alive the doctor's interest in her heart, by occasionally affording her opportunities to talk of him, than any impression his addresses while with her had made.

Maria's affection for Charles Adderly did not require any such stimulus of conversation to preserve it, during his absence, from decay. It was an affection which no time nor distance could diminish, for it was planted in a mind as constant, tender, sincere, and unchangeable in its attachments, as any woman ever possessed. It might, perhaps, be for this reason, that, although she felt more acutely, she talked less freely, on the subject of her feelings than Nancy. Nay, sometimes she felt more enjoyment in meditating alone upon her lover's perfections, as they appeared to her imagination, than in conversing about them. But often the disposition

would vary, and she would feel great satisfaction in being able to interchange ideas concerning him with a friend and sister, of whose perseverance in secrecy she was fully confident.

Upwards of four months passed on in this manner, and Maria had not heard from her lover, for Paddy had not yet returned from Philadelphia, and she was becoming very uneasy to ascertain his safety.

"Surely," thought she, "if they had reached Philadelphia alive, Paddy would have returned before now, and I should have heard of Charles. The Indians, alas! hated him—they may have taken him—they may have put him to death, a cruel death, when Tommaleuka could not be near to save him. It is true the prophet has discovered that the marauders were disappointed in their attempt near the Laurel Hill—but they may have succeeded elsewhere, for it was a long Wilderness they had to traverse. Heaven grant that my fears may be unfounded!"

At length, to the great joy of all Frazier's family, Paddy arrived, accompanied by Dr. Killbreath, whose desire to revisit Nancy had rendered him easily persuaded to join her brother in trading with the Indians. They, therefore, brought with them in partnership a large and valuable assortment of goods, not only suited for the Indians, but also for the French, with whom Paddy was desirous to open a trade, because he expected that it would be lucrative, and that it might be the means of preserving their friendship, which he was very anxious to secure, since they were now become the lords of the forest. As to the danger the doctor was in of falling again into their hands, he believed that it could be easily removed, by a present to the commandant at Le Bœuf, with a declaration that the doctor wished to settle as a trader in the Wilderness, under the French protection.

Near the North Mountain they met with several Indians who would, no doubt, have attacked and plundered, and perhaps murdered the doctor, had some of them not known Paddy, who, speaking their language freely, managed matters so well with them, that they agreed, for a present of a few blankets and some trinkets, to escort him home.

If Nancy was rejoiced to see her dear doctor come back again, he was no less so to find himself once more safe under her father's roof, with the prospect of being permitted to remain there unmolested by either the French or Indians.

But the great source of Marie's joy was to ascertain she now had of her lover's safety. He had presented to her a present of various books of entertainment, such as the works of Pope, Thomson, Addison, and others, which he knew she had not seen, and was desirous to peruse. There were also other presents of considerable value, as jewelry, articles of dress, &c., which need not be particularized. These had been intrusted to the care of Doctor Killbreath, who punctually obeyed his instructions by handing them to her in private. But the gift which afforded her by far the greatest pleasure, was a packet of letters written by her Charles's own hand.

In these letters he assured her of the continuance of his love, which rendered him extremely anxious to return to the Wilderness, to be once more in her presence; but the duties of a very important nature, he said, compelled him to remain a few months longer in Philadelphia, but he trusted that during the summer he should be able to gratify the most ardent desire of his heart, by visiting her. In the meantime, he exhorted, he conjured her, to constancy and perseverance in cherishing that affection which it was his only consolation to know she bore for him.

But, reader, you have read above a good many love letters, and many, perhaps, you have yourself both written and received. To detain you, therefore, with a recital of the sentiments contained in those of Charles Aldrich, (for the sentimental parts of all love letters, which are always the nine-tenths of their contents, are very much alike,) would be no treat. But as he had made him something of a poet, and he had enclosed a few verses in one of the letters, in praise of his fair one, (a thing which every writer of love letters cannot do,) I shall take the liberty of submitting them to your perusal. These verses, although far from being of first-rate excellence, are at least no worse than a rhymes which many a love-sick gentleman has thought proper to string together in compliment to his mis-

But be they good or bad, since Charles Adderly wrote them, I think I may be permitted to print them.

To Maria.

Maria! nature's loveliest child,
Sweet flowret of the fragrant wild!
When first you met my ravish'd eyes,
How leapt my bosom with surprise,
To find that, in the desert waste,
Nature, with careless hand, had placed
The loveliest plant that ever grew,
To warm the heart, and charm the view!

Ah! few but happy were those days,
When on your charms I sat to gaze;
With heart enraptured at the sight,
I sigh'd with passionate delight;
For ne'er could I believe before
That woman had such charms in store,
As so to bind the [illegible] soul,
In passion's [illegible] control!

May fortune bear me soon [illegible]
To where you tread the sylvan reign;
Where, blest once more, I'll view your charms,
Feel the sweet pressure of your arms,
As through your native woods we rove,
And give our hearts and souls to love:
Till then, my only thought thou'lt be;
Then think of me—and none but me!

The summer months passed without any remarkable occurrence happening to affect the fortunes of Maria. Her habits of household rural employments were attended to as usual, but her secret thoughts were altogether occupied with the idea of him who loved her so warmly and tenderly, and whom, she did not now affect to conceal from herself, she loved with equal warmth and tenderness. The perusal of the books, but more particularly the letters he had sent her, occupied the chief portion of her leisure hours; and on some occasions, but not often, she would indulge her feelings by talking about him to her sister. On such occasions, however, she still took care not to dwell long upon the dangerous subject, lest she might express herself more ardently in his favor, than her delicate views of propriety would altogether warrant.

It was one beautiful evening in November, 1753, the Indian Summer being then in all its glory and sweetness, that these two young women walked upon the bank of the Monongahela. Charles Adderly, Dr. Killbreath, and some Indian transactions, were the chief topics of their conversation.

"I am not sure whether I could wish Mr. Adderly to visit us this fall or not," observed Maria—"the French dislike him so much, that they might instigate the savages to his destruction. Oh, Nancy! what a barbarous and bloodthirsty people we live among!"

"I can say but little," replied Nancy, "in favor of the Indians when they go out to war, or when they take prisoners, for Dr. Killbreath says that they have then little mercy on men, women, or children. But I think Mr. Mr. Adderly could dwell here long enough without their knowledge; and Tonnaleuka, you know, could protect him."

"Tonnaleuka cannot be everywhere," said Maria. "He has often to be at a great distance, among the contending tribes, giving them counsel, and settling their disputes: and the Indians are far more exasperated this season against the English, than they ever were before. But it is before he arrives here, that danger is chiefly to be dreaded. If the savages find him crossing any of the mountains, alas! I fear his destruction will be inevitable. I am sometimes tempted to pray that he may not venture to come, at least until these outrageous times be past."

"Truly," observed Nancy, "it would be better that he should not attempt to visit you, than that he should be killed. But both Paddy and Dr. Killbreath say, that the white people would have no occasion to fear so much from the Indians, if they would only treat them kindly, and not attempt to cheat them, or wrest their lands from them, as they do."

"But Charles Adderly never cheated them," replied Maria, "nor had he taken any land from them by force when they attacked him last year, and were going to sacrifice him. Ah! I fear much for him, for the French now hate him thoroughly: and from their hatred there is less

[illegible], or [illegible] from that [illegible] the [illegible] savages."

"It is hard to say," [illegible] Nancy, "whether he would consent to do what Dr. Killbreath has done: make friends of the French, and live here under their protection. If he could do this, I think all would be safe, and—"

"No!" exclaimed Maria, "Charles Adderly never will stoop to such a thing. I know him to be too dignified in his sentiments for that. He considers the French the enemies of his country, and from such he never will crave protection. Alas! no, if he come at all, it will be either privately, or publicly as their enemy, for the savages and they, I fear, have lately carried their ravages into the English settlements too ferociously and destructively, not to have made every one of that nation their enemy."

"Why, that cannot be!" observed Nancy, "for Dr. Killbreath is English, and he now lives here with us as the friend of the French."

"The doctor's love for you," returned Maria, "has induced him in this affair, I am persuaded, to act contrary both to his inclination and judgment. He has become an exception to the conduct that all the rest of his nation will adopt, which I know Charles Adderly will never become."

"I'm sure you know," said Nancy, "that Mr. Adderly [illegible] as much in love, and as desirous to live here, as Dr. Killbreath: and why shouldn't he as well as the doctor prefer love to politics?"

"Because," said Maria, "it would be preferring private interest to public duty, which Charles never will do."

"La! now," cried Nancy, "I cannot believe that you think so. Don't you suppose that Mr. Adderly would prefer you to all the French, and all the Indians, and all the English into the bargain, in the world?"

"I have no right," said Maria, "to suppose any such thing. Nay, if he did so, it would be very wrong, and I do not think I should esteem him so much if I thought him capable of it."

"Now, surely," returned Nancy, with a look of incredulity, "you cannot be serious. What harm has Dr. Killbreath done by making friends of the French? And sure I

must like him the better for doing it on my account, and I am persuaded, that if Mr. Adderly's love for you would so far overcome his dislike to them, you could not be displeased."

"You are much mistaken in your opinion of me," said Maria, "if you believe so. A strict adherence to principles and duty, I shall ever admire; and I shall the more admire it, that it is accomplished in opposition to self-interest and personal advantage; for the more difficult the performance of virtuous actions is, the greater must be their merit, and the higher should be the approbation afforded them."

"Then you do not think that Dr. Killbreath has done right?" observed Nancy.

"I do not undertake to judge the doctor," returned Maria. "Duties are, perhaps, like almost every thing else, in the strictness of their obligation, capable of being modified by circumstances. What may be imperiously incumbent upon one man to perform, may be less so, or even not at all so, upon another: and the same man may, in different circumstances, feel himself bound to act differently in respect to a general duty, if he wants to act right. Dr. Killbreath, in making peace with the French, even while they are making war with his countrymen, may have no design to injure the latter; on the contrary, he may thereby have it in his power to serve some of them. But Charles Adderly has higher responsibilities to bear. He has been already employed as a leader, and his countrymen must expect more from him than from many others. But, Nancy, to cut short the discussion, I am convinced that, in the present times, no temptation will induce Charles, even in appearance, and I believe that it is only in appearance that Dr. Killbreath has done so, to court favor with the French."

"I know," said Nancy, "that the doctor dont like them in his heart; for when he heard of them sending the Wiandots on their late Blue Ridge excursion, "it will be a murderous affair," said he—"I wish to God the Virginians may give them a thorough defeat!"

"It is indeed shocking to think of these doings," returned Maria: "what cruel hearts those men must have, that can

ng-g in them! I fear they will not give over until the English are excited to retaliation; and then, alas! what a terrible state of things may we not expect to witness in this country! But I hope Providence will avert the calamity. My heart sickens to think of it. How different from that secure and peaceful state of society, which the delightful author I have in my hand describes! Let us sit down, Nancy, and I shall read for you the heart-cheering picture of love, peace, and virtue, which the beautiful tale of Palemon and Lavinia exhibits: it will drive away the disagreeable reflections which the contemplation of those sanguinary horrors, of which we have been talking, have excited."

They sat down beneath a tree which grew on a shelving portion of the bank, and Nancy listened with great earnestness, while Maria read with an audible and sweet voice, and with a tenderness and pathos of manner which showed that her whole soul was enrapt with the delightful strains in which the poet of the Seasons has told his sweetest tale. She had just pronounced the following exquisite lines—

> "He saw her charming, but he saw not half
> The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd—

When Nancy, happening to direct her attention a little to one side, perceived a white man leaning against a tree scarce two yards distant. She immediately started to her feet in surprise, crying out—

"Oh, Maria! here is a white stranger!"

Maria arose, considerably startled, and the stranger approached, with mildness, benevolence, and admiration strongly expressed in his countenance.

"Ladies!" said he, "I must ask pardon for my delay in addressing you. But how could I interrupt the noble exercise, the refined enjoyment in which I found you engaged! And in such a place too—so unexpectedly! I have traversed the wilderness nearly two hundred miles without seeing a white woman; and here to discover such as you, and so employed! Ladies, forgive me, if I say my delight is equal to my astonishment!"

"Sir!" replied Maria, "we meet in this wilderness with so few gentlemen like you, that, if we have on our part

manifested any symptoms of childish surprise at seeing you, we presume that you have discernment and candor enough to ascribe it to its true cause—our peculiarly secluded condition; for these woods, that river, and the sky above us, are the utmost extent and variety of external nature that we have seen since our birth. But our father lives near at hand; he always makes the sojourner in the forest welcome. If you have no objection, we will lead you to his house."

"Is your father's name Frazier?" asked the stranger.

"It is, sir," was the reply.

"I was informed that his residence is about this place, and was just in search of it, when I perceived you," he answered.

An idea now crossed Maria's thoughts, which made her change color, and embarrassed her manner more than even the sudden appearance of the stranger.

"He may be from Philadelphia—he may have news for me (thought she); but I dare not ask him;"—and she unconsciously heaved a sigh, which was not unobserved by the penetrating stranger, whose eye, indeed, since he first saw her, had, in spite of all his efforts, been kept steadily fixed upon her. He would fain at this moment have inquired into the cause of her slight agitation, but his delicacy and an agitation which he himself felt, keener, perhaps, than even Maria, prevented him, and they went towards the house in silence. A few minutes brought them to the lane, where they met Gilbert; and Maria becoming soon satisfied from their conversation, that the stranger was not from Philadelphia, the fluttering of her bosom gradually subsided.

"That, sir, is my father," said she, as Gilbert approached. He soon saluted the stranger with a friendly welcome, who cordially shook his hand, saying,

"I have heard of you, Mr. Frazier, and was directed to take your house on my way to Fort Le Bœuf, where I am proceeding on public business, by the order of the Governor of Virginia."

The high respect with which the stranger's appearance had impressed Gilbert, was, of course, nothing diminished by this intelligence.

"Ay, ay! Indian business, na doot," said he; "I wonner the Governor did na lang ere this, send to inquire after thir doings; for there hae been unco' fearfu' an' troublesome doings lately. I hope noo, howsomever, that ye'll get it a' settled. But come in, come in—I wish I could accommodate ye better; but amang thir woods, ye ken, it's no like leevin' in a christian country."

"Your kindness will far more than compensate for any deficiency of accommodation. George Washington—for such, Mr. Frazier, is my name—will never be fastidious in this respect. If he has not yet learned, he hopes he will learn, how to bear hardships when the public service requires them. In the meantime, to men who have, for several nights past, lodged in the open woods, the shelter of your roof will be a luxury; for I am not, you will suppose, traversing this wilderness without assistants and guides."

"And whar are yere men?" inquired Gilbert; "I'll send for them, an' try, wi' heart an' gude wull, to mak' ye a' welcome."

"I left them about a mile up the river, where they halted to refresh themselves, while, with my rifle in my hand, I kept on our course before it?"

"Your rifle!" said Gilbert, seeing none in Washington's possession; "an' whar is it?"

"It is at the foot of a walnut tree, not far from the place where I met your daughters; for on perceiving them, I feared to alarm them by appearing armed in their presence, and dropped it there."

"I'll send my sin Archy to bring your men doon the river," said Gilbert. "He'll likely fin' the rifle on his way. But come yoursel' into the hoose, Mr. Washington, an' the women will hae something comfortable for you, I dyvve."

"I think I had myself better go back for the rifle," said Washington; "I can from thence call my men together. It will save your son unnecessary trouble."

He accordingly retraced his steps as far back as the walnut tree, where he sounded a horn, as a signal for his company to come on, which was immediately answered from no great distance. Archy, who, by his father's order,

followed after him, overtook him at this crisis, and was informed that he need proceed no further, for his companions would be present in a few minutes.

"I'll push on, if ye please, sir," said Archy; "the sight of a white man in thir woods, since the Indians have frightened away the traders, is a pleasure we canna get every day."

So saying, he hastened onwards, and Washington returned to the house, desirous again to behold the most beautiful and interesting female he had ever seen.

CHAPTER XVII.

He came to the cot of the wild mountaineer
And gladly its inmates received him:
He came with a tale which he told without fear,
And freely and well they believed him:
He came with a heart that was blithesome and gay
And he wot not of love that could bind him,
But when from that cottage he went far away,
He left his gay heart there behind him.

BASKET OF SCRAPS.

MARIA, who now knew the quality and errand of the new visitor, received him, on his entering the house, with none of that embarrassment which she had manifested before meeting with her father. Her manner was kind and respectful, but easy, graceful, and dignified. Her guest, however, was not so much at ease. He saw before him the most perfect model of female excellence, (and no man ever more ardently admired such excellence,) of which he had ever formed any conception; and he saw this where, of all places in the world, he least expected to see it, and

under circumstances the most calculated of any that could be imagined, to make an impression on his heart. How could he, then, at this moment, feel tamely cool and collected in her presence! No—Washington's heart was made of warmer materials, and his soul composed of more amiable qualities, than to behold, unmoved, so rare a combination of all those charms that form the witchery of woman.

When he was seated with Maria and Nancy in Gilbert's little parlor, and some light refreshment placed before him, until a more substantial meal could be prepared, Maria observing that he scarcely tasted anything—

"Mr. Washington," said she, "I should have expected that traversing the woods would have quickened the appetite more than it seems to have done with you. I wish you would partake of our fare. It is indeed rustic, but you will make allowance for it, being the produce of the Wilderness."

"I shall eat, since it will gratify you," he replied, "although I confess I have no appetite just now. Yet think not, Miss Frazier, that it is because these cakes and that metheglin are disagreeable to my taste, that I use them sparingly. No—the choicest viands of city luxury could not be more grateful to me. Ah! I feel, believe me I do, that the very heart of the Wilderness can produce attractions equal, nay, let me say superior, to any I have yet met with in society."

"Sir," said Maria, "there must be a refinement in society, arising from a thousand opportunities and advantages enabling the people to cultivate it, that we do not possess here: nor can it be expected that we should. What means, what instructions, what examples, either to infuse and culture taste, or afford the means of its gratification, can we enjoy among nations of savages, whose only object is to prowl the Wilderness, in search of prey, or, alas! too frequently, in search of revenge."

"And yet," said Washington, "in this very Wilderness, it appears—forgive me for saying it, Miss Frazier—but it is truth, that you have been taught both to relish and discriminate with a truer taste, and sounder judgment, the

refinements of life, than the majority of even those women in society who have had the advantages of the best tuition. I have met with none of them who could have read with more apparent feeling and enjoyment, than you did to-day, the delightful tale of the lovely, the modest Lavinia, who, like yourself, was the child of seclusion; and who, like yourself, possessed as much, perhaps more, real taste and refinement, than if she had been brought up in courts. I must confess, Miss Frazier, that from my first perusal of Lavinia's tale, which was in my boyhood, I have been more enamored of the idea my fancy formed of her attractions and virtues, than I ever was with those of any other woman: and until—"

He was here interrupted by the arrival of his party, whom Gilbert, with great animation and satisfaction, introduced into the apartment.

"I am glad," said Gilbert, when he had got them all seated, "to see sae mony Christians in my hoose, an a' speakin' sae as I can understand. It's like getting back to the world again."

"And I," said Mr. Vanbraam, who was to be Washington's interpreter with the French, "I am heartily glad, after wandering ten or twelve days as we have done, without seeing a house at all, once more to get the walls of one round my sides. So, Mr. Frazier, we have cancelled obligations in this respect, I think."

"I wish we could only cancel the debt of mischief we owe the French, and their red allies as easily," said one Gist, who had acted as guide to the party through the Wilderness. Mr. Frazier, I have often heard the traders talk of your living down here, and many a time I wondered at your hardihood, and cannot guess how you have escaped so long, unless it be by the aid of the Mingo prophet, or conjurer, that they talk about, as protecting you. It's nation curious, Mr. Frazier."

"It is indeed remarkable," observed Washington, "that amidst all their depredations and barbarities of late, the Indians should have permitted a family so very much in their power, and belonging to the nation they so much hate, to remain so long unmolested. You must assuredly, Mr. Fra

ever, have some uncommon means of conciliating them?"

"I canna say," replied Gilbert, "that I hae ever used muckle means to please them, but I aye tak care no to offend them. I hae never yet cheated or affronted any o' them, as the traders hae often done."

"I believe," said Washington, "that the injudicious and unnecessary haughtiness, and, perhaps, in many instances, fraudulent conduct of our own people, have been the means of provoking these sons of the forest to resentment and cruelties against us, that they would not otherwise have displayed. It would be wise and fortunate, Mr. Frazier, if all our back-settlers and traders would act so inoffensively towards them as you have done. The intrigues of French policy and ambition would not then be so fatally successful as they now are, in stirring them up against us."

"Surely," observed Gist, "you can't suppose it a sin of such heinousness to take from the enemies of the Lord whatever we can get, and in any how we can get it. The savages are heathens, the Lord's enemies. I expect, and I guess you remember the story of the children of Israel despoiling the Egyptians by borrowing, without returning, according to the command of the Lord."

"But we have no command of the kind," said Washington, "to treat the indians so; and, Mr. Gist, although you have been a trader among their tribes, I hope, as you were not placed in exactly the same circumstances as the Israelites, you did not feel bound to imitate the manner of despoiling the Egyptians, who, you will recollect, had been long their tyrannical task-masters."

"Ye're vera right, sir," observed Gilbert—"the Testament says, that the laborer is worthy o' his hire, an' as the Egyptians would na wi' their ain will gie the Israelites their lawfu' wages, which could na be ta'en by force, they could na do better than tak it by craft—an' since the prophet o' the Lord bade it, it could na be a sin, ye ken."

"We han't any express command," said Gist, "to despoil the savages, I grant ye. But are they not heathens, and as wicked and cursed before the Lord, I guess, as the Egyptians. 'Tarnation to them! han't they plundered, and robbed, and massacred us, if they did not make us slaves?"

"This plundering and massacreing," said Washington, "have, indeed, unhappily taken place: but I fear that they have been, sometimes, wantonly provoked by the misconduct of our own people. The safety and tranquillity of Mr. Frazier here, in the midst of the Indians, is proof of it."

"He has had the old conjuror, Tonnaleuka, at his back, I guess," said Gist. "Unless the devil had helped him, he couldn't, I expect, have so long escaped his imps, and their tomahawks. They say he's a nation'd curious old fish, that Indian prophet. I guess I shouldn't dislike much, to see whether he has a cloven foot, like his daddy."

"You may examine instantly, thou son of levity," said a solemn and awful voice, which made the blood almost freeze in the heart of the startled and terrified Gist. At the same time, the majestic and hallowed looking figure of Tonnaleuka stood before him, with one leg advanced, as if to invite inspection.

"Look here," continued the prophet, "is there any mark of an evil spirit here? Examine me, all. Is there any such mark about me? Where comest thou from, thou mocker of sacred things—thou perverter of sacred oracles! Hear me, I will tell you, for I have been in your land. Is it not called the land of Puritanism? Upon the river Connecticut, do ye not call yourselves the servants of God—the enlightened children of the East?

"Hearken to me—I will tell you what you are. You are the children of Mammon, the followers of lucre, and the victims of witchcraft. It is you that have the cloven foot. When upon the shores of the Concord, and the Merrimack, I saw you sacrifice your sons and your daughters as victims to the spirit of evil, to the angel of darkness, as your priest called him, how did my soul rejoice in the pure religion of my native tribes! How did I congratulate myself, that I was none of you! We worship, said I, one Great Spirit, who made all men, and desires the sacrifice of none. But these irrational people of the east, worship Lucifer, the deity of gold, and sacrifice to his kindred god, the spirit of darkness, whom they call the author of evil. How preposterous!

"But hear me, son of deceit! thou who wouldst despoil people more upright and pure than thine own, and think it

a crime! Hear me—I can"— At this, Gist, who expected some sudden denunciation, and preternatural infliction of the prophet's wrath, trembled greatly, and turned ghastly pale; which caused Tonadeuka to assume a look of kindness and forgiveness, with which he thus continued: "Hear me—I am an Indian, and can forbear to be angry when the Great Spirit forbids anger; and for the sake of one here, who is your leader, whom he hath blessed, whom he hath sworn to lead and guide in the ways of truth, righteousness, and prosperity, He hath forbidden anger."

"And brother," said he, turning to Washington, "thou blessed of heaven! I will say to thee thou mayest go on thy way without fear. Thou hast received a spirit of wisdom, and of virtue to keep thee right, and no one will harm thee: but thou wilt, when thou performest thy errand, return to thy home and thy people, in safety; and from thee they shall learn what to do; and if they hearken to thy words, they will prosper and become a great people.

"Brother, thou hast heard my words."

To this Washington answered:—

"Father—I am glad I have met with you. I have heard of your virtues, and of your influence over the Indians. You know that the object of my mission at present, to the Wilderness, is to effect a reconciliation with those of your nations, who are hostile to us, and to put an end to the intrigues of your French brethren, in exciting them against us.

"Father—I thank you for your good will, and the favorable sentiments you have expressed towards me, and I wish for your aid in accomplishing the pacific object I have in view: an object which I know you must approve.

"Father—My instructions are to visit the French, and to remonstrate with them; for we look upon them as the chief source of our late calamities, and blame them more than we do your people. If we at all lift the hatchet, it will be more probable that, than to punish the Indians whom they have received into their belief that we are their enemies.

"Father! The hearts of our red brothers, unless when they are deceived or provoked, I do not believe to be so cruel and malignant as I have heard reported. You know that they have, during the last summer, done us great injury, by des-

troying our people and carrying off our property. Hence it was natural we should think them blood-thirsty and inhuman. But they have permitted our Friend Frazier to live here in the midst of them in peace, for many years, although he is of our nation. I presume, therefore, that they are not inveterately hostile to us, and that, if they were only well informed as to our intentions towards them, they would be our friends, and withdraw their confidence from those who deceive them.

"Father! you have heard me, and you may believe that we do not wish to be at war with your people."

"Brother," replied Tonmaleuka, "you are a wise man, and know the true interests of your country. I have heard you —I have listened to you with great delight, as I would to the pleasant sound of the summer's breeze, that refreshes the forest when it whistles amidst the leaves of the hazel and the elder bushes—for it is refreshing to hear the words of peace from a white man.

"Brother—our white brother, Frazier, has lived here long; and because he was peaceable we have not disturbed him. The chiefs of thirteen nations have, at different times, smoked the calumet with him, and he has thirteen strings of wampum in his possession—the symbols of amity, and his security from molestation. All your white men might sit in tranquility and safety, with as little fear and concern for our animosity, as our friend, if they would only conduct themselves as he has done:—for—hear me, brother, Indians can be kind friends, as assuredly as you have found them to be terrible enemies.

"Brother—hear me—all our tribes have not declared against your nation. Nay—some of them wish you better than they do the French. The Shannoahs, the Delawares, and the Mingoes, who inhabit these parts, believe the French to be less upright than you, and they have blamed the Ottowas, and the Chippeways, and the Caughnewagoes, and the Wyandots, and the other nations who have lent themselves to your white enemies; for they say,—"Who invaded our territories, and built forts among us first? Was it not the French? The English are more numerous and powerful, and yet they have been more moderate, and have kept out

of our hunting ground, or else come into it with our permission. We should, therefore, wish the English better than the French,"

"Thus, brother, are the Shannoahs, the Delawares, and the Mingoes your friends. You are now among them, and need fear nothing; and as to the hostile tribes, they have, for this season, withdrawn to their huts and their wigwams, and will annoy you no more till the spring: and if you can persuade the French to be quiet, all will be well: but, brother, the French are not inclined to be so. You have heard my opinions. Receive this wampum in testimony of my friendship. The chief of my tribe, I doubt not, will also give you one.

"Brother—as you are peaceable, may you be prosperous!" So saying, he turned round, and left the apartment.

The impression made on our travellers, by this extraordinary Indian, was a mixture of astonishment and reverence. Washington had before heard of him, as an eccentric man, with some pretensions to the spirit of prophecy, and with just sufficient knowledge of the world and of mankind, to enable him to impose himself upon his barbarous brethren as an inspired person: but he had no idea of that dignity, that wisdom, that elevation of manner, and commanding potency of language, which scarcely ever failed to effect its purpose with his auditors; and, which, consequently, gave him an unbounded influence over many nations of his red brethren.

Washington was extremely desirous to make inquiry of some of Frazier's family, concerning what they knew of the prophet's previous life, and the means by which he had acquired that knowledge of the world which he evidently possessed, in a degree far superior to anything he had ever expected to find in an Indian. The best qualified person to give him such information, he believed, was Maria; at all events, he felt she would be the most agreeable; and was internally pleased with the idea, that the making such an inquiry would afford him an excellent plea for drawing her into a conversation, perhaps, somewhat of a confidential kind: and which she could have no proper objection to indulge him in extending to a considerable length. She had left the room immediately on the entrance of his companions—he

could not, therefore, instantaneously gratify his wishes; but he resolved to seize the first opportunity that offered during the evening for that purpose: and in the meantime, to refrain from asking that information from her father or any other of the family which would be, beyond measure, more sweet and precious when obtained from her lips. The noblest of all poems has informed the world, that our good mother Eve, was actuated by similar feelings towards the man she loved, when she withdrew, while the angel communicated to him the interesting story of the world's creation, in order that she might afterwards enjoy the greater delight of hearing him repeat it. Thus it appears that the effects of love upon the mind did not differ greatly sixty centuries ago in Paradise, from what they did about sixty years ago in the Wilderness.

As to the observations of the rest of the company concerning Tonnaleuka, when he had withdrawn, they were expressed pretty much as follows:

"By heavens!" said Vanbraam, "that is a strange kind of a man! If it were not against all the rules of Monsieur Bayle's philosophy, I protest I should almost believe him to be really a prophet. He must at least be a soothsayer. Hah, Gist! he gave your yankeeism, with all its shifts and turnings, a complete overset. I never hit a pigeon's crown more fairly with a rifle shot, than he did your witchcraft."

"Tarnation to your rifle, and him too!" cried Gist, rather hysterically, and forcing into his manner an appearance of ease and unconcern, which he really did not feel. "What signifies his gibberish about the Merrimack and the Concord. I guess he wanted to frighten me—but, faith, Elij' Gist ha'nt got so squirrel a heart as to flinch at a pop-gun. But its nation curious, after all, I expect. He's an odd fish and I an't sure whether he mayn't be Satin or not. His bear-skin moccasins may have hidden his cleft foot."

"Whether his foot be cloven or not," replied Vanbraam, "his sudden appearance, I believe, clove the contents of your *cranium*, as the philosophers call it, down to the very *cella turcica* of the learned Voisaus; and I doubt the saddle itself has been shattered, for it is plain that your brain has not yet resumed its proper position in it."

"Curse your philosophy, and your brain!" exclaimed

Gist. "You would fire a squib at me, too, I guess—but I expect you an't primed enough, Mr. Interpreter! Tarnation to it! but if my head wan't bothered with that conjurer, and your Latin, I would twirl back your jokes till your ears would ring again, I guess, as easily as I could crack a hazel-nut."

"Ay! and as easily as you lost your wager this morning," replied Vanbraam, "by shooting the squirrel through the tail instead of the head. Propudor! Master Aimwell!"

"Pro devil!" cried Gist, considerably nettled; "I tell you, Monsieur—I guess I can aim as well as you—tarnation to you! I'll stake you five guineas, here they are, true spades, I guess, and as good metal as ever had the king's head on them—down with as many now! Mr. Washington, you'll hold the stakes. I'll shoot for them with any man in the company, except yourself, at a hundred yards distance, through the size of a crown-piece. Vanbraam, I guess now I defy you for the yellow-boys."

"Defy me at hitting a mark a hundred yards! Gist, that you sha'nt," returned the interpreter. "If it were a needle's point instead of a crown-piece, I'll take you up. Here is the coin. Mr. Washington will say when and where."

At this moment Mrs. Frazier entered to equip the table for dinner, and Washington observed:

"At present, my friends, this good lady is about furnishing you with other employment, in which, I hope, you will have no objection to engage. To-morrow morning, if you wish to try your skill, you may do it with all my heart: but I would recommend you to do it from a nobler motive than the winning of a wager, I mean the honor of victory. You will, therefore, be pleased, each of you, to take back your money; and let us have to-morrow a contest for the character of the best marksman: I shall myself try a hand in the sport."

"No, sir," said Vanbraam, "I shall not engage to contend with you; Gist is my antagonist."

"Nor I," said Gist; "I guess we would come off devilish losers in that matter. But, sir, I han't no objection you should try the wager."

"As you please," said Washington; "but if the day may be suitable for travelling, we must not occupy much of it in amusement."

"We shall only take the best of three hits, sir, and then attend you," said Vanbraam.

Mrs. Frazier's good fare now smoked upon the table, and the party soon applying themselves pretty vigorously to its enjoyment, the conversation was discontinued.

During the repast, Paddy Frazier and Dr. Kilbreath arrived from a hunting excursion, and took their seats. The former, after the meal was over, informed Washington that the governor of Le Boeuf was dead, and that an officer named St. Pierre commanded there in his place; that in a few days a council of the chiefs of some tribes, mostly friendly to the English, was to be held at a place called the Loggstown, about thirty miles down the river, and that all the hostile tribes, except the Wiandots and Caughnewagoos, had removed to a considerable distance westward, to spend the winter, with the intention, however, of recommencing in the spring with more than their former force and ferocity their depredations upon the frontiers.

"At the present time," said he, "the only danger your company can have to encounter will arise from the Wiandots and Caughnewagoes, part of whom are yet encamped between this and Le Boeuf, and their chiefs are to attend the council at the Loggstown."

"But on account of the nature of my mission, I have a right, observed Washington, to demand a safe conduct for my followers from the French, which I suppose those Indians will respect. It is true the obtaining that safe-conduct may be attended with difficulty and loss of time. It would not be safe for any of my men to venture singly to the fort for that purpose. It will therefore, be better to keep together, exert prudence, and trust to Providence for the issue."

"There is a small fortification," returned Paddy, "lately erected at Venango, not much above sixty miles from this place, commanded by a Monsieur Joncaire. Let me see, I think I could be there to-morrow night, for I am well acquainted with the road; and the third day from this, I think, barring accidents, I could meet you at the Loggstown with a safe-conduct. In the meantime, we can *start* Dr. Killbreath in a canoe to king Shingiss, about twelve miles down the river, with information that you are here. He will afford

with all the protection he can, for he is the most steadily attached to the English of any chief in the country."

Washington immediately perceived the propriety of acceding to those proposals; and Paddy, who required no other preparation for the journey than merely to throw on his belts, and a small wallet of provisions, and to see that his ride was in order, received his instructions and was off in a few minutes. Dr. Killbreath also set out the same evening in a Canoe for king Shingiss' residence. The roads being bad, in order to relieve the horses of part of their burthens, he took a great portion of the baggage with him, which was placed under the care of three of Washington's men, named Stewart, Currin, and M'Guire, who accompanied him to the canoe.

It was not till after making these arrangements, that Washington enjoyed the opportunity he so much desired of conversing with Maria on the subject of Tonnalenka, or, if the reader will have it so, on any subject she might think proper to permit. At length, various occasions having caused the apartment to be vacated by all except Maria, Nancy, and himself, he addressed them, not, it must be confessed, without feeling some slight agitation at his heart, which, however, he soon overcame.

"Ladies," said he, "next to the aatonishment I felt at first finding you in this Wilderness, my greatest surprise has been to see that it contains so extraordinary a man as Tonnalenka; the Indians cannot surely be quite destitute of intelligent men, when they have such an instructor."

"I am sorry to say," observed Maria, "that the Indians, although they have often benefitted by his counsel, are, universally through all their tribes too inveterately attached to their ancient habits, to derive advantage from his instructions! Nay, so great is their antipathy to all kinds of knowledge not communicated to them by their ancestors, that whenever he has offered to open to their youth any of the stores of his information, they have uniformly forbidden him: and, I believe, that our family is the only one in the Wilderness in which his benevolent efforts to communicate knowledge to the uninformed mind has been thankfully received."

"Then I see the mystery explained!" exclaimed Wash-

ington, almost involuntarily, "no wonder, extraordinary maiden, that your mind is so superior, when with your own fine natural talents you have had such an extraordinary instructor! Pardon me, Miss Frazier, I have, perhaps, said too much; but it is really singular and pleasing to meet with such minds as I have met with here!"

"Sir," said Maria, "I know not what may be the privileges of your sex in society: but, if I may credit the authors I have read, they have always been accustomed to work upon the vanity of ours by praising our excellence beyond all rational bounds; and, I believe the daughters of refinement have always permitted them to indulge this display of their good manners at the expense of sincerity, perhaps, because they knew the exact value to place upon it. But as here, in the forest, we have no means of ascertaining this value with equal precision, I think our safest method will be to dispense with the custom altogether, and tolerate, from those who converse with us, only such language as is conformable to truth and nature. I, therefore, wish—"

"Oh, Miss Frazier!" said Washington, interrupting her with considerable emotion, "Oh, believe me, if I have offended your delicacy, it was done involuntarily—and let me say in my own justification, that I never spoke insincerely to flatter either man or woman; and that concerning you in particular, I have not expressed half—ah! I will not—I dare not express half, I think of your merits—"

"Stop, sir," said she, "I will not impeach your sincerity—I believe you incapable of uttering opinions you know to be unfounded: but in this instance you are perhaps too premature in your conclusions—a little more time, a little more acquaintance, might show your first impressions to be erroneous. I will accuse you, therefore, of nothing but incaution, to which I request that so far as respects your opinion of me you will plead guilty, and let us end the discussion."

"Incautious in expressing that opinion," replied Washington, "I may have been; but certainly not in forming it, for, alas! I cannot resist the evidence of my senses."

"Well then," observed Maria, "let the matter rest so: we esteem each other too highly, I hope to contend about

distinctions: you have acknowledged your want of in one particular; this is as much as I can ask for. I have no right to turn your confessor, and require you to inform me of every little foible and mistake into which you may have found yourself falling. Tonnaleuka's character is a public one, and therefore, a fair subject of investigation. We began with it, I believe, and if you can animadvert upon it without complimenting mine, I have no objection to join you on the subject; for there is scarcely another in the world that could afford me more satisfaction."

"I am desirous," observed Washington, cautiously avoiding the tempting, but forbidden topic of her praise; "I am desirous to know from what sources this singular man has drawn his uncommonly extensive information. A philosopher—a prophet—and a savage!—how can we reconcile the co-existence in one individual of characters so apparently contradictory to each other?"

But, reader, I have given you enough of this dialogue; during the remainder of which our heroine detailed to Washington all she had learned of the prophet's early life, and opportunities of acquiring knowledge. You, however, know all about this already. I will not, therefore, tease you needlessly by repeating an already-told tale. I shall only mention that during this conversation, the whole heart and affections of Washington were irreclaimably given up to Maria, and that, although the gratification he enjoyed was great, it was dearly enough purchased by the irretrievable loss of his heart's tranquillity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

There is a high and mystic spell,
With which great minds supremely sway
Over those of grosser mould;
Whose nameless potency obey—
The coward and the bold.
Nor of its source aright the history can tell.
On human fate in darkest hour,
Its beams of light can fall.
And some its intellectual power,
Before whose dazzling beam they cower,
The might of magic call.

BASKET OF SCRAPS.

THERE is many a fair lady in America, who, I doubt not, will think it a great pity that the illustrious character, who had thus become a captive to Maria's charms, should have been fated to throw away the ardent affections of his manly heart upon one who could not return them. Such a one will regret much, that he had not visited the Wilderness a year sooner, when the probability would have been, that he should then have gained that ascendancy over her feelings, which Charles Adderly now possessed. Nay, there will be some inclined to challenge the accuracy of our heroine's taste and discernment, in not, at once, giving the preference to her new lover—whom we know now to have been born to the glorious destiny of establishing a new and triumphant era for the rights and dignities of man! If ever, indeed, a deviation from the rigid line of constancy in love could admit of apology, it would have been in this instance: but Maria Frazier, like the noble-hearted youth who had now become devoted to her, was resolved never, with her knowledge, to do anything that should require apology. In justification of her discernment, we will say, that she clearly saw all Washington's merits; and although she could not foresee all his future greatness, she esteemed and respected him as much as if she did. At all events, had he been even then the conqueror of Cornwallis, and the emancipator of

salt the world, devoted, ardently devoted, as his whole soul was to her, he could not have made her change in her attachment, or waver in her constancy to Charles Adderly.

But Washington knew not this; nay, he knew not that any one possessed those affections, for which he felt that he could sacrifice every consideration but one to obtain. For to him there was something more dear, more sacred, than the dearest, the sweetest throb that could ever warm his heart, or give pleasure to his existence—more dear than life, more dear than fame, more dear than even that Maria, whose loveliness had enchanted his feelings into a sense of bliss he had never before known—it was his DUTY. This was the polar star that guided all his actions—this was the moving spirit within him, to whose dictates he was resolved that every prospect, every feeling, and every wish of his existence, should bend. Had he known the state of Maria's mind, ere he permitted her charms to imprint themselves so deeply on his heart, as almost to attain an irresistible influence over his destiny, it is probable that he would have had resolution enough to have successfully combatted against their power, and to have preserved that freedom which he now, almost without a struggle, yielded to their fascination. He did not, however, yield blindly, and without reflection, as many lovers do. He yielded because he conceived it to be his duty, to give up those youthful affections, which he felt were yet unappropriated, to one whom Providence seemed to have thrown in his way as the most suitable, since she was the most lovely, and he believed the most virtuous of her sex, to whom he could attach himself, and to one of whom he knew that he ought, sooner or later, to unite his fate.

Being now upon important public business which required despatch, he thought it would be wrong to make such a delay at her father's house as would justify him in making a declaration of his feelings, or even attempting to engage her affections by any attentions of such a nature as might not be their due. After his public duty should be performed, and his public functions expired, he would then be master of his own time, and of his own movements, and without obstruction from any duty, he could return to the

abode of his Maria, woo her affections, tell her how he loved her, and solicit her to become the wife of his bosom. These were the dreams of love in which this young hero now delighted to indulge; these were the captivating pictures of future felicity, the endearing scenes of domestic bliss, when Maria should be his own, which his fancy loved to form; and amidst all the cares, the dangers, and the toils of the arduous enterprise he had undertaken to conduct, these ideas, these visions of Maria, love and happiness, were his solace, his joy, and the bright reward which he hoped would crown all his labors.

Although the emotions of his mind had kept him long sleepless after his retiring to rest, yet he was early awake; and soon had the three companions of his journey who remained with him, namely, Vanbraam, Gist, and one Jenkins, at work, fixing the horses, and preparing to move onwards. Their good host, Gilbert, however, thought it would never do to let them depart without breakfast; and he pleaded so hard that they should delay till it was prepared, that he gained his point, and Nelly put it in a state of forwardness. In the meantime, according to their agreement the preceding night, Vanbraam and Gist tried the accuracy of their rifles, and the steadiness of their eyes, upon a mark at a hundred yards distance, which each pierced so dextrously that it was difficult for Washington to allot to either the victory. The distance was enlarged to one hundred and fifty yards, when, after several trials, Vanbraam gained a slight advantage, and Gist was obliged, though with great reluctance, to relinquish the contest.

At length they set forward, and Washington, for the first time in his life, felt what it was to separate from the object of a tender love. He heaved an involuntary sigh as he bade her adieu, and although she perceived it, and suspected its cause, (for she was too sagacious to be easily deceived in this matter,) she in a very calm, but kindly and respectful manner, wished him a safe and prosperous return from the perils of his undertaking.

"Thank you, Miss Frazier," was all he said: but he mentally added, "Oh! may heaven soon restore me to her lovely presence, and, for her sake grant peace to the Wilderness she inhabits!"

A few hours brought them to the Shanapin's town. Here, with the eye of a soldier, he beheld the point of land where the Alleghany and the Monongahela meet; and was the first person to be struck with the eligibility of the situation for a fort, on which afterwards Du Quesne, and Fort Pitt, were successively built. This was in consequence of the French erecting the former of these fortifications, the spot which soon afterwards became the great object of contention between the two most powerful nations in the world, each adopting the opinion of Washington concerning it, as being the position which more than any other westward of the Alleghany mountains, was calculated to give its possessor the command of the largest portion of country.

Having spent some time in estimating the height of the banks and the breadth of the rivers at this place, he accompanied Shingiss, king of the Delawares, who had there met him with ten or twelve of his warriors, to his residence, situated about two miles farther down the river, upon the bank of Chartier's creek, and near the place where Charles Moderly had been defeated. Here he found that doctor Kilbreath's party and the baggage, had arrived safe. It was near the evening, when he reached this place, but as he was desirous to view the ground on which our hero's disasters had taken place, Shingiss accompanied him to the spot, with doctor Kilbreath, who having acquired a considerable knowledge of the Indian language acted as his interpreter.

Here he saw the remains of the hasty fortification that Charles had attempted to construct, and perceived some of its logs yet stained with the blood of several of those who fell in defending it. Shingiss also pointed out to him the spot where Charles slew the young Indian chief, Carawissa, and gave him an account of the desperate encounter between them of which he was an eye-witness, in such terms as raised Charles's heroism to a considerable height in the opinion of Washington; and, indeed, the whole of what he heard and saw, impressed him with a very exalted idea of his character, both as a man and a soldier.

The Indian mode of fighting, described to him on this occasion, by skulking and keeping up an irregular fire from behind trees, or from ambuscades, forcibly struck his mind

as being the only one suited for that woody country, and the only one by which its red warriors could be successfully combatted. He perceived, therefore, that Charles Adderly, had, in a military point of view, committed a great error in attempting to defend such a frail fortification, when the thickness of the forest offered his men, in every direction, infinitely securer covers for defence, as well as more eligible points from which to attack. He conceived that he ought to have ordered them to screen themselves in the woods as soon as the assailants appeared, and from behind trees or ravines, to take off by a sure and steady fire, any enemy that should approach them.

The next morning, in company with Shingiss, and a few of his warriors, Washington, and his whole party proceeded to the Loggstown, which was about sixteen miles farther westward. Here a number of the chiefs had already assembled, among whom he distributed the presents he had brought from Virginia, for that purpose. These presents were received graciously, and Washington was assured, that he had nothing to fear for his party, as all the chiefs present wished to be on friendly terms with the English. A large wigwam was constructed for him and his men, around which, some of Shingiss' warriors assisted in keeping guard, for fear of any surprise during the night.

The next morning, several other chiefs, and sachems, among whom were those of the Wiandots, and Caughnewagoes, who were hostile to the English, arrived. These hostile chiefs, however, on being informed that Washington had come to the council for the purpose of making peace with the French Indians, after which, he was to proceed to Le Bœuf, to make peace with the French themselves, accepted of his presents, and promised to listen to his proposals without molesting him.

A council feast was now prepared, at which Washington and his party, were invited to partake; after which, all the chiefs smoked the calumet with him, except those of the hostile tribes, who said they could not do so until they knew the terms of peace he should offer; and until their allies, the French, had accepted of them, and ratified a treaty.

At length, the council was organized, and Kustaloga, the

[illegible] of the Mingoes, being declared its president, he addressed Washington as follows:

"Brother—You are welcome to our assembly. Our father, the governor of Virginia, has shown his wisdom in sending you to make peace with the red nations, and their white allies. I shall rejoice when I hear that you have prevailed on them to bury the hatchet, and, as you are a prudent man, I doubt not that you will be successful.

"Brother—For my part, I have been always friendly to your nation. I did not approve of the French building forts in our country, without our consent. But, brother, hear me. I will speak my mind freely, concerning both your nation, and that of the French.

"There was a time—brother you cannot deny it—when neither the French nor you, made any pretensions to our lands, nor disturbed us with your diputes. We then lived in peace, where our fathers had lived, for more than a hundred generations, and every man hunted the deer and the buffalo, without danger from the encroachments and attacks of strangers.

"At what time, brother, either you or the French obtained a right to our lands, I cannot tell; but I believe never. If you were then, honest men, you would withdraw into your own bounds, and not attempt to usurp our property. Is not this right?

"Brother, I have not heard so much complaint against your nation as against the French. I have, therefore, generally sided with you, although many of us think that if you were not afraid of the French, you would encroach upon us as much as they have done; and, as to the enemies you have among our red brothers they say that your people to the east, in New England, have been more bitter against us than even the French were. This may be true, but you yourself no doubt know whether or not.

"But, attend me, brother, I do not like the French: I speak with sincerity; and I say it, although the Wiandots and the Caughnewagoes, their allies, hear me. But the French themselves know it.

"Brother, listen to what I told the French commander:

From this to the asterisk in page 2[illegible], [illegible] verbatim from Washington's Journal of this mission.

lately at Le Bœuf, when I was sent by my tribe and the Delawares to dismiss them off our land.

"Fathers!" said I, "I am come to tell you your own speeches; what your own mouths have declared. Fathers! you in former days set a silver basin before us, wherein there was the leg of a beaver, and desired all nation to come and eat of it, to eat in peace and plenty, and not be churled to one another.

"Now, fathers, by the edge of this dish I lay down a rod, that if any person be found to be a disturber, you may scourge him therewith, and even if I should get foolish in my old days, I desire you not to spare me. And if you should be in fault, fathers, should not the rod in justice be used upon you as well as upon others?

"Now, fathers, it is you who are the disturbers in this land, by coming and building your towns in it, and taking it away unknown to us, and by force. Now is it not you who should bear the infliction of this rod?

"Fathers, we kindled a fire a long time ago, at a place called Montreal, where we desired you to stay, and not come and intrude upon our land. I now desire that you may despatch back to that place, for be it known unto you, fathers, that this is our land, and not yours.

"Fathers—I desire you may hear me in civilness. If not, we must handle that rod which was laid down for the use of the unruly. If you had come in a peaceable manner like our brothers, the English, we would not have been against your trading with us as they do. But to come, fathers! and build houses upon our land, and take it by force, is what we cannot submit to.

"Fathers—both you and the English are white—we are in a country between you, and the land belongs to neither of you. But the Great Being above allowed it to be a place of residence for us; so fathers, I desire you to withdraw, as I have done our brothers, the English—for we will keep you at arms length. I lay this down as a trial for you both, to see which will have the greatest regard for it, and that side we will stand by, and make equal sharers with us. Our brothers, the English have heard this, and I now come to tell it you—for I am not afraid to discharge you off this land.

"I then gave him back his wampum, that our friendship might be at an end.

"Hear me, brother—You will see why I dislike the French —Their general made me this reply.

"Now, my child, I have heard your speech. You spoke first, it is my time to speak now. Where is my wampum that you took away, with the marks of towns in it? This wampum I do not know, which you now give me to discharge me off the land. But you need not have put yourself to the trouble, for I will not mind it. I am not afraid of flies or musquitoes, and Indians are no better than these. I tell you, down that river I will go, and build there, as I have been ordered. If the river was blocked up, I have forces sufficient to burst it open, and to tread under my feet all who oppose, together with their allies; for my force is as the sand upon the sea shore. Therefore, here is your wampum—I fling it at you.

"Child! you talk foolishly. You say, that this land is yours, but there is not so much as the black of my nail of it yours. It is my land, and I will have it: let who will say against it. You may buy and sell with the English as you please—but the land shall be mine. If your people will be ruled by me, they may expect kindness, but not otherwise."

I then asked him what he had done with the English prisoners that the Chippeways had taken last year. He replied,

"Child, do not concern yourself about this matter. You think it a great hardship that we took those people. But we sent them to Canada to inform the governor of what the English intend against us.

"Brother, I have told you all. Take this wampum and let me hear you."

Washington received the wampum and replied—

"Brother—I am glad to meet my brothers here in council. I thank you for this wampum, and for the good-will you have manifested for my nation. I have been ordered by your brother, the Governor of Virginia, to acquaint you, that I must proceed with all possible despatch, to visit the French commandant, and to deliver to him a letter of very great importance to your brothers, the English; and, I believe, also to you their friends and allies.

"I was desired, by your brother, the Governor, to call upon you the sachems of the nations, to inform you of my errand, and to ask your advice and assistance how to proceed by the best and nearest road to the French. You see, brother, I have got thus far on my journey.

"His honor also desired me to apply to you for provisions, and for some of your young men to conduct us on our way, and to be a safe guard against the French Indians, who have taken up the hatchet against us. I have spoken thus particularly to you, brothers, because his honor the Governor wishes to treat you as his friends and allies, and holds you in great esteem.

"To confirm you in what I have said, I give you this string of wampum."

Massakenkas, the chief of the Wiandots, now addressed the presiding sachem.

"Brother—if you will hear one who speaks plainly—one who flatters no person, you will attend to me. I approve not of these proceedings; this low submission to an English emissary who is sent here to sow dissention between us and our French allies.

"Brother—did you think I would listen to your abuse of my friends, and not rise to reply? I knew the French commandmant—he is now dead. I heard so but yesterday, and while his memory is yet green in my mind, I will not hear it traduced, unanswered.

Brother! He was a man of truth. He often told me that the designs of the English were to engross the west, as they have already engrossed the east, for their people. I believed him; for I have seen enough of the English on the banks of the Genesee and the Mohawk not to know their intentions against us.

"Brother—the general no doubt told you the same. Why did you not believe him? Why will not King Shingiss nor queen Alliquippa believe him? Because your minds are full of the stories of the English traders who came down the river. And who are those English traders? What kind of men are they? Have you not found them out, and have you not often acknowledged them to be cheats, imposters, and liars! Brother, have you ever found truth in any of them?

No—I will answer for you; and I will say that sooner will you find the waters of the Ohio flowing back over the Alleganey mountains to mix with the great sea on the east, than find honesty in any of their traders that come among you.

"Brother—I do not think we should grant an escort to send the enemies who are now in our power in safety to the French. The French are tender-hearted, and will not put them to death. These men will be only burthensome to our allies—who will not thank us for sparing them.

"Let us, therefore, act wisely, and not be timid-hearted in the matter. Let us teach the English to send no more of their emissaries as spies among us, under the pretence of friendship. I know their nation too well not to suspect that there is some treachery in the pretensions of this man—whom, if you do right, and act prudently, you will, with all his companions, immediately put to death. If not you will at least, order them to return, at once, to their homes.

"Brother, you have heard my proposal—is there not wisdom in it?"

This proposal, in its most murderous tendency, was warmly supported by several orators of the Wyandots and the Caughnewagoes—one of the latter of whom fiercely exclaimed—

"What, brothers! when the serpent is in your bosom, will you fondle with him till he sting you! Will you, like children, sport with the glittering of his scales till he infuses his destructive venom into your hearts, when at a single stroke you might crush him to death, and free yourselves from danger and the reproach of folly!

"Brothers—Let us seize these men, and sacrifice them to our wrath. It will gratify our allies—it will strike terror into our enemies, and save ourselves from many future calamities."

Kustaloga, Shingiss, and their party, opposed these violent counsels to the utmost of their power, but as the Shanoah chiefs had not attended the assembly according to expectation, they were likely to be overcome by the weight and fury of the French party. The followers of the latter, therefore, who wished for the destruction of the white men, conceiving that it would be inevitably determined on, attempt-

ted to surround them, and beat off the Delawares, who firmly kept their ground as their protectors. A considerable clamor and confusion took place, and blows would, no doubt have soon been exchanged, the consequence of which would, in all probability, have been the destruction of Washington and his followers, as their enemies appeared far more determined to carry their point, than their friends, when the approach of the prophet Tomeleuka was announced.

He hastily entered the area, which might be called the council ring, with fire flashing from his eyes, his hair streaming in the wind, and his hands and his awful wand extended forward, as if he were rushing to arrest the vengeance of heaven ere it burst upon their devoted heads. Silence and order had taken place the moment he was announced, and now all eyes were immoveably fixed upon him, and the boldest in the council perceiving that displeasure and wrath were marked in his countenance, sat aghast and breathless to hear the annunciation of his errand.

"Brothers, brothers!" he exclaimed—"What were ye about to do? Thank the Great Spirit that he has in mercy arrested your impious hands. What! would you destroy the favorite of heaven! would you slay the chosen of Maneto! for know! short-sighted mortals that ye are, this very man whom ye denounced, and were going to sacrifice as an impostor and a spy, has been born to fulfil destinies which will benefit all mankind. The whole of this waste wilderness will yet bloom and flourish, in consequence of his great deeds and heroic virtues.

"Shrink, brothers, and shudder at the thought of what you were going to do!—for had you done it, it would have brought a terrible perdition, the unutterable pangs inflicted by the wrath of the Great Spirit upon you. Repent for your intended crime, be thankful for your providential escape. I will pray for you, and you will be forgiven.

"Oh, Maneto!" he cried, directing his looks, and lifting his holy wand towards heaven—"Oh, Maneto! Thou who hast graciously preserved these people from the crime of murdering him whom thou hast selected from among men to execute the benevolent designs thou hast in view for the world, they repent that they intended it; and they implore

thee for forgiveness. Oh! assure us that thou hast forgiven them. What sign shall we ask from thee that they are forgiven? Oh, Maneto! let this be the sign! Shew the enemies of this, thy chosen one, that he is so especially under [illegible] protection, that thou canst turn the hearts of even his [illegible] in his favor. [illegible] a message come from the [illegible] to their allies in his council, ordering them to forbear from injuring him or any of his companions during their present sojourning in this country! Grant this now to take place, oh Maneto! so that all who see it, and all who may hear of it, may see that he is under thy care, and that it will be both impossible for any one to harm him, and criminal to attempt it."

At this moment, to the astonishment and conviction of every one present, Paddy Frazier entered the council ring, with a written paper addressed to the chiefs and warriors of all the nations in alliance with the French, desiring them to respect, and hold sacred, the person and effects of George Washington, and those of his suite, so that neither shall be in any manner annoyed or injured, while employed in either proceeding on, or returning from their present mission to the officer commanding the fort and forces of his most Christian Majesty at Le Bœuf, on pain of any infringement upon this order being considered as a breach of whatever treaty or treaties may exist between the offender and his most Christian Majesty aforesaid." This document was signed by Le Gardeur de St. Pierre, commanding officer at Le Bœuf.

It may be here mentioned, that Paddy had accidentally met this officer at Venango, and obtained from him the above passport without difficulty.

Massakeukas, and the other hostile chiefs now expressed their sorrow for their rashness, and withdrew all further opposition to the friendly intentions of Shingiss and Kustaloga in favor of Washington.

The [illegible] broke up, and our adventurers remained for the night at Loggstown, enjoying the hospitality of Kustaloga, and the protection of his tribe.

CHAPTER XII.

Danger is glory's fancied world,
Whose golden sands and amber seas
To dastards are unknown;
Where never tributary breeze
Their banner has unfurled,
And to that wild and brilliant zone,
Which vulgar souls can never know,
The sons of glory call their own,
'Tis theirs, and theirs alone to go,
Till through long years of pain and toil
They reach its shore—they tread its soil;
Then on their native land its splendors they bestow.
BASKET OF SCRAPS.

SEVERAL circumstances, chiefly owing to some difficulty which Kustaloga had in finding certain strings of wampum that he wished to return to the French, as an evidence of his withdrawing from all dependence upon them, occurred to detain Washington some days, very much against his inclination, at the Loggstown.

At length, on the last day of November he and his whole party proceeded on their journey, attended by several Indian chiefs in the character of companions, rather than protectors, as it was believed that no protection was at present needed. They took the way to Venango, which was then the nearest French station to the Ohio, and arrived there on the fifth day, without meeting with any thing particularly disagreeable, except bad weather; a circumstance which formed indeed but a small obstacle to so resolute a mind, and so healthy a frame as Washington's, in the performance of his duty.

Here he was politely received by a Captain Joncaire, who commanded at this station, but who did not possess sufficient authority to treat on the subject of governor Dinwiddie's letter. From this man, who appears to have been both a free liver, and a free speaker, using wine and oaths

in equal abundance. Washington became fully apprised of the intentions of the French in respect to the country in dispute.

Having become pretty mellow over his cups, while he treated our party with a flowing and jovial hospitality, he told them without reserve that it was the intention of his government to take possession of all the country round the Ohio.

"We are resolved to do it," said he, "and by G—d we will do it. We know that you English can raise two men for our one, but you're so d——d slow in your motions that you never can make head against us. We hear that some of your families design to settle at Shanapin's town in the spring; but we'll soon pick them up, by heavens, and then to Quebec with them, to ease their consciences of the job!"*

As no business could be done at this place, Washington re-commenced his journey as soon as possible, for the fort at Le Bœuf, to which Joncaire ordered a small party of soldiers to escort him. The fort was about sixty miles distant, and the difficulty of travelling, owing to the excessive rains and snows that had fallen, and the numerous mires and swamps over which they were obliged to pass, in order to avoid the creek, which had become so high and rapid as to render its passage impassable, was so great that they were upwards of four days in reaching it.

The commander at Le Bœuf had very shortly before assumed that station, upon the death of the late general. He received Washington with great complaisance, but declined taking his business into consideration until he should consult the commander of the neighboring fort who was immediately sent for. It was four days before the affair was settled, and an answer to governor Dinwiddie's letter received. This answer, we are informed by the history of the times, was far from being satisfactory, containing no indication whatever on the part of the French, to withdraw from the contested country; but the whole management of Washington in the arduous and hazardous enterprise of thus ascertaining, in an official manner, their real sentiments and

* See Washington's Journal.

intentions, merited and obtained from all classes of his countrymen, the warmest approbation and praise.

Having obtained this document, which was to be decisive of the question of peace or war between the two crowns, he lost no time in commencing his return homewards, as he knew the public mind anxiously waited to learn the result of his enterprise.

The disappointment of his hopes in securing peace to his country, preyed greatly upon his mind, for, unlike the generality of young men possessed of high military ardor, his heart sickened at the contemplation of those calamities, which war, and especially war with savages, never fails to inflict upon humanity. In the present instance, in particular, he could not help feeling an agony of soul at the idea of the evils to which she, whom he loved better than the whole world, would, during the approaching troubles, be peculiarly exposed.

"Oh! may heaven protect her from the calamities with which she will, too soon, be surrounded!" he mentally exclaimed; "alas! that, for her own sake, she would consent to be mine, that I might transplant her to a more secure abode. But if she will not consent, may I have power to watch over her safety, and protect her, even should it be unknown to herself, from misfortune. Sweet, sweet will be the employment, if I can only make it comport with my public duty. My country, my country! yes, thy welfare must be the first object of my solicitude. Oh, Maria! my dearly beloved maiden, forgive me, if even to thine, I prefer my country's happiness. Oh, heaven! I feel, alas! that I am scarcely sincere in saying so; but thou wilt pardon my weakness, if I am insincere; for thou knowest that I love that maiden more ardently, alas!—or is it that it may not be more ardently than I love my country."

In this state of mind, agitated by both love and patriotism, Washington bade adieu to Le Bœuf, and descended the creek, on the banks of which it was built, in a canoe accompanied by another containing the baggage and two or three of his people, the horses, being almost worn out with fatigue, having been sent, unloaded, under charge of his other companions some days before, to proceed at easy

journeys to Shanapin's town, and there await his arrival. Snow and rain, frost and thaw, had alternately for many days rendered the weather extremely disagreeable, and his passage down the creek, in consequence of its swollen and rapid state, was both dangerous and fatiguing. Several times the canoes were almost staved against rocks; and frequently becoming fixed upon shoals, all hands were obliged to get out and remain in the water for an hour at a time, struggling to drag them over. When the ice had become solid from shore to shore, then they had either to break their way through it with immense labor, or carry their canoes over land to where they might again float. In all these labors, Washington performed more than double duty, and set an example to his followers, not only of mental perseverance and fortitude, but of indefatigable and astonishing personal exertion.

At length, on the sixth day after starting from Le Bœuf, the canoes reached Venango, at the confluence of the creek with the Allegheny river. Here meeting with their horses, (whose weakness and the badness of the roads had prevented them from getting any further,) Washington thought it prudent to abandon the canoes, lest they should become fixed in the ice, which was now every day threatening to lock up the river. The horses were therefore loaded with as much of the baggage as they could well carry, and every man also with a pack, in order to keep along with as little delay as possible. The weakness of the horses, however, rendered their progress so slow, that Washington, impatient once more to see Virginia, and forward his dispatches, and conscious that there was no use in personally waiting on the slow motions of his party, delegated to Vanbraam the charge of bringing them to Frazier's house, where he intended to remain till [illegible].

[illegible] himself in [illegible] when he had [illegible] with his [illegible] onwards, accompanied by [illegible] Frazier, equipped and armed in a similar manner. They journeyed briskly and boldly amidst woods, through thickets, over morasses, and swollen rivers.

and deep ravines, for two days, when they fell in with a party of three French Indians, who had laid an ambush for them. These fired at our travellers when only about twelve yards distant, but miraculously missed them. Paddy immediately killed one of these men, and Washington gave chase to another, whom he soon overtook and made prisoner. This fellow acknowledged that he had taken a deliberate aim at Washington, and could scarcely believe his senses when he saw that he had missed him, for, he said, "it was the only aim he ever recollected to have taken at six times the distance without striking his object."

Paddy catching at this idea, resolved to work upon the superstitious feeling of the Indian, and boldly asserted that Maneto had made Mr. Washington's body impenetrable to any ball that should ever be fired with gunpowder; and that the Indians might as well aim at one of the stars, with the expectation of piercing it, as at him. As this prisoner was set at liberty the next day, he circulated Paddy's information through all his tribe, from whom it soon spread among the neighboring nations; and that Washington possessed such a miraculous property is to this day believed by many of them.

Two days after escaping the foregoing peril, they encountered another, from which it required more dexterity, and infinitely greater presence of mind to extricate themselves. They had gained the Allegheny river about two miles above Shanapin's town, nearly opposite to an island, now called Wainright's Island. From the cold they had endured, they expected to find the river so completely frozen, that they would have no trouble in passing over. But instead of this they found its waters greatly raised, and carrying down, in a rapid stream, large masses of ice, which passed along with so much velocity as to threaten every thing they should encounter with destruction.

Pass the river, however they knew they must, otherwise the chance was, that they would soon be discovered by bands of the hostile Indians, whom they had every reason to suppose were now pursuing them; and there was no way for it, but by a raft, to make which they possessed no other tool than one very indifferent hatchet. To men like them, however, no difficulties are insuperable. To work they set, and

in something less than a day they had a raft constructed of logs fastened together with hickory withes, on which they ventured to commit themselves to the flood.

In pushing it across the stream with their poles they had great difficulty in keeping clear of the large fragments of ice that were rolling down with apparent fury, as if they would dash the frail structure to which they had now committed their safety, to pieces. In defiance of all their efforts, it at length became entangled with a huge mass, which got underneath its edge, and drove it onwards. Washington with his pole made a violent effort to clear it from this mass, by using his whole strength to push it aside, when, unfortunately, the pole slipped from under him, and he fell into the flood, in a depth of more than twenty-feet of water. We struggled for several minutes with the stream and the flocks of ice that were passing around him, and sometimes over him, but his efforts would have been fruitless, and he would have been lost to a truly bereaved world, had not his companion with great dexterity and considerable risk, contrived to introduce under his breast one end of his pole, which Washington instantly seizing, drew himself within reach of the raft, and immediately sprung upon it. At that instant it broke asunder and Paddy Frazier was in a moment under one of its logs in the water. The impulse of the stream, however, soon moved the log from above him, and he arose to the surface; but unable to stem the current with the same strength that Washington had exerted, it was fast driving him away, when his heroic companion, forsaking the log on which he floated, sprang after him, with his pole in his hand. He fortunately caught him just as the current was carrying him under the edge of a large sheet of ice that jutted out from a point in the island. Here he held him upon the surface, by the assistance of his pole, while he broke away the edge of the ice until it became thick and strong enough to bear his weight. By an astonishing effort of activity he then placed himself on it, and assisted Paddy to follow. In a moment more they were both on the island.

"We are safe, now, thank God!" cried Paddy, as soon as he came in contact with the solid earth. "I never got such a cold dip in my life before. But I hope sir, I did'nt hurt you by striking the pole under your breast."

"Thank God," indeed, for such an escape!" said Washington, "it has been truly miraculous, had we missed driving upon that ice, we should have been both lost. As to my breast, there is no injury done. The stroke hurt me a little at the time, but I feel nothing of it now. But I am glad that you have kept your senses so well. I expected that you would have altogether swooned away on reaching the shore; you have really a stout heart, Mr. Freeman."

"Not so stout as you, sir," replied Paddy, "it has undergone but one dipping; had it, like yours, undergone two, I think it would now have been as cold as the ice we have just left. But our difficulties are now over, and I expect we shall be comfortable at my father's fireside in a couple of hours."

"Then let us walk swiftly," said Washington, who indeed longed much to be there. "Brisk exercise will keep us from freezing, in spite of our wetness."

They accordingly hastened onwards, and found no difficulty in getting off the island, as, on its eastern side, it approached very near the land, from which it was then only separated by a narrow and strong bridge of ice.

As they walked fast, and as Paddy knew the best and nearest road, they were seated at his father's fireside in a shorter time than he had predicted. Refreshments, and a change of raiment for each, were soon produced; and Washington, having ascertained that the papers contained in the pack which had been securely fastened to his shoulders, had suffered no damage, felt himself, after the dangers and difficulties he had undergone, more than usually disposed to enjoy—thankfully to enjoy the happiness of being under the same roof, and under the presence of the sweet mistress of his affections. He had even the satisfaction to hear her express her fervent gratitude to Heaven for his escape from the perils that had surrounded him; and he could not help blessing her in his heart, for her sympathy, and kindness, and congratulating himself for having settled them in a bosom so pure, so intelligent, so tender, and so lovely.

"Ah!" thought he, this indeed is happiness worth having suffered something for. Surely she must feel for my welfare an interest warmer than mere friendship could inspire, when

she has so little hesitation in expressing it. If, indeed, she were the child of artificial cultivation, I might have some reason to distrust the sincerity of this manifestation of her sympathy for me; but she is altogether the child of nature, and of truth, and I must believe that she feels all, perhaps more than all, she expresses. At all events, I will indulge the [illegible] it is comfort, it is solace, it [illegible]."

Thus it would have seemed to minds of the most acute and accurate discernment. The very easiness and freedom from embarrassment with which the beloved object expresses an interest in our concerns, are often fondly mistaken for marks of passion, when they denote nothing more than friendship and respect; and the smiles of the idol ones of our hearts, when only excited by humanity or politeness, often deceive us into a belief of a returned affection, which only increases our disappointment, when we discover the unhappy mistake.

Washington, indeed, did not, on this occasion, assure himself so fully of the nature of Mena's feelings towards him, as to be without doubt that they were of that tender description, he would [illegible] have believed, neither did he break through the resolution he had formed, if not at this time seeking a formal declaration of his own feelings for her, so that he voluntarily deprived himself of the only means he could have of ascertaining hers. But he acted so from motives of delicacy towards her; and also from a wish to make the public duty in which he was engaged, if not the only object of his attention, at least [illegible] it so of his regards.

The next day this resolution met with a trial of its strength and firmness, to which, had it not been formed in such a mind as Washington's, it must have yielded.

The day, though cold, was considerably more calm and [illegible] weeks preceded it; [illegible] invited [illegible] temptation! [illegible] company with her to Aliquippa's. How did his heart [illegible] at the idea! Did he refuse? No—he could not. But to keep his resolution of not disturbing her with his passion, if it should be in the least

disagreeable to her, he was determined; and he had fortitude enough to withstand any temptation to do at present, what he was conscious could with more propriety be done at another period.

"Sir," said she, as they walked along, "the Indian Queen we are going to visit, has from my infancy, been one of my most disinterested friends and greatest favorites. She is attached to the cause of your nation, and when she heard of your business at the Loggstown, and at LeBœuf, she felt a little mortified that you did not visit her on your way to those places. She has conversed with me several times about you, and desired me, as soon as you should return, to accompany you to her residence. I promised I should, and I now go with you in consequence of my word. As I believe you do not speak Indian, I will, if you have no objection, be your interpreter."

"Objection to your being my interpreter! Miss Frazier. My delight will—but pardon me, I must restrain the expression of my feelings—I do not, indeed, speak Indian, and shall, of course, be glad of your assistance. As to this queen, your brother has given me an account of her partiality for our own cause; and I should think myself deficient in my duty, if I did not call upon her to pay her my respects, and confirm her favorable sentiments towards us; for I fear we shall soon require as many friends in this quarter, as it is in our power to make."

"I hope," said Maria, "that your people will not push matters to extremity, for war is a shocking calamity; and I trust the Indians will be more guarded for the future, not to provoke your people, since they see you are about to take it up seriously. Indeed, Mr. Washington, if the French had only let them alone, half the excesses they committed last summer would not have taken place."

"We blame not the Indians," observed Washington, "so much as the French. The designs of the latter are not perceived by the poor deluded savages. It is their schemes of political ambition and aggrandizement, which will drive us into war. Oh, Maria! ere the nations draw the sword, I wish you were safe out of this Wilderness."

"And why do you wish so?" observed Maria, affecting

a tone of simple surprise. "Here live my parents, and to ren away from them, you could not suppose either pardonable or practicable."

"Let's speak the simple truth of my heart," returned Washington; "and let too without having any rational or explicable grounds on which to explain it. The time may come—but pardon me, I will not trouble you with my antic projects. You might not find them agreeable—and, alas! they may never be realized."

"I do not wish to inquire into any of your views, whether personal or political, that you may desire to conceal," observed Marie. "But that they are all rational, and not only excusable, but laudable, I have confidence enough in your wisdom and integrity, to believe without any explanation. None, therefore, is necessary. But yonder is the queen's residence. She will, I expect, be waiting our arrival."

Her Shannoan majesty received Washington very graciously, although she gave him a slight reprimand for not visiting her, as he had formerly passed so near her residence.

"But brother," said she with a smile, "I suppose you thought a woman's friendship of very little consequence to our nation."

Washington assured her that he had a high respect for her character, and a sincere desire to cultivate her good will on behalf of his countrymen.

"When I before passed this way," said he, "I did not now that your wigwam was so near to me; besides, I had ot then, as I now have, an interpreter to enable me to converse with you. But as a proof of my regard, I hope, mother, that you will accept of some presents I shall send on, as soon as my baggage, which I expect daily, shall arve at Mr. Frazier's. In the meantime, receive these few ings, in token of my personal regard, and this string of wampum, as a cement to the amity between you and my ation."

The queen, on her part, presented him with a wampum, hanked him for the rings and the presents he had promised, nd assured him that she had always felt a high regard fo is countrymen; and that, on his account, that regard should

for the time to come, be still higher. Washington took his leave, and returned to Frazier's with Maria, much pleased with the result of his visit.

CHAPTER XX.

How dear is the heart-warming throb of delight,
When after long seasons of absence and pain,
The maid he adores greets the fond lover's sight,
And close to his bosom he clasps her again.

SAVELABOUR.

When they were about midway on their road towards Frazier's, they perceived a company of apparently thirty or forty men, and as many more horses laden with baggage, winding slowly down the bank of the river. Washington immediately conjectured them to be a second party which he had heard the Ohio company contemplated sending this season, to make another attempt to take possession of their territory. There was, at least, no doubt of their being English, and Maria and he, somewhat quickened their pace to approach them, which they perceived they could soon do, as the road on which the strangers travelled, joined their's at no great distance before them.

When Maria had advanced so near as to be able to distinguish their persons, she suddenly stopped, and, by her change of color, betrayed considerable emotion of mind. She however, recovered instantly, and although Washington had noticed her confusion, he did not consider it any thing extraordinary, as he ascribed it to the timidity natural to so secluded a female, when approaching to so large a company of strangers.

"Fear nothing, Miss Frazier," said he—"these are friends, and will offer us no injury."

"I fear nothing," said she, "I know that they are friends, and that——" she here suddenly held her peace—as at that instant, she saw that the person who appeared to act as the leader of the company had perceived them, for he had turned his horse, and was riding swiftly through the brush towards them.

She assumed all her self-command, and said in a low voice to Washington—"This is Mr. Adderly, who commanded the Ohio expedition last year. I am glad that he has arrived before you left us, so that you may become acquainted with each other."

"I am glad of it too, for I have heard much in his praise," replied Washington.

By this time Charles had approached, and alighted from his horse, and Maria, with great effort, assuming the appearance of an unrestrained but composed cordiality of manner, shook him by the hand and welcomed him. She then added,

"This, Mr. Adderly, is my friend—Mr. Washington, from Virginia."

Charles, with an involuntary coldness in his manner saluted Washington, and drily observed—"that he should always be glad to meet with any friend of Miss Frazier."

Washington's manner, however, in a moment dispelled this coldness, as with great sincerity and even warmth, he said——

"Mr. Adderly! I am really rejoiced to meet with you, for, by both public and private report, I have had the means of ascertaining the worth of your character; and I trust that, as the affairs of the west have attracted the attention of us both, we will be able to render each other assistance in protecting [illegible] country, and promoting the views of our [illegible]."

"Sir, [illegible]," said Charles, "the testimony of the public voice in your favor, since you so gallantly embarked in the arduous mission to Le Bœuf, is too flattering for me to repeat in your presence, but is in reality, I believe, still short of what you deserve. I shall, indeed, rejoice in your

friendship! and now, Miss Frazier, may I ask how it has fared with you—and—and—your father's family since I saw you. I mean—I mean—no matter," said he, with a smile, for he perceived his own emotion, and hastily threw it off. "How have all your friends been—Nancy—and Paddy, and Doctor Kill-breath?"

"None of us have met with any serious accident; although I must confess we passed the last summer in great alarm and anxiety on account of the Indian outrages that were committed on the border-settlers."

"But I trust that your family has nothing to fear," observed Charles: "is not Tomaleuka still your friend?"

"Still as firmly as ever," she replied: "but even he, you know, cannot always control the unruly dispositions of revengeful men."

"Happy would it be for this region if he could!" observed Washington. "The calamities our borders suffered last summer would not then have stained its annals. But, Mr. Adderly, may I ask, what is the object of this present enterprise of which, I presume, you are the leader?"

"I am, indeed, intrusted with its management," replied Charles; for notwithstanding my former misfortunes, the Ohio company have ventured again to place confidence in me. They supposed, I believe, that I had learned wisdom by experience, but I confess, Mr. Washington, that if I did not know that the hostile Indians are retired to their winter abodes, I should feel almost as awkwardly fixed with the handful of men, I now have, as I did last year."

"The company ought to have furnished you with a force adequate for the designs they contemplate," returned Washington. "What number of men have you?"

"I have about forty, pretty well furnished with arms and stores, it is true; but had it not been that I calculated when I started, upon the season being favorable for our operations, by keeping the great force of our enemies at a distance, I acknowledge, I should not have been willing to venture here with fewer than ten times as many. As to our intentions, they are pretty much the same as they were last year—namely, to take possession of the country in the name of his Britannic Majesty, and on behalf of his good cousins and loving subjects, the Ohio Company.

"You intend, of course, to fortify yourselves?" replied, Washington.

"Of course," returned Charles; "and if we can only manage to effect that before the French or Indians attack us, I believe we shall do pretty well; otherwise our success may be the counterpart of last year's. But we have daring hearts and stout hands, few as they are, and we will do our best, and providence may favor us."

"I sincerely pray that it may," said Washington. "But could not the company have raised a stronger force for the occasion?"

"No, sir, it was with difficulty we could collect the followers we have. Few are at present willing to embark personally in a warfare against barbarous and hostile savages, who treat their prisoners with such horrible cruelty; and had it not been supposed that your mission was likely to have the effect of preventing opposition to our measures, at least from the French, who were at the root of the disaster of last season, we could not have mustered our present number."

"Have you concluded where to build your fort?" asked Washington.

"Not absolutely," replied Charles; "I am at this time left much to my own discretion in the matter—last year the ground was prescribed to me. If you have examined the country, Mr. Washington, I should be glad to have your advice in this particular."

"For various reasons," replied Washington, "I would prefer the forks at Shamapins to the height at Chartier's creek, where you made your former attempt. But this is too military a subject of conversation to be relished by Miss Frazier. If you have no objection, therefore, to postpone it, I shall, on a more convenient occasion, give you, at full length, my reasons for this opinion."

"I was myself beginning to think," said Charles, "that we had unfortunately fallen upon a subject that could not afford much entertainment to Miss Frazier. I therefore approve of your plan; but I shall be glad to hear you upon this matter at any other time that may suit you.

"Gentlemen," observed Maria, "a useful topic of discourse can never be disagreeable to me; and I beg you not to change your subject on my account."

"It would be more becoming at present," said Washington, "to converse on matters on which you can join us; and you cannot but suppose that we feel the impropriety of two young men engrossing to themselves the conversation when there is a lady present."

"When young gentlemen suppose that their gallantry may be doubted," returned Maria, "they may, with propriety enough, be anxious to show it off by their pointed politeness to our sex. But, in the present instance, this anxiety is unnecessary, for I do not harbor the slightest suspicion against either of you in this respect."

"Your generosity then gives us credit," said Washington, "for what in reality we did not lately appear to possess; and it would be the height of injustice to you if in return for such generosity we should exclude you from our conversation—nay, let me add, Miss Frazier, it would be cruelty to ourselves."

"I perceive," replied Maria, "that you now want to make up for your supposed deficiency in politeness; but since you are gallant gentlemen, and this is the course of gallantry, I must submit. You may, therefore, go on in a full stream of compliment. I will listen to you."

"You will also forgive us, I trust, Miss Frazier," replied Washington, "if in wishing to pay that respect which we owe to your sex, we express ourselves so that you may wrongfully imagine us insincere: I protest, on my own part, and I think I may with safety say, on the part of Mr. Adderly, that we have neither uttered, nor intend to utter, anything concerning you but with sincerity. Compliment I beg leave to remind you is often truth; nay, to deny it, is sometimes to deny justice."

"And Miss Frazier, will surely admit," observed Charles, "that in the present instance, we have offered her no more civility than both as a friend and a female she had a right to expect."

At this moment they came up with the Ohio Company's party at the junction of the roads, and Charles had to express the last words of his remark in rather an under voice. He had scarcely finished it, when Peter M'Fall approached Maria with his hat off, and making a low, but very respectful bow, addressed her:

"Now, by the powers! mistress, but I am glad to see you living again; for I thought the savages had killed every soul of a christian in the Wilderness."

"We are not all killed yet, you perceive, Peter," she replied. "But you are welcome back to the woods, and I am really glad to see you looking so well."

"Looking well," returned Peter, raising his frame to an erect attitude, and putting on what he supposed to be one of his most agreeable looks. "Ay, by my troth, and Peter M'Fait was born to look well. Sure, didn't my own mother tell me so when I was no bigger than your knee, may it plase your ladyship."

"I mean that you look healthy, Peter," said Maria.

"Healthy," replied Peter, somewhat disappointed. "And is that all! But by my sowl, I think Dr. Killbreath would be a better judge of that than your ladyship. It would be a devilishly different matter as to my looking well. But does your ladyship know whether the doctor be living, or roasted by the Indians yet?"

"He is still living and well," replied Maria, "and I believe is just now to be found at no great distance."

"Then, by the holy piper! I suppose he's at our father's house—I must run to see him;" exclaimed Peter.—"Master, it is only to give me leave for a minute or two, that I may get on before these lazy turf drivers, and shake the doctor's ould bone for him—master, just say the word now, and let me off—a wink will do it."

"There is do use for such haste," said Charles, "you will see the doctor presently."

"Och! now just give me the wink, master," persisted Peter, "my heels are so itchy to run, and my hand so itchy to shake the doctor's fist for him, that, by my faith! the devil a step can Peter wait longer on the company, that may crawl after me through the woods as slow as a hangman's nercu, if they please."

Peter was about starting off at full speed, for he perceived, or what to him was the same thing, he imagined he perceived an approving glance twinkle in Charles's eye—when he received a heavy thump upon the shoulder, which made him exclaim—

"Blood and thunder! who's that?" and turning round, he seized Dr. Kilbreath in his arms.

"By the holy Bridget! doctor" he cried, lifting him fairly off the ground, and swinging him round him with great exultation—"but I see you have fire in your ould bones yet! The savages, bad luck to them! haven't fried the grease out of you yet. By my sowl, I thought when you were such a fool as to come back to them here, that they would have made you into a cinder long ago; for, I knew, if they took you again, you wouldn't have Peter McFall to stand at your back, and whisk you through a kennel like a half-drowned cat, out of their reach. Arrah, doctor, Saint Kenan be praised! you have flesh and blood on you yet!"

When Peter had finished this rhapsody, he relieved the doctor from his grasp, and placed him again on the earth.

"Faith, Peter!" cried Kilbreath, when he had recovered wind enough to articulate—"the Indians would have spared me to little purpose if you had kept me much longer squeezed up in those horrible clutches of yours. It would have been only exchanging burned bones for broken ones—or being calcined to a cinder, for being crushed to a mummy!"

"Why, sure now, doctor," returned Peter sympathizingly, "I didn't hurt your ould carcass. The devil take me, if an Irishman at the fair of old Wicklow would have thought any thing of such a hug."

"Hug!" cried the doctor, rubbing and twisting his sides, which still ached from the pressure of Peter's grasp; "why the hug of a bear would be but a trifle to such squeezing. I would as soon be crushed in a cider press."

"Och! now, doctor, be asy, and give me your fist for ould times," cried Peter; "never mind the squeezing; it was only an Irish welcome for your Pennsylvany bones. Och! botheration to it, if I would give the toss of a ha'penny for these cold dish-water meetings between ould friends, that scarcely touch the skin of each other's fingers." So saying, he gave the doctor's hand such a squeeze as made him roar out, and absolutely brought tears to his eyes.

"By the great Colomb!" continued Peter, somewhat sorry for his rashness, "but I thought, doctor, that you were

made of better stuff. I really believe I have splintered your knuckles for you. Arrah, now! if you would live more on potatoes instead of apples, you would have stouter bones, dear doctor. But tell me now, how is your sweetheart, the pretty, plump, black-eyed lass of the woods here, that you used to toast at your oyster suppers in Philadelphia?"

"Hush!" cried the doctor, in an under voice, "say nothing, dear Peter, say nothing about this matter; you'll see her shortly, but be mum. I'll tell you again all about it."

He then caught Peter's arm, and they set off together for Frazier's house, where the whole party soon arrived, and Gilbert and Nelly had once more the pleasure, of which they did not fail to inform their guests, of beholding some of the blood of Maughrygowan under their roof.

Towards the evening of the following day, Vanbraam arrived with Washington's baggage, and the rest of his followers. The presents promised to the Shannoah queen were given over to the care of Paddy Frazier, who immediately proceeded to her residence, and delivered them to her majesty; and Washington prepared to leave Maria and the Wilderness, which was now to him the dearest spot in the world, the next morning. Before he set off, however, Charles Adderly had proceeded with his party to take possession of the forks at Shanapins, where Washington's reasoning had convinced him of the propriety of erecting the contemplated fort. These two young heroes took farewell of each other, impressed with the strongest feelings of mutual respect, but little knowing that they were each other's rivals in a matter on which each felt, at that time, that his whole life's happiness depended. It is true, that Charles, on meeting Maria and Washington together in the woods, as we have seen, had permitted a transient suspicion on this subject to alarm his mind, which his manner had almost betrayed; but his confidence in her fidelity, on a moment's reflection, returned, for he knew she had once loved him, and he believed what the prophet had told him, that whom she loved once she would love forever; and this confidence was fully confirmed by the case, candor, and cordiality of Washington's manner of addressing him. The subsequent conversation which he held with this eminently gifted young

man, inspired him with a respect for his talents and judgment almost approaching to reverence, and he resolved to follow his advice in every thing he had suggested to him for the management of his present enterprise.

Just before Washington set off, he seized a favorable occasion for a short private interview with Maria.

"Miss Frazier!" said he, "I must now bid you farewell for a time. Permit me, before I depart, to present you with a small volume of poems, one of which is, with me, next to some of the passages of your admired Thomson, the most favorite piece of poetry in our language. This copy has for many months past been my constant companion. Its author was one who was greatly enamored of that sylvan seclusion which you here enjoy in such perfection. He was also one who keenly felt, and sweetly described, the tenderest and sweetest of all passions. I have marked with a pencil those passages of my favorite poem, which I shall often recall to mind when at a distance from you: and oh! may I request that, for my sake, you will frequently read them. They will depict to you the feelings which, until I see you again, will strongly agitate this bosom. Farewell! and may heaven protect you from all danger! So saying, he pressed her hand gently, and departed.

CHAPTER XXI.

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here I can sit alone unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
Oh! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion tenantless;
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.

SHAKSPEARE.

The book which Washington left with our heroine was a handsomely bound copy of Shenstone's Poems; and the passages he had marked for her attention she found in that most tender and simple of all poetical effusions, the Pastoral Ballad. The reader, I trust, will have no objection to peruse them. They were as follows:—

"Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire."

* * * * *

"When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could scarcely discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

"The pilgrim that journeys all day,
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go."

Had not Maria been before convinced, from the conduct of her illustrious visitor, that he loved her, these stanzas, combined with his manner of bidding her farewell, would have left no room to doubt on the subject. The circumstance grieved her. She respected, she esteemed, she almost revered those talents and virtues which she perceived that he possessed in such an eminent degree; but love was what she could not afford him. Another object engrossed all her passion and tenderness exclusively and unalterably, and to Washington—to him, whom she believed to be possessed of every quality that could ennoble man, and whose warmest affections, she doubted not, were now devoted to her, she could only spare ardent friendship and heart-felt admiration. Yes—she could, and did also, yield him pity; for loving passionately as she herself did, she could easily imagine how miserable she must have been, had she loved in vain. Much, therefore, much did she grieve for one so worthy, whom she knew must be wretched from the same cause.

"How rejoiced I should be," she would say to herself, "if this excellent, this admirable young man, could place his affections on some one who had affections at her own disposal to give him in return. I know, alas! how much the happiness of life depends on this; and if ever man deserved happiness, it is he. But he is now gone; and I trust absence, change of scene, and the bustle of business, may weaken the unfortunate attachment he has here imbibed; and Providence, I hope, will throw in his way one worthy of him, and both capable of exciting in his bosom the tenderest feelings of love, and of returning them. Oh, Charles! thou object of my first and only love! it is my study, it is my duty, it is my delight, to be true to thee. Thou art the chosen of my heart—a heart that never, never will choose another."

Charles having encamped his men at Shanapin's town, and marked out the ground for the fort, returned the next day to visit his Maria.

Sweet, sweet is the intercourse between two young and virtuous lovers, who are aware of possessing, unchangeably and entirely, each other's affections. But although such

intercourse be sweet to them, the detail of the conversation by which it is carried on is seldom so to others. It is the presence of the beloved object, the thousand nameless charms which each sees in the other, and which no other can see, much less describe, or even if described, could feel, far more than the sentiments or language which they utter, that constitute the delight, the ecstacy of their private interviews, and their solitary rambles.

For this reason I will refrain from relating to the reader the many conversations that now took place between Charles Adderly and his Maria, at their secret and confidential meetings. There was one, however, which I shall relate, because it touched upon a topic, of which the reader may require some explanation, namely, the cause of that nuptial ceremony, for which Charles so ardently sighed, not taking place, although, with a secret view to its accomplishment, he had brought with him, as chaplain to the expedition, a person qualified for its performance.

"Why delay my happiness, my love?" said he. "There is now no obstacle to its accomplishment—there is no reason for its delay. You talk of my father's sanction. Tonnaleuka has infused the idea into your mind that it is necessary. But Maria, believe me, it is not. When the vows are once uttered, you are then my wife, in defiance of human power or opposition!"

"I know," replied Maria, "that by the institutions of your country, your father could not dissolve our marriage. It is not that which I dread; but I dread the displeasure he would manifest, and justly too, at its taking place without his knowledge and consent. No; I will never become the wife of any man who, by making me such, will displease his relations."

"But I have no reason to suppose that my father would be displeased, at least if he knew you as I do. I am persuaded he would not, at your becoming his daughter."

"But, Charles," said she, smiling, "you do not remember that he does not know me! or, if he did, how are you sure that he would estimate me as highly as you have been pleased to do? No—he might look upon what you have thought proper to call my worth, in a very different light; and in

place of being an acceptable daughter-in-law, if we were to marry under present circumstances, the probability is, that I should be considered by him as an intruder into his family, and treated, and perhaps deservedly so, as such."

"Believe me, Maria," he returned, "that I know my father well. I am his only son; and he has ever been the kind consulter of my happiness. When the sacred knot is tied, he will not seek to dissolve it, not so much because he would know the thing impossible, as because he would know that it would make me miserable, permanently and supremely miserable!"

"But, suppose even this indulgence," she replied, "or rather, this forgiveness on his part to take place, in consequence of paternal tenderness, even after you had acted disrespectfully towards him, by marrying without his knowledge. Think of it, Charles—would not so much goodness be a high aggravation of your offence, in being guilty of such disrespect to so kind a father? No, Charles, I cannot bear, I will not consent, that you should act so unworthily, so little like yourself."

"Ah! too rigid, too austere girl!" he exclaimed; "you place too much importance upon this matter of my father sanctioning our nuptials. It is but a trifling consideration."

"How, Charles!" she said, interrupting him; "oh do not let me hear you call behaving disrespectfully to your father, and such a father as, I doubt not, yours is, a trifling consideration. Surely your good sense and filial affection have yielded, in this instance, to your wishes."

"Oh, Maria! understand me before you condemn me. I respect, I honor my father, as much as ever son did a parent. But surely, in comparison to spending, perhaps, another long year of privation from the bliss of calling you my own, the taking of this step without his knowledge, under circumstances so difficult to procure it, if it be at all an aberration from duty, is but a trifling one. O consent, my love! Depend upon my assurance, that you have nothing to fear from the measure."

"Were I to be so weak as to comply with your wishes," said she "it might indeed happen that your father would not be absolutely inexorable. He might not forever cast

you off from his affections for our fault. But still, Charles, we would have committed a fault. We would have given a kind and tender parent cause of offence; which would ever afterwards be, at least to me, and let me say, I believe also to you, a source of uneasiness. He might forgive our error: but I am convinced that we ourselves never should forget it. O! let us not commit it, if we want to be truly happy with each other. Let not impatience cause us to do wrong. Providence may yet remove all obstacles to our union. We may yet be happy without being guilty, and then we never will be thoroughly unhappy."

"Lovely maiden!" exclaimed Charles, struck with admiration at the purity of her sentiments, although so much in opposition to his wishes; "you are too good, too angelic in your principles, as well as in your charms, for an erring mortal like me. But I will be guided by you. If I have not virtue to resist temptation to error, I will learn it of you. You will be the monitor of my mind, as you have been the charmer of my eyes—you will instruct me, as you have fascinated me—you will excite me to virtue, as you have warmed me to love—and, in the end, make me happy in the approbation of my own conduct, as I now am in the admiration of yours!"

A day or two after the foregoing conversation, Charles retired from the camp at Shanapins to a favorite walk, for meditation, which he had discovered on the bank of the Monongahela. It was one of those days of sunshine which sometimes, even in the month of January, chequer the unsteady climate around the head of the Ohio, and make a ramble, at that usually inclement season, inviting. The air was considerably warm, and although in hollow places that were shaded from the rays of the sun, there were still lodgments of unmelted ice and snow, yet the general aspect of the country showed that there had been a thaw of several day's continuance, as in all exposed situations the snow had disappeared, and again displayed the surface of the earth, clothed with a variegated garment of undecaying herbage and withered leaves. The broad, and at this time, full stream of the river flowed majestically past, exhibiting by reflection, the reversed images of the high and headlong

banks on either side, hanging pendulous, with all their woods upon them, within its glassy bosom.

Charles sat down upon a protruding fragment of stone, which formed the basement of a high rock that arose from the margin of the stream. He became soon absorbed in contemplating the charms of his Maria, and comparing the superior happiness he should enjoy in these solitudes, with her for his daily and faithful companion through life, than, without her, in the midst of all the gayeties, grandeur, pleasures, and luxuries, that ingenuity has ever invented for the gratification of social life. In such a situation, when impressed with such feelings, a romantic mind can hardly refrain from becoming poetical; and Charles, as we have seen, had already moistened his lips at the Castalian fount. He therefore, on this occasion, drew out his memorandum book and pencil, and noted down the following lines, addressed to the Monongahela.

Fair stream! though deep in forest glooms
Thou roll'st thy Indian-haunted tide,
Upon thy bank a maiden blooms,
The gem of nature, virtue's pride!
Let others choose the joys supplied
By art, on Thames' or Liffey's shore,
Give me upon thy sylvan side,
With her to live—I ask no more.

Fair stream! though never poet's lay
Hath bade the world thy name revere;
Though history's page refrains to say
What heroes fought and conquer'd here—
Than Tweed's or Tyber's banks more dear,
Is thy unchanted shore to me;
And warm'd to rapture, more sincere,
I worship charms possessed by thee!

For in seclusion's peaceful shade,
Fair nature oft delights to show
Some flower or gem, or beauteous maid,
Too lovely for the world to know.
Thus woodland roses often blow,
To bless with sweets the desert wild,
And thus, from thee my raptures flow,
Maria, nature's fairest child!

He had scarcely completed these stanzas, when he heard the sound of footsteps approaching him, and soon the form of Tonnaleuka, whom he had not seen since his return to the west, stood before him.

"Hail to thee, my son!" said the prophet. "I am glad to see thee yet safe. But thou comest in an evil hour to visit this land, for thy safety will be endangered. Thy enemies are vigilant and strong, and they will soon become active. Still thou art welcome; and I hope that the great Being will protect thee from the perils thou art doomed to encounter."

"Father," replied Charles, "since my arrival, I have longed much to see you. The dangers you speak of, I have anticipated from the enemy. But if they arrive not, before we have raised our defences, I will not fear them. The season, I expect, will till then protect us."

"Do not deceive yourself," said the prophet; "the season will not protect you, neither will your defences; and your numbers are insufficient. But prepare your ramparts with what haste you can. From behind them you may at least treat for safety, if you cannot fight for victory. My son, I came to warn you, that you may be wary, for your foe is stronger than you."

"Father," replied Charles, "you are ever kind to me. You have been my deliverer. You would now be my guardian. But oh! my soul is sad, my life is weary, and I almost wish to die. You possess the power, if any earthly being possesses it, to procure me relief from my troubles. May I crave your assistance, for alas! what good will protecting me from destruction do, if my existence is to be miserable!

"Father, I love—thou knowest it. Thou knowest how ardently, how devotedly—ah no, thou canst not know that. No one can know what I feel for the loveliest, the dearest of maidens!

"Father—on revisiting the Wilderness, I rejoiced, for I thought that she would then become my own. I brought with me one qualified, according to our custom, to join us in marriage. But alas! she, at this time, refuses to unite her fate with mine. Now, when she might make me hap-

py, she will not, and misfortune may interfere, alas! I much dread it, to prevent us from ever again enjoying such an opportunity. You, you alone, my father, whom she reveres as a messenger of God, can alter her determination. Oh! let me implore you to interfere. Let me beg thee, as thou valuest my happiness and my regard for life, to show her that she is unnecessarily cruel—to show her that she is too austerely scrupulous in respect to matters of but trifling moment, when compared with the privation to which she condemns me."

"Son," replied the prophet, "I know the desire of your heart. I also know her determination, and I approve of it. You are too impatient, my son, and you are wrong. She is prudent, and I rejoice that she is so. Were she your wife, think you, would she not be exposed during the coming troubles, for alas! I see them approaching fast, to perils and calamities, from which, in her private, obscure situation, as the daughter of Gilbert Frazier, she will be exempt?"

"Think seriously, my son, and if you do so, you will, if your love be for her welfare, and not your own gratification, approve of her resolution, and attempt not to seduce her from it."

"Father," replied Charles, eagerly, and greatly agitated, "Can you—oh, heavens! how can you torture me, by affecting to doubt the purity, the disinterestedness of my love for that angel! Prefer her welfare to my own gratification! Ah! if my heart did not tell me that I did so, I would tear it from my body, and cast it to the wolves to be devoured, or to the more cruel Chippeways, to be consumed in the flames of their animosity. But, father! could she not be my wife, and live in security?"

"No, my son—not, at least, with equal ease and propriety. If she were so connected with you, she would have responsibilities upon her, from which she is now free. Besides, I know her objection is on account of your not possessing the sanction of your father. She knows herself to be penniless, and she is not ignorant of the value which men of the world, like your father, place upon wealth. She has a right, therefore, to anticipate his displeasure both to you, and to herself, if she should encourage you to a clandestine union.

"My son, I know all this; and can you ask me to bid her do wrong? Nay, if you solicit her with your eyes open to all these things, I must accuse you of preferring your own gratification to her welfare.

"And, hear me, my son—should your solicitations succeed, you would soon afterwards, when the evils I predict should come upon you, severely condemn your own rashness."

"Oh, father, forbear!" cried Charles; "your words make me wretched! Tell me what I must do?"

"With respect to Maria," said the prophet, "exert patience; and with respect to your enemies, circumspection. This is my counsel."

"With respect to the enemy, I shall follow it," replied Charles, "and with respect to Maria, I shall endeavor—yes, I shall exert patience, although it should kill me."

"Then, my son, receive my blessing, and may the great Father lead you safely through the perilous times, that are drawing near! Farewell! be prudent and be patient."

So saying, Tonnaleuka ascended the banks, and left Charles fixed to the spot, in a stupor of intense feeling, compounded of admiration, disappointment, and grief almost approaching to despair. In a short time, however, his agitation began to subside, and making a great effort to recover at least the appearance of serenity, he returned to the camp, in order to encourage his men to expedition in forwarding the intended fortification.

END OF VOLUME I.

THE

WILDERNESS;

OR,

BRADDOCK'S TIMES.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

War and love have various cares;—
War sheds blood, and love sheds tears,
War has swords, and love has darts,
War breaks heads, and love breaks hearts.

M'CARROCHER

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

VOL. II.

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1848.

THE

WILDERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,
Whose limbs robust could every toil defy;
Inur'd the weight of ponderous arms to bear,
Inur'd on fields the hostile steel to dare,
Deep in their flesh the hidden furies prey.——

TASSO.

The warning which Tomaleuka had given Charles to be circumspect in regard to the enemy, was not lost upon him. He employed Paddy Frazier as a scout to hover round the French station at Le Bœuf in order to watch their motions and give him the earliest intelligence of their designs. He also kept four or five of his men constantly employed in ranging on horseback, those quarters of the country from which he could be suddenly attacked, while the whole of the remainder were busily engaged in digging trenches, and preparing long pointed stakes to fix in the ground to form their stockade fortification. From the friendly Indians he at first received considerable aid in forwarding his works; but in a few days he began to perceive their ardor diminish; and suspecting that they had imbibed some unfriendly feeling towards him, he thought proper to visit king Shingiss, and expostulate with him on the subject.

His Delaware Majesty stated to him, that he still preferred his nation to the French, but as he was now imitating their conduct by building strong-holds in the country, many of his people began to fear that these might some day, be used against them instead of the common enemy.

Charles assured him that his strength never would be employed against his friends; but that such of the tribes as remained true to him should always experience his gratitude; and if his nation should wax strong in the country, which he doubted not, it would during the next summer, so as to overmatch the French, those, who now adhered to him in his weakness, would be amply compensated and protected from their enemies.

The result of this interview was, that Shingiss promised to remonstrate with his people, and exhort them to befriend and assist the English as usual. They became in consequence somewhat more earnest in the aid they afforded, and by their assistance, in about five weeks after Charles's arrival, the trench was dug and piles planted around the two most exposed sides of the intended fort. The other two sides being skirted by the rivers, did not require a trench, and the piles for their circumvallation were getting ready with all possible despatch.

Matters were thus situated with our adventurers, when Paddy Frazier arrived in haste one evening with intelligence, that a large body of French, consisting, as he conjectured, of between four and five hundred men, collected from various forts, were proceeding rapidly down the course of the Alleghany river, to attack them.

This intelligence was indeed alarming, as their defences were as yet but slight, and the few Indians who were present, were of very doubtful fidelity. Charles, however, determined to put a bold face on the matter, and resist his enemies as long as he could, with little hope indeed of victory, but with the expectation of forcing them, if he must capitulate, to grant him honorable terms. He despatched a messenger to Shingiss, requesting the aid of the Delaware warriors. Shingiss attended personally with about thirty men, being all he could muster on the emergency. When he arrived, he addressed Charles— —

"You suspected me, brother," said he, "of want of fidelity to your interests. Brother, I promised you my assistance in your need—you now shall have it, for I never broke my word. You will never tell your great king of the east, that Shingiss was a deceiver, because I expect that you will tell truth.

"Brother, I have reasoned thus: I will join the English now, because I am pledged to it. The French are more powerful and will beat us—but then we will only be beaten, as brave men often are—we shall not have broken our words like cheats and cowards.

"Now brother—I am ready to obey you."

All Charles's force was now concentrated within the entrenchments; and every man was in full expectation of a speedy and severe conflict. They kept all night on the alert, one half only retiring to rest at the time. During the night, however they were left undisturbed; but the morning scarcely dawned when they perceived the woods at the distance of little more than five hundred yards, glittering with the arms and uniforms of the French soldiers.

In a short time a man approached with a white flag, who was admitted into the entrenchments. He said he was sent to demand from Mr. Adderly an absolute surrender of himself, and all the men and stores under his command to Monsieur St. Pierre, the officer commanding the troops of his most Christian Majesty at Le Bœuf, in return for which his own life, and the lives of all his followers, should be protected from the power of the Indians, although they must submit to be sent to Canada, perhaps to France, as prisoners of war.

Charles at once rejected these terms. "If we were absolutely beaten, thought he, they could not ask for a submission more disgraceful. In the name of God and our country, we will try them. If we beat them off, it is well. If not, it is only to submit when we can do no better."

His refusal was scarcely communicated to the French commander, when the trumpets sounded, and the attack commenced by a heavy fire of musketry opening upon the English, from which their defences were so incomplete as to afford them a very imperfect shelter. They fought however

with great bravery, returning the fire of their enemies with such promptitude and steadiness, that they dared not advance to storm the works, as was their first intention.

Neither party had any cannon, as the French understanding that the English had none, did not choose to spend time in transporting any over such a difficult country as lay between Le Bœuf and Shanapins, lest the British might become too well fortified before they attacked them. The whole of this forenoon was, therefore, spent in the interchange of a severe and unintermitting fire of musketry, very destructive to both sides. The French, it is true, saved themselves as much as they could behind trees, which afforded them almost as secure a shelter as the unfinished stockade did the English. Their numbers, however, and the necessity they were under of making frequent movements, rendered them more exposed than the English. They had, therefore, considerably the worst of it during this period of attack.

Monsieur St. Pierre, therefore, about one o'clock in the afternoon, resolved to change the mode of combat. He accordingly drew off his men from the reach of the English fire, and dividing them into two parties, ordered Captain Joncaire to proceed with one of them, out of view of the enemy, towards the Monongahela, and under cover of its high bank, which varied in height from twenty to thirty feet above the common surface of the river, to proceed down, by the water's edge, to the point at the junction of the two rivers where the English station was yet unprotected. He took himself the charge of the other division which he conducted, in a similar manner, under shelter of the Alleghany bank. It was calculated that both divisions would reach, nearly at one time, the defenceless quarter of the English position. If not, however, as either party considerably out-numbered the force to be attacked, the one which arrived first, was to lose no time in waiting for the other, since it could not be far off with its assistance.

St. Pierre's own Division came first to the attack, but on scaling the bank which was considerably steep, nearly thirty of his men were killed by a well directed fire from the English, and the rest shrunk back under cover of the bank. Another minute, however, brought forward Joncaire's divi-

sion, who made good their destination, not, indeed, without some loss, which, however, they severely repaid by a dreadful volley upon Charle's men, who were now without shelter. That instant St. Pierre's men also leaped upon the contested ground; and Charles, seeing that further resistance would only bring useless destruction upon his followers, submitted to necessity and surrendered himself and his party prisoners of war.

In this second disastrous conflict which Charles had conducted against the enemies of his country, he lost nearly half his men. Five or six others were wounded, and he himself had one of his thighs slightly injured by a musket ball. Of his Indian auxiliaries, ten or twelve, among whom he particularly regretted king Singiss, were killed. The French had between forty and fifty slain, and nearly as many wounded; but their victory was decisive, and the object of their expedition completely attained.

The French commander now resolved to keep possession of the ground he had taken, both as furthering the views of his government in extending their line of forts from Quebec to New Orleans, and as being the most eligible position from which he could not only overawe the Indians, but check any future attempts that the Ohio Company, or even the British nation, might make upon this country.

He immediately set his men to work, assisted by a great number of Indians, to finish the fort which the English had begun. During the ensuing spring, this post assumed a very formidable aspect, under the name of Fort Du Quesne, overawing any of the Indian tribes that might still harbor a secret partiality for the English, and for several years setting even the whole power of the British in America, at defiance.

St. Pierree, at once perceived the advantage of ingratiating himself with the neighboring tribes, and drawing them off from the English interest. He therefore set all the Delawares, whom he had made prisoners in the late battle, at liberty, and king Shingiss being now dead, he had no difficulty in forming an alliance with his successor.

Not having accommodations for the English prisoners at Du Quesne, he in a few days after the battle, sent the greater number of them under a strong escort, to Le Bœuf. But

But Charles was detained until his wound should be so far healed as to permit him to travel without inconvenience. He was kindly enough treated by the French commander, who permitted him to retain all his private baggage, and afforded him every accommodation for his personal comfort, that the circumstances of the place could afford.

Charles bore his misfortunes stoutly, for his conscience told him that he had done all that man could do to avoid them. His employers had not furnished him with sufficient force to effect their designs, and hence they failed, and failed too, without any great disappointment to his anticipations. But he did not blame the company. They had given him all the force they could muster for such an enterprise, and his own anxiety to have business once more in the vicinity of his Maria, together with an ill-judged notion that the inclemency of the season might protect him until he should be fortified, and receive additional succours from the eastward, had induced him to accept its command.

The state of Maria's mind, on hearing of his defeat, he had found means to ascertain from Tonnaleuka, who visited him a day or two after the battle.

The prophet informed him, "that on first hearing that the French were about to attack him, with an overwhelming force, she, and indeed the whole of the Frazier family, manifested great agitation and alarm for his safety; but as soon as it was understood that he had escaped with life, she became resigned and thankful; for she knew that to be a prisoner of war in the hand of Europeans, although it might be a disagreeable and troublesome, yet it was not a dangerous, nor could it be a permanent matter. She therefore consoled herself with the hope that all might yet be well.

The French commander knew nothing about Charle's intimacy with the Frazier family, nor even of their partiality for the English interest. He knew them indeed to be British subjects, for he had often heard of them; but he had also heard of their long residence in the Wilderness, and of their peaceable demeanor; and he conceived that from long association with the Indians, they must have thrown off much of their European manners and partiality. It did not appear that they had, in any manner, assisted the English in their

late attempts to gain a footing in the country farther than by entertaining some of their sojourners, and trading with them, which they were in the habit of doing with individuals of every nation who visited them. As to Paddy's agency in behalf of Charles' cause, it was conducted by that wily woodsman, with so much adroitness and secresy, that no one in the French interest suspected him. He was, therefore, without hindrance, permitted to trade at their forts, with which he continued to maintain as free and uncontrolled an intercourse as before these transactions.

As to Tonnaleuka, although the French commandant had too much of the philosophical scepticism of his countrymen in his disposition, to place much confidence in his prophetical pretensions, yet he respected him as a man of extraordinary talents and information, and courted his friendship and good will with considerable assiduity, on account of the great influence that he knew him to possess over the native tribes. The prophet was therefore under no restraint in his intercourse with the different forts: and consequently, very few matters of importance were agitated, either there, or in any of the Indian councils, with which he was not acquainted.

In a few weeks, Charles Adderly being quite recovered of his wound, Monsieur St. Pierre thought proper to send him under a guard of six soldiers, to his fellow prisoners at Le Bœuf. This was a movement very much against Charles' inclination. He wished to remain as near as possible to the residence of Maria; and he had during his confinement consoled himself with the hope of obtaining permission, on his parole, to occasionally visit Frazier's family. He had, however, to submit to the will of his conqueror; and he departed from Duquesne in company with his guard, with a heavy and reluctant heart, about the beginning of February, 1754.

The weather was cold and dry, with about two feet depth of snow on the ground; but the party were hardy and lively and tolerably well equipped for the journey. They proceeded on merrily and carelessly, for nearly two days, without meeting with any accident: but on the evening of the second, when they reached the bank of Bear Creek, between thirty and forty miles from Du Quesne, their progress was unexpectedly arrested by a volley of musketry fired by men in

ambush, which killed four of the men guard upon the spot. The assailants immediately leaped from their concealment, with loud cheers; and to Charles' infinite surprise and delight, he beheld his friends Paddy and Archy Frazier, Peter M'Fall and Dr. Killbreath. Paddy, the Doctor and Archy, threw away their rifles, and seizing each a loaded musket from the fallen Frenchmen, gave instant chace to the two survivers, who, the moment their companions fell, had taken to flight, without thinking of Charles, or waiting to see whether they were attacked by Indians or white men. But Peter ran directly to loosen the cords that bound his master's wrists; Charles, however, ordered him first to call his companions back from the pursuit, saying, "there has already been slaughter enough here. It will now do no harm to allow these two poor fellows to escape."

"Arrah? Master, now my honey, never mind," said Peter. "Who knows but they might come and fire a backshot at us, before we could get home; and then the devil take us, if the chance wouldn't be that some of us would'nt get home at all, at all. By the Piper, Doran! who broke the hangman's neck at the foot of the gallows, master, but our boys must send lead into their wheezans."

By this time, however, Charles was loose, and he hastened himself after the pursuers, whom he was able easily to trace, by their tracks in the snow. He had not run far, until he heard two or three shots fired, and again loud cheers rang in the air. He soon arrived at the spot, and found to his unspeakable chagrin, that the objects of his solicitude had received their death wounds.

"My friends—I heartily thank you for the service you have rendered me," said he. "But would it not have been as well to have spared these poor men! Was not your object fully enough accomplished before their detruction?"

"No, sir," replied Paddy. "When I manage a thing, it shall never be half done, or else the devil is in it. Our object was, no doubt, to rescue at all risks, but it was also, to do it without any risk, if we could. And do you think that there would be no risk in permitting these men to escape? If we did not pursue them to death, they might have pursued us, by our tracks in the snow, to discovery; which

night one day have terminated in the destruction of at least some of us; perhaps of your humble servant, my precious self, who knows! for it s as certain as that snow lies there, that they would have discovered and toldtheir names to our good friends, their complaisant countrymen. Nay, they might have taken a more speedy revenge, by sending, from some convenient place, a couple of balls after us, one of which might have lodged in my own groin, where, Mr. Adderly, I assure you I would have conceived it no agreeable guest. In short, sir, by shooting them, I breathe easier, and am likely to breathe longer."

"There may may be some truth in your observations," returned Charles; "and as the deed is now done, it will do no good to argue its propriety. Let me again assure you of my gratitude for your exertions in my behalf. I only wish that the affair could have been managed with less bloodshed but that may have been impossible."

"Arrah, master!" cried Peter McFall, "it has been done snugly. I knew Paddy was the boy could manage it. Och! long life to his mother that put such an eye in his head when she bore him. By the great Brian! master, if he couldn't at half a mile's distance shoot your nose off without touching your face!"

"Arrah! master, now be asy," said Peter, winking significantly; "can't you keep a bit of a secret; sure I told you before that there are more ways of getting out of Le Bœuf than by the door."

"What! then I suppose you escaped through the kennel again!" said Charles.

"No, your honor. By the sowl, the devil could'nt now escape that way," replied Peter; "it is now a wooden pipe, that you could scarcely put your fist in. But I scaled the walls, may it please your honor, like a lark, and swung down the 'tother side like a swallow, and so bade them adieu, to their own meal and potatoes; though the devil a morsel of oatmeal or a good Irish potato did Peter ever see among them, my honey!"

In short, by dint of patience and interrogatories, Charles ascertained that Peter, finding from alteration in the structure of the drain which had been before so propitious to him, that

he could do no good by its means, resolved to consider some other. He for several days prosecuted his investigations, and exercised his ingenuity to no purpose. But he was resolved not to be baffled in his designs. Escape he must, he had repeatedly sworn to himself, if he should some night blow out the sentinel's brains in order to effect it. This would be a rather dangerous scheme, he thought, and therefore after long balancing on the subject, he preferred one which only presented him with the trifling hazard of breaking his neck.

He had taken notice of a long line of jack-cord, which reached from the top of one of the piles to the stoccade to an iron staple fixed in the gable of one of the store-houses. This line had been placed there for the purpose of airing and drying the clothes of the garrison. This cord partly from its smallness, and partly from long exposure to the weather, had become rather weak to bear the weight of such a man as Peter; but he instantly conceived that if it were doubled, it might answer the use he intended. In order to ascertain this, he took an opportunity, when he was unobserved, of relieving its end from the staple, and having doubled it, he found it after repeatedly trying his weight upon it, quite sufficient for his purpose. He again secured it in the staple, until night should give him an opportunity of commencing his operations; and in the interval searched for and found a large iron hook, to the one end of which, when the hour was favorable for his design, he attached the cord, and by repeatedly throwing it up to the top of the stoccade, he at last dexterously fixed it upon the pile around which the other end of the cord was bound. He now, by a great effort of strength, slung over the piles a small bag of provisions, and then, with the agility of a cat, ascended to the top of the stoccade, from which he at first intended to let himself drop down. But the height was too fearful. He, therefore, drew over his cord, and fixing the hook more firmly than when he ascended, he committed his safety to it, and in a few moments reached the ground on the outside, without injury. Then shouldering his bag of provisions, he whistled adieu to Le Bœuf, and in about a week found himself seated by Gilbert Frazier's fireside. Hence it was

that Paddy, who projected and conducted the scheme of Charles's rescue, obtained him as a bold and zealous auxiliary.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, Anna! think'st thou time or space
Can ever change a love like mine;
Can from my mem'ry e'er efface
Charms there impress'd so deep as thine;
No; I may suffer and repine,
While round my head life's tempests roll;
To death itself I may resign,
But thou shalt triumph in my soul!

SAVELABOUE

A SHORT time brought Charles to the residence of his beloved. Oh! how comfortable, how happy he now felt as he sat by her side and gazed upon her charms. Here he beheld himself so suddenly, so unexpectedly, freed from the midst of his misfortunes, and placed in that very spot where of all the world he most wished to be, and in the presence of her whose society alone could yield him true happiness, that the whole almost appeared to him as if it had been the effect of magic. What luxury on earth was equal to this! what could he wish for more! The bliss of "pleasure after pain" he now enjoyed for a few days almost to intoxication; for in the romance of his feelings, in the intensity of his joy, his gratitude and his love, he buried every recollection of past pain, except such as served to make present enjoyment sweeter; and as to any anticipations of future evil, they could no more gain his attention than a true-bred Yankee could forget charging for *value delivered*.

But Maria did not feel so perfectly at ease. Rejoiced as she was at his escape from his enemies, she greatly feared

his falling again into their hands, for she knew that under present circumstances he could not in the Wilderness enjoy that perfect safety she wished for him. His enemies she believed would soon hear or suspect something of his rescue, and would no doubt use all their powerful endeavors to discover the place of his concealment. She endeavored to impress these truths upon her lover's mind, but he, for the first two or three days, would give toleration to no feeling that possessed the remotest appearance of being a drawback upon his present enjoyment.

At length his enthusiasm of delight began somewhat to subside; or, to speak more correctly, to become reasonable; and she succeeded in convincing him that his only security against being retaken by his enemies, would be close concealment, or else flight from the Wilderness. The latter expedient she acknowledged was, at this season of the year rather difficult and dangerous. The weather was inclement and he might perish in a storm; or, as the mountains were covered with snow, an attempt to cross them might lead to his discovery, by exposing the tracks of his footsteps to the enemy.

Removal from the vicinity of his Maria was indeed, at this time a disagreeable step, which Charles was happy to have some reasonable excuse for avoiding.

"My love," said he, "banish me from your presence, and I will adopt any other means of security—I will conceal myself in any other manner you may prescribe."

"You are aware," said she, "that as soon as the French suspect your escape, they will search for you here. They will naturally suppose that, if you be at all in the Wilderness, your countrymen will know something of you. I wish you to disguise deeply, remove to some distance from us, and visit us but seldom, at least until the heat of the pursuit after you shall abate. Tonnaleuka shall furnish you with a retreat, for he knows all the fastnesses and lurking places of the forest. Our family will take care to supply you with every thing they can render your asylum comfortable."

"Oh, Maria! this is almost banishment," he replied; "it will drive me to some solitary shade where I will be deprived of your presence."

"But it is necessary in your present circumstances," said she, "to submit to this inconvenience, unless you wish again to be captured; and the sooner you submit, my Charles, I will feel the sooner at ease in regard to your safety."

"O Maria! speak ever thus to me, and I will do anything you wish. But, bethink you, my sweetest maiden, there is not, there cannot be, much danger of my being here searched for so very soon as you apprehend. There is not one of my escort now living to tell the story of my rescue. It will be many days before any suspicion of it takes place at Le Bœuf, and many more before that suspicion is communicated to Du Quesne. Even then, the enemy will not be certain whether the whole party may not have perished, either by intense cold, or by some marauding band of treacherous Indians. In short, my too timid love, I do not believe that the pursuit after me will be either very eager, or of long continuance."

"It may turn out as you say," replied Maria; "but it may also turn out otherwise. This is the danger; and to guard against misfortune upon which we can calculate, however remote may be its appearance, is surely wise and prudent. O Charles! be prudent, for both our sakes. O! relieve my mind, and without delay betake yourself to disguise and concealment."

"I shall do as you wish," said he. "For your sake I will dive into the thickest of the woods, into the depths of caverns, for concealment. Only let your mind be at ease, I will vanish from danger, although in doing so, I shall be banished from you. I will attend Tonnaleuka wherever he chooses to lead me."

"Now I am satisfied, Charles," said she; "all will be well. Under the prophet's care you will be safe. He will be here this night and will direct your proceedings."

That evening Tonnaleuka, as Maria had foretold, visited them

"My son," said he to Charles, "you are once more out of the power of your enemies, and it only now requires prudence to keep you so. My son, I rejoice that this maiden has prevailed on you to follow my directions. If you be ready, follow me—but first bid that maiden farewell, for you will not see her for many weeks."

"Oh, father!" he cried, "what do you require of me! Why separate us so long! What necessity is there—"

"My son," said Tonnaleuka. "I have promised to her, that if you obey my directions, I will be responsible for your safety: and I will not endanger my word by exposing it to risk. Your obedience will be voluntary; but if, by following your inclinations, you bring evil upon yourself, then I shall be blameless. Now, my son, choose whether you shall be governed by me, or by your own imprudent wishes."

Charles looked at Maria with an expression which asked, "Shall I go?"

"Mr. Adderly," said she, "this hesitation is unbecoming, it is weak. Haste, attend the prophet, if you regard my peace of mind, or your own absolute security. Alas! Charles, since you will have me to express myself so, I feel every hour an age, till I know that you are beyond the reach of your enemies."

"I go, dearest of maidens, and I promise to obey the prophet. But oh! let me ask one request. If there be danger in my coming to thee, surely there can be none in thy visiting me. Will the distance be too far to allow me sometimes to see thee in my concealment?"

"It may happen that I will visit you," she replied. "But if I should not, you may assure yourself that it will only be lest my going might excite suspicion of your retreat. Farewell then! be patient, and submit to temporary inconveniences. The prophet is your friend, and oh! may God be so too!"

"Farewell!" he said; and he pressed her hand to his burning lips, and followed Tonnaleuka out of the apartment.

It was a beautiful moonlight frosty night. Ten thousand fiery stars sparkled in the heavens, and the pure cold snow glittered on the earth. The queen of night coursed, in all her splendor, steadily and majestically along the smooth blue star-studded arch that overcanopied the sober and chequered horizon of mountains and vales, clothed in a parti-colored covering of dark trees, and silvery shining snow that lay extended beneath. The rivers and rivulets were

all frozen as hard as iron, and the movements of every terrestrial object seemed to be arrested, except the shadows of trees, and rocks, and mountains, which flitted around as Charles and his conductor went forward, as if to yield them way, or pay them respect as they passed by.

Tomaleuka led the way, and Charles followed in meditative silence. They kept nearly northward, along the right bank of Turtle Creek. The stream soon became enclosed between high mountains, and they crossed on the ice to its left bank, along which they proceeded about half a mile: when suddenly taking a path that led in an easterly direction up a high hill. On gaining its top, they kept along the ridge which it formed, still in an easterly course, for half a mile further. They then struck suddenly to the left, and descended into a deep valley, at the bottom of which they crossed a small run, near a place where it was almost overarched by a huge rock, which formed the rugged juttying face of the opposing ridge. They passed up the bank of this stream underneath the fearful arch, to which the solemn rays of the moon now imparted an aspect impressively awful, for about two hundred yards, to a place where the continuity of the rock became interrupted by a deep ravine, into which they turned. For a few moments they ascended a small path, until about half way up the left side of this ravine, when they came to a large rock, which seemed to obstruct their further progress.

Here the prophet spoke to Charles for the first time since they had left Frazier's.

"Now, my son," said he, "you will see my favorite retreat when I wish for concealment. There are only two individuals, besides myself, who know it, and in these I can repose implicit reliance. You will be the third; consequently the confidence I have in you cannot be small; and the security you will here enjoy from either French or Indians, will be as great as even your Maria could desire. Within is the lodging I am about to afford you, till you can leave the Wilderness in safety. Its entrance, except by those who already know it, can only be found by a miracle."

So saying, Tomaleuka caught hold of a branch of a small

pine tree, that seemed to be growing in the angle formed by the rock and the side of the acclivity, and pulling it downward, he separated the upper side of the root some distance from the earth. He let go his hold, and the tree remained in this posture.

"Follow me!" said Tonnaleuka, as he ascended to the gap, which this separation of the tree from the earth had occasioned, into which he lowered himself by a flight of ten or twelve rugged stone steps, until he came to a kind of landing place, or lobby, having a smooth earthen bottom.

"Remain here a few minutes, until I strike a light," said Tonnaleuka, and he proceeded into a dark passage, in what direction Charles could not tell, but of considerable length, he conjectured, from the distance at which he soon heard the sound of his retiring footsteps, while he himself remained awkwardly enough, watching the oblique rays of the moon, that with great effort cast down a very feeble light to where he stood. In a short time, however, he perceived the glancing of light at a distance in the subterranean passage, and Tonnaleuka soon returned with a flaming taper.

"My son," said he, when he approached, "draw the rope which winds through that pulley."

Charles did so, and the root of the tree instantly returning to its place, closed up the aperture by which they had entered, and the rays of the moon were no longer visible.

The prophet now led the way through a long, narrow, and rather damp passage, which at length brought them into a large, dry, and airy chamber, with a comfortable floor somewhat more elevated than the passage. In an angle of this apartment, to the left of its entrance, the embers of a wood fire not quite extinguished were seen, on a convenient hearth, which possessed a species of funnel that carried away the smoke by an outlet, which Charles afterwards discovered to be into another ravine, on the opposite side of the ridge from that on which they had entered.

The furniture was simple and scanty, comprising no articles but such as were of prime necessity for the comfort of one, or at most two individuals. There was indeed a bed and bedding, not much inferior to some of those possesssd by Gilbert Frazier. A plain table, two or three chairs, a

small stool, a large chest, a cupboard, two or three shelves, with scarcely any cooking utensils, constituted the remainder of what Charles Adderly now observed in this subterranean hermitage.

"Sit down, my son," said Tonnaleuka; "you are now in my abode. I must warm it. The cheering flame shall blaze forth in a few minutes."

He withdrew into the passage, but soon returned with several billets of wood on his arm, which, to the great comfort and exhilaration of Charles, who had begun to feel rather discontented, chilly, and vaporish with his situation, soon began to crackle from the impulse of the glowing element, and to enliven the chamber with its animating rays.

"My son, you perhaps need refreshment," said the prophet. "I shall supply you—for within this cavern there is enough for all present wants."

"Father, I require none," said Charles, "but I acknowledge that I need repose, for my mind is overpowered with sadness."

"And what grieve you for?" asked the prophet. "Is it because you are not now a prisoner in Le Bœuf or Du Quesne? Or is it because you are not now in Gilbert Frazier's, exposed to the risk of being again captured and exposed to the vengeance of your enemies? Are you sad, my son, because you are safe? If so, you are here without restraint, and may rush again into danger, if it will give you pleasure.

"But, my son, you have promised to be ruled by me, and it is the wish of her whom you love that you should be so. Will you vex her by your imprudence, by your breach of word? Know you not, that your enemies are powerful and numerous in the country; and if you should fall again into their hands, think you that they would treat you with indulgence? No, my son—be wise, render yourself content here for a few weeks. You will want for nothing necessary to human life. Food, drink, a bed to lie on, and books to read, you shall have as liberally as the Wilderness can afford. But for your own sake, and for the sake of one still more beloved, I request you to reconcile yourself to a temporary privation of her society, and of the external world.

"My son, I offer you food—I wish you to partake of it: but if you prefer retiring to rest, go, and may the blessing of the Great Father accompany you!"

Charles preferred retiring, and requested the prophet to excuse his apparent dissatisfaction with his residence, as he in reality felt both mind and body overcast and indisposed. To-morrow, he hoped, he should recover the serenity of his mind, and be able to express, with cheerfulness and cordiality, the obligations he owed him as his kind deliverer.

"Talk not of obligations, my son," said the prophet. "My duties are my obligations, and for performing them, I require no thanks. Ah! my son, how miserable I should have long felt a life, whose misfortunes have been severer than any you have yet experienced, had it not been, that among my red brethren I have often found the means of doing good! But your mind is oppressed; repose, I hope, will relieve you. I will show you where to seek it."

He took up the light, and conducting Charles a few yards into the passage through which they had before passed, turned to the right into a small recess, much more comfortable and clean in its appearance than the large apartment. Here he beheld a bed prepared for his reception, with a small table and a chair, both exhibiting very rude workmanship, but suitable enough for the place, and the purposes intended by them.

The prophet having pronounced a short benediction upon his guest, retired, and Charles was about throwing himself into bed, when he perceived, beneath the bedclothes, a letter addressed to himself. He opened it, and seeing that it was from Maria, with feelings of intense emotion, he read as follows:

"Dear Charles,

"My persuading you to submit, at this time, to a residence in a dark subterraneous cell, is a proof how anxious I am for your safety. You will, no doubt, feel your situation lonely and disagreeable; but I hope the necessity for it will not be of long continuance; and, in the meanwhile, in order to relieve its tediousness as much as possible, I shall send you a supply of such books as I possess, best

suited for your entertainment. You may be assured, that our family will let you want for nothing in their power to afford you comfort.

"Oh, Charles! how little are the men and women of society aware of the dangers and calamities that often visit the most remote and secluded condition! How have their philosophers and their poets praised, in strains of enthusiasm and rapture, the virtue, the tranquillity, and the happiness, to be found in retirement! Ah! they appear to forget that human passions, and therefore human crimes and miseries, are ever, in such places, more violent and fierce, because more unrestrained and unmodified by the salutary customs and institutions of society!

"But, Charles, the object of my writing to you, is to encourage you to an exertion of patience in your present solitude, and not to magnify the evils to which it is exposed, by making contrasts, for which my inexperience renders me incompetent.

"But these times of calamity, I trust, will not always last. Providence will yet moderate the storm, and grant this Wilderness a restoration of that calm which it once enjoyed. Till then, let us shelter ourselves as much as possible from the fury of the times, and be content with privations, if we can only thereby secure safety. I am aware that this advice will not be relished by your adventurous spirit; but it is because I dread that spirit, fearless and rash as I know it to be, leading you into fresh dangers, that I am so solicitous for your present confinement. If it will in any degree enable you to support that confinement, I have here no hesitation to repeat the assurance, which you already have, of the unalterable nature of my affection for you.

"Let me be assured, in return, that you will bear your present lot without repining, and you will contribute much to my ease of mind:—and, that heaven may protect you, and hasten over these times of danger and distress, is the fervent prayer of your

MARIA."

"Yes!" thought Charles, when he had finished this letter, "I am happy. Ah! what can make me otherwise, when I

possess the affections, the sweet, the pure, the tender, the faithful affections of such a lovely being! Oh, heaven! it would indeed be criminal to repine at thy dispensations, when thou hast granted me this! This is ample remuneration for all sufferings—this is balm for every wound. O, thou good Providence, that hast thus granted me the first wish of my heart, make me truly grateful for such a consolation, such a blessing, amidst my misfortunes! Yes, I will assure the dear maiden that I will not repine—I will assure her that I am happy, and that she has made me so!"

The weight and weariness upon his spirits, of which he had complained so much to Tonnaleuka, were now gone; and, instead of anxiously wishing to relieve his mind of the thoughts that crowded upon it, he now wished to indulge them, and to prolong, by a protracted wakefulness, the delightful sensations which they afforded him.

If he had possessed writing materials, a glowing reply, as warm as love and gratitude could dictate, would soon have extended itself, in black and white, upon the table before him. But this pleasing spectacle he could not enjoy until the next morning, without interrupting Tonnaleuka either in his devotions or his repose, for he reasonably enough supposed, that by this time the prophet was engaged in one of these. He had, therefore, no hing for it but to hurry into bed, and fall asleep as fast as possible, in order to annihilate the time that must elapse before he could enjoy the felicity of pouring out his soul in a letter to his beloved.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis love like this, in young and faithful hearts,
The nearest bliss to heaven on earth imparts:
For holy, sweet, and full, without alloy,
Nought but the fear of parting, to annoy,
If time would only cease his onward flight,
Nor wing away those moments of delight,
When mutual happiness each throb attunes,
And heart with heart, and soul with soul communes,
When fearless joy wafts free o'er passion's wave,
With the first feelings sacred nature gave,
The Fall's dread curse would threaten then in vain,
And Paradise would bloom on earth again!

WALTHAM.

TONNALEUKA was surprised in the morning to see Charles in such good spirits, although he at once conjectured the cause, for he had himself been the bearer of Maria's letter, and had deposited it where it had been found.

"You have benefitted much from your night's repose, I perceive, my son," said the prophet.

"Yes, father," replied Charles, "I am much better than I was last night. But, father, could you oblige me with materials for writing?"

"I can, my son. It will be a pleasant amusement for you. I am glad you desire. By reading and writing, I trust you will be able to spend your time here without feeling it tedious and uncomfrotable."

"I shall try to do so, father," replied Charles, who having possessed himself with pen, ink and paper, retired with a light heart to his bed-chamber, to write his epistle."

I will not insert this elaborate address of the enamored Charles to his beloved in these memoirs, because, although it did not contain a sentiment which was not the sincere dictate of his heart, and for the sincerity of which Maria did not give him full credit, yet I am aware that there is not one reader in twenty but would consider it absolute bombast. It is, indeed, frequently impossible for enthusiastic lovers, like Charles, when communicating by letter to the

mistress of their hearts, the fervors of their passion, to write common sense, at least what common readers can receive as such: for, like all other classes and communities of men, lovers have a technical language of their own, to themselves the prettiest, and sweetest, perhaps, of all languages; but certainly the least rational and intelligible to the rest of the world.

Charles having finished his letter, put it into the hands of the prophet who promised that it shoud be conveyed to Maria that very day.

"With respect to your servant's safety, my son," said the prophet, "I have thought it necessary that something should also be done; for if left long to himself so near his enemies, his rashness will inevitably expose him to the risk of being recaptured."

"Father," replied Charles, "the certainty of his safety would indeed give me pleasure, and I shall be thankful for whatever your wisdom may think proper to do for him."

"It may be," said the prophet, "that he will be unwilling to obey my directions. Your authority may be necessary to induce him thereto. Write to him that it is your will he should obey me, and I will provide for his safety. I cannot bring him here to conceal him, or to receive your commands, because I wish not the secret of this cavern to be known to one of his careless and unguarded disposition."

"You are prudent, father," replied Charles, "and you are right. I shall write to Peter, that in obeying you he obeys me, and that on pain of my displeasure, he must attend to your directions."

Charles wrote accordingly, and shortly afterwards Tonnaleuka set out on a visit to Frazier's. In order to prevent any of Charles' enemies from suspecting, on account of the termination of the tracks of footsteps in the snow at the foot of Pine tree, that there was any lurking-place near it, he continued to extend these tracks onwards quite over the ridge, by now taking a circuitous route to Frazier's.

Having delivered Maria's letter, he took Paddy Frazier aside and explained to him his views with respect to Peter McFall.

"I have myself been a little alarmed on this subject," observed Paddy, "lest that fellow's long tongue should some

time or other betray to the French the whole affair of Mr. Adderly's rescue. His discovering on himself only would be of little consequence, as the world could jog on pretty well without him; and besides you know it would be altogether his own business—though I don't wish the blockhead to get into a scrape either. In short, father, I agree with you that, for the general good, we must get him out of the way as soon as possible."

"Have you not certain trading concerns at Gist's plantation, on pretence of managing which we could send him there?" asked Tonnaleuka.

"It is a good thought, father;" replied Paddy, "I have a package of otter and minx skins, that I wish immediately conveyed to Gists." Father, I think we can dispatch him with them; nay, I shall go with him every yard myself, and fix matters so with Gist as to have our loose-tongued Irishman detained there for a few months at any rate, by which time it may please fortune to turn up something for our benefit.

This scheme was agreed upon, and Peter was summoned before Tonnaleuka.

"My son," said the prophet, "here is a letter requiring you to perform some services I have in view for you. Will you have any objection?"

"Now, by the powers! prophet," replied Peter, "isn't that a strange question? don't you see my master bids me—och! may the blessing of "Bonna-Margary" be on him! But, prophet, may I make free to ask you just where you have stuffed my poor master out of the way? for sure would'nt Peter attend to him and all his errands, if it should be running in and out of the devil's dungeon, or even a catamount's den in this Wilderness."

"I know your regard for your master," observed the prophet, and hence it is that I am persuaded you will cheerfully undertake the performance of an errand on which he wishes you immediately to proceed. As to your master's present residence, my son, I am not at liberty to reveal it. But I may assure that he is quite comfortable and safe."

"Arra, now, dear prophet! but you know every thing. You know where my master is. Now, if you would only tell me, so that I might set my eye again on him; who

knows botheration to it! if we couldn't dash our brains together, and find out some method—never fear us for that, dear prophet!—of making our way to swate Philadelphy again. God blesss her! but I wish my master and myself were once more snug under the wooden roof of her long beef market, my jewel!"

"But, my son," observed Tonnaleuka, "on your present errand Paddy here will accompany you, and you will assist him as your master desires, in his trading designs. Will you start to-morrow, and Paddy will have matters prepared for your journey?"

"This moment, your honor—if I may call a prophet, your honor—Och! now, any moment, I'll obey my masters orders—but where must I go?"

"Paddy will give you every information," said Tonnaleuka. Follow his directions, and expect my blessing and your master's approbation."

"By the jingo!" cried Peter, two excellent things these, for a poor fellow like me. Arrah, now master, be aisy—and just tip a little bit of a prayer, and a blessing with it, for me, every night. Priest Balgruddery,—oh, the Virgin bless him!—used to do so. It saved poor Peter a deal of trouble when he was in Ireland, your reverence; and if you'll just do the same for me in this wild country, Och! how I'll skip over it any where your majesty and my master please to send me."

"I'll remember you in my orisons," replied the prophet. "But you must now for some time follow Paddy's directions." So saying, Tonnaleuka departed.

"Horses horns!—he'll remember me in his horses horns! What the devil is that Paddy? If horses have horns in this country, by the great Columb! but it's more than they have in Ireland, my boy."

"He said his orisons, which is Indian for saying mass," returned Paddy. It is only *asses* and stags that have horns in this country. But Peter, we must be off by sunrise to-morrow. I have a parcel of peltry and furs you must assist me to take to Gist's plantation. It is only about a hundred miles up the river. Your master wishes you to remain there, where he intends you shall see him, probably in a couple of months."

"See him in a couple of months!" exclaimed Peter. Why, sure now, he may be in heaven before that time, and Peter in purgatory, and I may never see him at all—"

"Very likely," replied his consoling companion; or might it not just as readily happen that you should both go to purgatory together?"

"By my faith," said Peter, "and sure that's just what I would like. But my master has never a purgatory to go to. Why, did'nt you know he's a Protestant, my jewel?"

"And that will save you from the devil's flail, you think," said Paddy. "Dont they say they thrash poor sinners in that purging hole of yours, till their sins are beat out of them?"

"Och, Paddy," cried Peter, "none of your jeers now—for its only when we dont't pay the priest well enough to say mass for our souls, heaven bless them! that the devil thrashes them: but it's for their good after all, as my mother used to say."

"Well, Peter, it may be so; we'll not dispute about this matter, just because we know nothing about it. Only you need not expect to meet your master at either Gist's or purgatory, for two months at least. So you must be content to wait for him at whichever of the two places you first find yourself. But take care, that in either place you mention any thing about our rescuing him from the French. It will do Gist no good to hear it, and as to the devil you may meet with in purgatory, he must know already all about it, from the clattering of the half dozen Frenchmen we sent there."

Peter promised to attend to this salutary caution; and every thing being that evening prepared for their journey, they set forward with the dawn the next morning for Gist's habitation, where Paddy left his companion to fall in love with one of Gist's daughter, which he swore by St. Patrick he would, if he were obliged to remain there only the half of the time prescribed to him. I have been actually informed that Peter did, in this instance literally keep his oath, and permitted the charms of the fair Esther Gist entirely to obliterate from his recollection those of Molly M'Nickle. So much, dear reader, for the constancy of man!

Paddy returned to his father's, after little more than a week's absence, with his mind entirely at ease, as to the

present security of both Charles Adderly and his man Peter from the power of the French. He had, indeed, in a short time afterwards, reason to congratulate himself on Peter's removal; for the French had begun to entertain some suspicion as to the fate of Charles's escort, and had employed a number of Indians to range the whole country in search of information concerning them. Some of the remains of the French soldiers were at length found, very much mangled and torn by wild beasts, but still in a condition to admit of their being identified. Suspicion was by Paddy's sly management, thrown upon some of the Delaware Indians, who were supposed still to harbor a secret partiality for Charles Adderly and the English interest. It was even believed, that Charles was yet secreted among them. Their chiefs were in consequence summoned to Fort Du Quesne to undergo an investigation, and answer to charges founded on these surmises before the French commandant.

They attended cheerfully and replied to all questions with such promptitude, and freedom from embarrassment, that St. Pierre, persuaded of their innocence was about to dismiss them, when Swantamis, their king, addressed him:

"Father! you called us here to answer an accusation of treachery and murder. Father! we abhor treachery, and we never slay those with whom we are at amity. We first return the wampum of peace, we break the calumet, and we sing the war-song in public, ere we abrogate treaties. Have we done these things towards you? It is injurious, therefore, to say that we killed your people at the time you were our brothers, and when we professed friendship for you. Father! it was wicked in you to suspect us. It shows you could do such things yourselves, if your occasions required them.

"Father! you must think better of us, and not judge of our integrity by your own, if you wish to preserve our friendship. The English were more manly than you. They once charged us with coolness, but never with treachery; for they knew that before we should injure them we would warn them and return their wampum. Shingiss thought himself bound to them, and he died fighting for them.

"Father! we will do so for you, if you act generously. If

not, we will remove afar off to the English lands southward, and lift the hatchet against you.

"What we want you now to do, father, is, to tell all the tribes that we are innocent—that we scorn treachery, and that you are sorry for having suspected us. We will then forgive your rashness, and smoke with you as if this matter had not happened. We can resent vengefully, but we can also forgive readily. Father, choose ye!"

St. Pierre, partly from motives of policy, and partly from a sentiment of generosity towards men whose feelings he thought it was but just to soothe by some concession, replied—

"My brother—that your people have been wrongfully accused of this deed, I believe. But the accusation did not originate with me. It has been circulated by many mouths; and I thought it was your due to afford you this opportunity, if you were innocent, to justify yourselves to all men. I am glad you have been able to do so, and I hope that every one will be as well satisfied as I am.

"Brother—I will inform all our allies that you are innocent; and, for the trouble I have given you, I shall order you a present of rum and some blankets."

The Indians, perfectly satisfied with this result, left the garrison in great good humor with their allies.

The search after Charles and Peter M'Fall, whose escape from Le Bœuf was, soon after it took place, known at Du Quesne, was carried on for some time, in the neighborhood of both forts, to no purpose. It was abandoned as fruitless; and Maria began to feel quite at ease in respect to her lover's security.

He had written to her often, and in every letter pressingly solicited a visit from her. "O my love!" he would say, "let your presence but for once bless the cell to which you have condemned me—it will then be endeared to me, and I shall feel happy!"

At length, as soon as she was assured that all inquiry after him was relinquished by his enemies, she yielded to his request, and accompanied the prophet to his cavern. Charles was sitting beside a tolerably comfortable fire, with his head reclined upon the table, meditating upon her when she en-

tered. The prophet had gone on, as was his usual custom during a time of snow, to continue the tracks to the other side of the ridge, until they joined a frequented Indian path about half a mile distant. She, therefore, entered her lover's apartment alone, and her light footsteps along the passage had not aroused him from his meditations.

"Mr. Adderly!" said she. He looked up, and scarcely believing his senses, started to his feet, and approached her.

"Ah, Maria!" he exclaimed; blessed girl! am I indeed so happy! Have you come at last, to cheer your Charles amidst the solitude of his dungeon?"

"I have ventured," said she, "with the permission of Tonnaleuka, to indulge you at this time, because I believe that the danger of my visit leading to your discovery, is now much diminished. I thank God that you have so long escaped; for your enemies were much inflamed at the slaughter of their companions, and, for some time, very ardent in their search after you. Oh, Charles! it was well that you had such a place of refuge. Were you now to fall into their hands, I fear that in their rage, they would at once consign you to destruction!"

"Be not alarmed for that, my love!" said he. "I might indeed if now in their power, be more strictly confined, and perhaps more harshly treated than before my escape; but they would have no plea for endangering my life. European usages, you are aware, my too timid girl, acknowledge the right of every prisoner of war, except he be on parole, to regain his liberty by any means he can."

"It may be so," she replied; "but what power is there here, in this Wilderness, to constrain their compliance with these usages? Alas! may we not fear that the example of the Indians would reconcile them to the destruction of an obnoxious prisoner; and it is reported that they have lately used horrible threats against you on account of the loss of their men."

"They may have done so," said he; "but, Maria, here you know there is no danger, and if you would only sometimes bless me, as you do now, with your presence, I think I could become content to pass my days even in this dungeon. Oh! if we had but had the good fortune to have

united our fates—but I will not now annoy you with this subject. Only—only promise to visit me often, and I shall here be happy!"

"Alas, Charles!" she replied, "if it were not imprudent, I would feel but too much inclined to visit you. But I must be cautious, and indulge neither my wishes nor your own to the endangering of your safety."

"And will you deny me?" he cried; "Oh, surely you cannot, merely on the cold calculation of some trifling, some scarcely-to-be-imagined danger, deny me the only enjoyment that can make my abode here—that could make my existence any where, tolerable. Oh Maria, deprive me of your society, and you will bid me at once despair!"

"Be calm, Charles!" said she. "I have no intention to exclude myself entirely from you; but my visits must not be frequent, and they must only be when Tomaleuka permits—for it is he whose wisdom has hitherto regulated all my conduct, better than I myself could have done."

"I will then weary the prophet with prayers," said he, "and he will not refuse to indulge me in the only happiness my soul is now capable of knowing."

"Tomaleuka," she observed, "will only do in this matter what your safety and my ease of mind will thoroughly warrant. I wish you to expect no more from him, my Charles. Oh! would to heaven, that you were safe again with your friends in Philadelphia!"

"And banished from thee, my Maria! Ah, how can you wish to drive me so far from you! Here, even here, in this dungeon, enclosed in the bowels of the earth, I feel happier, because I am near thee, because I can often hear of thee, and perhaps sometimes see thee, than if I were in the midst of my friends, surrounded with all the smiles and the pleasures of social enjoyment, without thee. Alas! Maria, will the day never come when I shall introduce thee to those friends, to that social life, which thou art so eminently formed to ornament and enjoy! How would my friends rejoice in thee! how would society admire thee, and how would I exult, and adore thee! Oh, Maria, if thou wert once mine, what this beatitude would soon be our lot!"

"Charles," said she, "you are too visionary, you are too

sanguine of what the world might think of me. You have been pleased to think well of me yourself, and hence you think every person else must do so. Restrain these flights of fancy, these poetical dreams of yours, and look at what is more likely to be the world's estimate. It may gaze at me, but so would it gaze at any savage from the wilderness, for strange sights I am told will always draw its attention; and as to your friends, they would be likely to say, 'It was indeed an unlucky day for poor Charles, when he first went among the savages, to get himself and us entangled and burthened with this woman, who is come amongst us without a penny—a rude, uncultivated daughter of the desert. The loss of the expedition he conducted, was not to him, and to us, such a provoking misfortune as this!' "

"Maria, Maria!" said Charles, pressing her fingers to his lips, "Oh, have done with such a picture! It will not be, it cannot be so! oh, I swear to you it will not! So beautiful, so intelligent, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, so good-hearted, so—"

"Stop, sir!" said she, with a smile, "I will help you out with it; you were going to say—so angelic! so celestial! so immaculate!—I declare, Charles, I already know the whole cant, and you may save yourself the trouble of repeating these elegant phrases. If you wish me often to visit you, I desire you will speak common sense to me: for I assure you that, although I have been brought up in a country of savages, I am not absolutely a fool."

"Alas, Maria! you are too severe with me. Oh! believe me, I speak truth when I say, that my words have never expressed to you half the admiration of my heart for your beauties and your virtues. But, forgive me if I be too warm. My heart is now open to you, and, by heavens! I cannot help it. My love!" here he again pressed her hand to his glowing lips, while, with a sigh, he continued, "Oh! my love, little do you indeed know what this heart feels for you!"

"I am aware," said she, unconsciously returning his sigh, "that you love me, Charles; and hence I can well know what you feel, for, alas! my own heart feels too fondly—too strongly—the softness, the tenderness, the fervency of

true love. But we must change the subject. I came here to soothe your feelings, to allay your impatience under confinement, and to encourage you, all in my power, to support it; and not to dissolve you into weakness, or reduce you to foolishness. I would have you to be resolute, to be manly, and rational; and restrain these inordinate emotions, which only the feeble-minded and effeminate will permit to overcome them."

"My monitress! lovely inspirer of all my generous sentiments, I will be swayed by thee. Thy rules of conduct shall direct me, and thy suggestions of propriety shall give me law. I will arouse myself to fortitude, since thou bidst me. I will bear, and I will try to bear without repining, the delay of calling thee mine, which fate has prescribed, perhaps, as a punishment for my excessive love. When thou seest me getting weak, oh, Maria! only tell me, and I will be strong if I should die under the effort."

Here the approach of Tomalcuka was heard, and Charles had just let go her hand, which ever since her entrance he had held in his, when the prophet appeared.

"Hail to you, my children!" said he. "I am glad that you can yet meet in safety. But, alas! dangerous times are coming upon the Wilderness, when the two most powerful nations on earth will combat here, and make the most secret depths of the desert ring to their very entrails with the fury of their combats. But, my children, I will not shock you, now when you are happy, with a description of the evils that are approaching, for I trust that you will both escape the desolation they will entail upon multitudes. Here, at least, in the worst of times, I expect there will be found by the meek and the humble, safe shelter from storms that will level to the dust the mighty and the renowned! My children, be of good cheer, for after the fury of this storm is expended, one of the powerful nations will yield, and to those who survive here, an age of peace and happiness shall arrive, bringing days more prosperous and bright than ever before shown upon the desert. Then shall come to pass the saying of the Hebrew oracle, 'The Wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"Father," said Charles, "that the recent transactions in this country will occasion a war to break out between Great Britain and France, I doubt not. Great troubles will consequently be here, for this neighborhood will naturally be one of the first scenes of the fierce contention—and oh! that this fair, but tender flower of the forest could be removed to a more secure soil before that stormy period commences! Father, do you not think that this could be accomplished? Could she not accompany me?"

"My son," said the prophet, interrupting him—"there are many obstacles in the way. If ever it be accomplished, it must be done with a strict regard to all the rules of propriety. At least, my son, if I can influence the actions of this child of my instruction, she never will yield for one moment to consult inclination or even to yield to terror in the commission of any act that may exhibit the faintest shade of offence against feminine propriety; and let me add, that I believe her determination to act properly and becomingly in all cases, and in defiance of all inducements to the contrary, is as firm and unalterable as I could wish it.

"Therefore, my son, although she loves you, and although the horrors of war may here assail her even to destruction, yet, except under circumstances wherein no duty can be broken, no principle, either of religion, honor, or decorum infringed, you may solicit her to fly with you from the scene of evils, but I am persuaded you will solicit in vain.

"My son, until the Great Father shall entitle you, in the opinions of men to be her protector, which you are aware, under present circumstances, cannot take place, it will be well if you refrain from disturbing her with solicitations to which she cannot yield, since there would be impropriety in her doing so.

"Now, my children, it is time for you to separate again. Daughter, attend me—I wish to conduct you home while it is yet day."

"Maria arose, when her lover, catching her by the hand, exclaimed, "Ah! are you going to leave me? But it must be. Oh, let me beg, in the presence of this our good father, that you will soon indulge me with another precious visit!"

"It will be whenever our father pleases," returned Maria, looking at the prophet with an expression of countenance which very much favored Charles's request.

"It will then be, when both safety and propriety combine to permit," said Tonnaleuka. "But, my son," continued he, addressing Charles, "be comforted; her absence will not be unnecessarily protracted."

"Then farewell, my beloved!" cried Charles; "and may the Great Guardian of all purity protect you in every peril, and assist you through every difficulty!"

"Farewell, Charles!" said she; "may he likewise be your protector!"—and they separated.

CHAPTER IV.

Beneath a moving shade of fruits and flowers,
Onward they march to Hymen's sacred bowers:
With lifted torch he lights the festive train
Sublime, and leads them in his golden chain,
Joins the fond pair, indulgent to their vows,
And hides, with mystic veil, their blushing brows.

DARWIN.

SHORTLY after the foregoing visit of Maria to her lover's cavern, the first marriage that ever took place between the children of Britain in the Wilderness, was celebrated. As the parties to this nuptial treaty have already been in the reader's presence, and have, I trust, made upon his mind, if not a very deep, at least not an unfavorable impression, I shall take the liberty, for which, with all the humility possible in an author, I crave indulgence, to expend a few pages in relating some of the circumstances connected with a transaction which had, upon these parties, the very important effect of binding them together for life.

To keep the reader no longer in suspense as to the happy couple, I shall broadly name them, viz: Andrew Killbreath, M. D., late of the city of Philadelphia, and Nancy Frazier, eldest daughter of Mr. Gilbert Frazier, of Frazier's Field, at the forks of Turtle Creek and the Monongahela. After this precise announciation, there can be no mistake as to the identity of the persons. I shall therefore go on to show the marriage.

The bridegroom, that is, the Doctor, was, as in this case became him, the grand spring in moving the whole machine of the matter. He had long solicited the hand of the fair Nancy, and she had been nothing loth to let him have it. Besides this, her father and mother, and every one else that had anything to say in the affair, had assented to her becoming the Doctor's wife: and the latter had, for many months, found only one obstacle in the way of his getting possession of the desired premises, which was, the want of some proper person to perfect the deeds. The arrival of the Chaplain that accompanied Charles Adderly's last expedition, seemed to remove this obstacle, and to offer to the Doctor the prospect of immediate happiness. But the Doctor found in this matter, as many another clever fellow in this precious world has done, that there is, as the old saying has it, "many a slip between the cup and the lip."

I had at the time more important business on hand, otherwise I should have related the Doctor's joy on finding so desirable a personage as the Chaplain along with the expedition, and the measures that he, in consequence, adopted to avail himself of that lucky circumstance. There is however, no time lost, and I beg leave now to atone for the omission.

"Now, Nancy," said he, running to his fair one, as soon as he learned that the Chaplain was forthcoming, and taking her aside—"Now, my dear, there need be no longer delay of our happiness. Mr. Adderly has brought a clergyman with him, who can make us man and wife. If you will consent to it, I shall engage him to perform the ceremony, as soon as you shall think convenient. But, O! my dear let it be soon!"

"Have you spoke to my father about it yet?" asked Nancy.

"No, my love; but I am sure he will have no objection,

You know he has long since said that he had none to our marriage, provided we had a clergyman convenient to perform it. Now we have a clergyman, Nancy, and I expect your father will keep his word."

"I expect so too," said she: "and if he has no objection —then—then——But you and he for it, Doctor!"

"Oh, my dear! give me a sweet kiss for that," said the Doctor. "I will immediately converse with your father and have the happy day appointed."

"You may do as you think proper," was Nancy's reply. He took another fervent kiss, pressed her hand softly, and hastened away, with great animation of manner, in search of Gilbert.

If Gilbert had any scruples at all on the subject, it arose from this clergyman not being a Presbyterian. "It was unfortunate," he said, "that he should belong to the prelacy, wha had only cleared aff a sma' part o' the abominations o' the whore o' Babylon, as the worthy gospel minister o' Maughrygowan, Alexander Carmichael, used to say." These scruples, however, soon gave way before the weight of the Doctor's rhetoric, and Gilbert consented that on that day month the learned Doctor should become his son-in-law.

The Doctor thought, perhaps justly enough, that there was no good reason for waiting to such a distant period; but Gilbert stated, that one month was the exact length of time which had, on appointing the day, been fixed for himself to wait for the attainment of Nelly's hand: and insisted that the Doctor was capable of exerting as much patience as he then was, and that he should now submit to do so. The Doctor, not being able to do better, acquiesced, sagaciously observing, that the longest month would have an end.

But, alas! if either the Doctor or Gilbert had possessed the spirit of prophesy, they would not have agreed to such a distant period; and Tonnaleuka, who might perhaps have set them right in the matter was not consulted.

The capture of Charles Adderly's follower happened in the interval; and before the heavily moving month had gone past, the ill-starred clergyman had been obliged to take up his quarters in Fort Le Bœuf.

The Doctor and Nancy were much afflicted at this un-

toward accident, this dashing of the cup of bliss out of their hands, when it had almost approached their lips. But the Doctor was a man of sense: and therefore, instead of sitting down, and uselessly lamenting his misfortune, he set his mind to work to discover how he should best repair it. But first, having a good deal of mettle in his composition, he resolved to convince his mistress of it, by inflicting a blow of some kind upon the French, in revenge for the injury they had done him. He accordingly joined, heart and hand, in the scheme which Paddy had projected for the destruction of Charles's escort. Soon after this exploit however he began to think, that from the French themselves he might obtain a remedy for his misfortune. Their Chaplain, he conceived, must be as capable of making husbands and wives as any other Chaplain: and, although he should use the form prescribed by the Romish church, yet that form would still be a christian one, and would, if it erred at all, err only on the safe side, by using too much ceremony in lead of too little. To get bound to his Nancy, was the great object for which he longed; and, if he could only get this Catholic priest to do it, if it should be a little overdone, he could readily excuse him.

Monsieur d'Abbeville had been too long a military priest, and was too deeply versed in Montaigne's Essays, to feel any great scruple of conscience in performing a piece of service, of the kind the doctor wanted, to two young lovers in a WILDERNESS, although they should be heretics. He therefore consented without hesitation to spend a merry night at Frazier's, and make the doctor happy.

There was another obstacle, however, which the doctor found more difficulty in removing. This was the conscientious scruples of both Gilbert and Nelly, in assenting to the marriage of their daughter by one of the priests of Antichrist. The doctor had anticipated this; and, therefore, besides exerting all the artillery of his own eloquence, he took care to secure the powerful aid of Paddy's, who, in a few conversations, drew over his mother to the side of the lovers.

Gilbert stoutly maintained his integrity for some days, but at length yielded rather to the importunities and entreaties of his whole family, than to his own conviction on the matter, observing—

"Weel, my bairns, gin ye will marry, e'en in the name o' Gracious, do sae, an' dinna gaze me mair about it. It is better to marry than to burn, Saint. Paul says: an', feggs, gin ye didna marry noo wi' my will, you micht do waur in spite o' me. I dinna like mem lumbs o' the pope. But they ca' themsel's Christians, though the fute fa' me! gin they ken aucht about it; yet syne ye maun gang thegither, its better to be married in their gate than no be married ava. It was an auld saying in Maughrygowan, 'O' twa puddles, aye choose the cleanest.'"

In consequence of this reasoning on the part of Gilbert, every article was removed, and the 17th of March—Patrick's day, dear reader! a day to which Gilbert's heart was always partial—was fixed for the wedding.

The preparations for celebrating a day so important in the annals of Gilbert's family, occupied the attention of his whole household for nearly a week. Gilbert, having given his assent to have the thing done, resolved to put forth his might to have it done genteelly, and therefore spared no pains on the occasion. Paddy also greatly exerted himself; and as he was at this time on a more than usually intimate footing with the officers of the garrison, for, ever since the affair of Bear's-creek, he had been extremely assiduous in cultivating their good will, he procured from their stores a supply of luxuries which could not then have been elsewhere procured in the Wilderness. He had, also, with the view of ingratiating himself still more firmly into their good graces, invited several of them, and two or three of their ladies, to the ceremony; having resolved in his own mind that the festivities of the day should conclude with a ball.

As to the part which was assigned to Maria in these preparations they were both zealously undertaken and efficiently performed. The regulation of the bride's dress, the decoration of the room, the arrangement of the table economy, and such like were what principally came under her management. As to Mrs. Frazier, every good house-wife, who has had time to prepare a marriage feast, knows that she had a thousand things to do, and it has been satisfactorily ascertained, that she neglected none of them.

In short, the great day at length came, and just about the hour of noon, the "holy man," accompanied by five officers and three ladies, came gaily to the door.

Nancy was enclosed in a small room with Maria, who was decorating her for the occasion, when she perceived this merry party advancing past the window.

"Oh, Maria dear!" she exclaimed, "there they are! what shall I do? I never shall be able to face those impudent looking officers, and funny looking ladies. Oh, I feel already ashamed!"

"Fear nothing," said Maria: "it is a trying occasion, I acknowledge; but I am convinced you will go through it creditably. Why, Nancy, you really look so well that you need not to be ashamed to show yourself in any place, or before any company."

"But they will be all looking at me," returned Nancy; "Oh! how will I stand it! If none but our own family were to be present, I could do well enough, I believe—but such a number of strangers!—I wish Paddy had been far enough when he asked them."

"You must have courage, Nancy," observed her sister; "the two or three first minutes will carry you over the whole difficulty. The first look at you will give these people a favorable impression; and they will not for civility's sake, you may depend on it, after that, attempt to stare at you, at least with any rudeness or intention to hurt your feelings."

"I wish the affair was over altogether!" returned the bride.

"I myself wish it, I assure you," said Maria, "both for your sake, and my own, for I anticipate that it will be too jovial a scene for my taste. But, Nancy, we must have courage, and perform our parts as well as we can. Your part, I am aware, will be by far the most difficult; but I am persuaded you will acquit yourself properly. Keep up a good spirit; you will get through it more easily than you expect."

"I shall get through it," replied Nancy, "I know I shall, but then I doubt it it will be with a great deal of blundering; for I really know nothing about such a matter."

"Nor is it necessary, I should presume," said Maria. "I should suppose, that it is the priest's duty to inform you. Every young woman who is going to be married is not sup-

posed to be acquainted with the forms of the ceremony. The contrivers of these forms must therefore, have provided for this circumstance."

"There is no help for it now," said Nancy; "I must just do my best, but I could almost wish that I had not to undergo the trial."

"Why, are you not getting a good man and a fond lover for your husband?" observed Maria, "and will not that atone for any little temporary inconvenience of this nature. But, believe me, you will not feel half the confusion you expect."

At this moment her mother entered to inquire if Nancy was ready to be introduced to the company. A few minutes more made her so, and blushing "like the dawning of morn," this fair wood-nymph was attended by her still fairer sister into the presence of the gay French ladies and gentlemen, who were burning with curiosity to see them. Expecting only to behold raw, clownish, and coarse girls, little superior either in appearance or education to the squaws that performed their menial services, how great was their astonishment, when these connoisseurs saw entering their presence, in simple, neat, and elegant dress, two beautiful females, so attractive, and yet so modest, that they might have passed for Diana and one of her nymphs come from the classic plains of Greece to hunt in this unknown Wilderness.

Immediately a thousand bows were made and a thousand compliments paid by the officers, with all the rapidity and volubility of true Gallican politeness. The French ladies also received our two beds of the forest with politeness and good humor, although they could not but be conscious that they were surpassed by them in all those charms and graces of person on which they, in reality, had some reason to value themselves.

Nancy understood a little French, but Maria spoke it almost as freely as English. She therefore took the burthen of conversing with these ladies upon herself.

"Why, Miss Frazier," observed Madame de Vamploise, "this is really a novel and charming scene to which we have been invited. I should not have missed the delight of being here to-day for the world."

"The business of this day is, indeed," said Maria, "alto-

gethe, a novelty here. I believe that nothing of the kind has before taken place in these woods. The singularity of the situation, and other circumstances, for a wedding-party, it is natural should make some impression on your mind; and, as you have no doubt the good nature to view some things with indulgence which you cannot altogether approve, so you may, perhaps, on account of not having expected much to give satisfaction, be inclined to yield to what is really tolerable, more credit than it deserves."

"I see nothing," returned the French lady, "but what the most fastidious would acknowledge to be delightful: and the occasion is so interesting—a beautiful young woman going to be married to a fine looking young man—really, Miss Frazier, the whole is charming! What say you, Madame Joncaire, is it not charming? But the bride herself—I must have her opinion."

Nancy sat silent, pretending not to have noticed this intimation to join in the discourse, while Madame Joncaire observed—

"It is, indeed, admirable! and in the wild woods too!—who would have dreamed of such a thing! and such a place, and such people! Why, Madame de Vamploise, I am really charmed! But I wish to hear the bride's opinion of the matter. My dear," said she, addressing Nancy, "will you favor us."

Nancy, finding that she was compelled to speak, replied, with as much good humor as she could, to her garrulous companions—"I have not had sufficient means of judging how these things should be, to know whether we are here likely to conduct them right or wrong. But we shall do the best we can to make you and the rest of our company comfortable."

"La! now," returned Madame De Vamploise, "this is not what we want to know. We want to know, my dear, how you like your present situation. We are so charmed with it, that we hope you too feel happy. Why, I remember when I was myself going to be married—it was at Bourdeaux, a very gay place, I assure you—how I felt! for the whole world was present—and Monsieur De Vamploise was so gay and agreeable, not like the dry, prim, Dutchman-looking piece of gravity that he now is."

"Heh! what you say now, my chucky?" cried De Vamploise, who had heard these flattering observations of his helpmate, as she intended he should. "Why, to be sure I was always pleasant—but, as to your Dutch comparison, my dear, why shouldn't a Dutchman be as pleasant as another man? Answer me that, my spouse!"

Here the priest interposed. "No catechising, I beg of you," said he. "It is my province to be inquisitor; and I will inquire of our fair bride here, whether you, Madame de Vamploise, have given her fair play in your discourse, for I know it is seldom that you give it to anybody."

"How so! Monsieur d'Abbeville?" quickly demanded the lady.

"Because you unmercifully exert all your powers against us," returned the priest, "when one half of them would be as much as we could have any reasonable chance of resisting. But, apropos, I think we had better have this ceremony performed before dinner, and then we shall be at ease, and have nothing to do afterwards but enjoy ourselves."

"Nobly said, your reverence!" exclaimed Monsieur de Vamploise; "I second your motion. What says the bridegroom?"

"I have no objection," replied the doctor. "We are in this matter under the priest's control. Let him regulate it as he chooses."

"Well, then," returned the priest, "we shall prepare."

At that instant the sounds of horses' feet were heard at the door, and the ceremony was delayed. Paddy Frazier in a few minutes introduced two travellers to the company, by the names of Mr. Washington and Mr. Vanbraam.

Joncaire and De Vamploise had seen Washington before, and immediately recognized him.

"What! I am really glad to see you, Mr. Washington," exclaimed Joncaire, as he shook him by the hand; "you remember Venango yet, I hope?"

"Very well," replied Washington; "and I remember you too. You have kept your words good with respect to Shanapins, I hear; but no matter—it is the fate of war, and the sword devoureth one man as well as another."

"You remark excellently, Mr. Washington. But I hope

you are not come among us this time with any proposals to drive us from this pleasant country. By G—d, all the treaties that can ever be penned in Virginia, will not induce me to leave it!"

"You may rest at ease on that subject at present," observed Washington. "I come here on no official business; I am merely a private visitor."

"Then let us drive public concerns to the devil, for this day at least, Mr. Washington. We are come to a wedding, and have nothing to do here to-day but to be merry. I hope you will have no objection to join us?"

Washington had been hastily informed by Paddy, previous to his entering the room, of what was going on. "I will have no objection in the world," he observed in reply to Joncaire. He then hastily proceeded to pay his respects to each individual in the room. When he came to Maria, he for a moment changed color, and trembled so, that, had he not possessed an unparalleled command over himself, which enabled him suddenly to check his agitation, it would not have failed to betray itself. As it was, however, Maria alone observed it. She slightly blushed at the circumstance, which his keen eye perceived, and from thence imbibed a hope, a delusive hope, of the nature of her feelings towards him.

He hastened to seat himself beside the bridegroom, with whom, in order to divert the current of his ideas, so that he might the more easily join in the good humor of the company, he entered into a lively and interesting conversation on the topic of this being the first christian wedding ever given in so remote a part of the country.

The priest having now put on his sanctified vestments, and all other matters that he deemed essential to the ceremony being adjusted, he ordered the doctor and his betrothed to kneel together before him. The whole company also knelt; when, having gone through what Gilbert considered the profane and idolatrous ceremony of the mass, he proceeded to the more interesting and essential one of receiving the mutual vows of the bridal pair, and then, with as much haste as the forms of his church permitted, he pronounced them to be husband and wife, and desired the doctor to im-

print the seal of the sacred union upon his wife's lips. The Doctor eagerly obeyed: the priest imitated him, and every man in the company followed such a laudable and agreeable example.

CHAPTER V.

So peaceful rests without a stone, a name,
That once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

POPE.

This important matter being so happily accomplished, the whole company felt disposed for the enjoyment of hilarity and mirth. The sly innendo, the smart repartee, and the loud laugh, now exercised the wits and amused the fancies of all present, until, by the exertions of Mrs. Frazier and Maria, assisted also by Archy, a plentiful and luxurious dinner smoked upon the table.

The French showed themselves as good at eating as they had been at jesting, and, for about twenty or thirty minutes appeared to have as keen a relish for Mrs. Frazier's dainties as for their own jokes. To this full and comfortable repast succeeded a liberal supply of excellent wine, (whether Champagne or Burgundy I have not been informed,) procured by Paddy from the garrison, to the soul-cheering qualities of which, the increased gayety and jollity of the company, particularly of the French part of it, soon bore testimony.

An inclination for dancing soon became the consequence of this overflowing of the spirits; and, as Paddy possessed

a violin, and both Vanbraam and he were tolerable performers, the strings were soon screwed to the proper pitch, and away went the merry Frenchmen to the regions of airiness and joy.

After becoming somewhat relieved and composed by this first irregular and rather violent explosion of their bounding spirits, they proposed a more civilized and rational set of dances, in which the ladies should bear a part. A regular cotillon was soon got up, for which Mr. Washington had the good fortune to secure Maria as a partner.

But I will not detain the reader with a formal description of the amusements of this evening, during which, the noble appearance and accomplished manners of Washington rendered him a great favorite with the French ladies, while the uncommon beauty, and the thousand graces that sparkled round Maria, excited the unbounded admiration of the officers. Washington was happy—for Maria, studious to give him no cause of uneasiness, paid him every attention, and spared no pains to render his situation agreeable; and he could not but fondly cherish the idea, that if such partiality did not proceed from love, it might be brought to end in it.

Indeed, so pointed was the attention which these two young people paid to each other this evening, that the French, both men and women, observed it, and became satisfied that Washington's present visit was altogether a visit of love. The officers, therefore, although they were aware of his political standing and influence as their enemy, felt no inclination, at the present time, to inquire further into his business in their neighborhood. They envied, indeed, his good fortune in making an impression, as they supposed he had done, on the heart of so lovely a being as Maria, but this was an envy attended rather with a feeling of felicitation than of animosity towards him; for they were persuaded that he was worthy of her, and at that moment felt, perhaps unconsciously, a sincere wish for the welfare of both these interesting objects of their admiration, and would have had no objection to have spent another merry day at Frazier's, in order to witness their union. Joncaire, who was the only one of the French present who could speak English, during the evening took occasion to banter Washington on the subject.

"I think, Mr. Washington," said he, "that it is in your power to afford us another agreeable day like this, by giving Monsieur d'Abbeville another job. Suppose you detain us for to-morrow. By my faith, we will take it as a great kindness."

"There is nothing more remote from my power at present I assure you, sir," replied Washington. "I cannot see how you could have fallen upon such a conjecture."

"No conjecture," returned Joncaire, "could be more natural. Who could look at that young lady without admiration? By heavens! if I were a young fellow like you, I could not— nay, pardon me—as it is, I cannot—and my wife says that she feels the same sentiment towards you. Upon honor, Mr. Washington, if I did not see that you are otherwise engaged, I should become jealous of you." See that leering dame of a wife of mine, she cannot keep her eyes off you."

"It is yourself, sir, I perceive, that she is looking at," observed Washington, following the direction of the lady's eyes. "But will you not hurt her feelings by the levity of these observations?"

"No, no," returned the other, "she's too cunning a puss for that. Besides, you may be easy, and speak freely; for curse the word of what we say will she understand."

An idea of retorting upon Joncaire, at least of diverting the conversation from its original topic, now occurred to Washington. "If she is so partial to me," said he, "as you mention, you may really bless your stars that you secured her before I saw her, for positively, if she were not the property of another, I should try to make her my own."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the light-hearted Frenchman, there for you now! I knew she had hit you with her sharp glances, Mr. Washington, although you alledged that she had cast them at me. By heavens! sir, you perceive that her eyes are like the quills of a porcupine."

"That is a strange comparison," returned Washington. "I rather think they are like the stars in the firmament."

"Ha! sir, you are too sublime for me." Here they were interrupted by De Vaudreuil, who wished them to engage in another dance.

The sports and enjoyments of the night were kept up

until the moon arose, which was about one o'clock in the morning, when the French departed as gaily as they had come, and a couple of hours found them snugly deposited in their comfortable couches at Fort Du Quesne. But before the half of that period had elapsed, all Gilbert Frazier's inmates, without excepting the bride and bridegroom, were as comfortably disposed of.

Washington was up with the dawn, for his heart was far from being at such ease as either to invite repose or make it refreshing when it came.

"Alas!" thought he, as he walked out on the margin of Turtle-Creek, "if this most lovely of created beings refuses my love, how wretched I shall be! My heart destitute and forlorn, shall bleed at the desolation of its hope; but it shall be still more miserable at the thought of the troubles and dangers with which, if she will not leave this Wilderness, she will soon be surrounded. War! shocking and barbarous with savages, will ere long penetrate to these wilds: and Maria, oh, Maria! how I delight to name thee!—Oh, how wilt thou escape its fury! But I will urge, I will entreat, I will implore thee to fly with me while there is yet time, while thou art yet safe, and before the coming tempest bursts around thee. Oh, with what eagerness I should march in the ranks of those brave men who shall be sent here to drive the enemies of my country from their usurped fastnesses, if I were sure that she who is dearer to me than life, would not suffer in the conflict. But I will prevail on her—O heaven grant that she may consent to become my own, that I may lodge her in a place of safety."

In such contemplations this ardent and illustrious lover spent upwards of an hour. He returned to the house, resolved to watch the first opportunity that should offer, to make known to the dear mistress of his affections his whole mind—his fears—his wishes—his warmth of admiration, and his sincerity of love.

Maria had risen. He met her smiling sweetly in all the blooming charms of maiden youthfulness. She was busied preparing breakfast, and as she went through the various movements of household economy required by the occasion, he perceived in every turn and every gesture, a gracefulness

and ease, which showed that she could render any task becoming and interesting, and that she was peculiarly fitted to preside with dignity, propriety, and grace over all kinds of domestic concerns.

"Oh, that she were once the mistress of my household!" thought her adoring lover; "how doubly sweet and delightful would then the shades of Mount Vernon be to me! It may be so; I may yet be so happy; and the time may not be far distant. To-day, to-day, I am resolved I shall ascertain the state of her feelings. Oh, God of heaven! grant that they may be favorable."

But an unforeseen circumstance prevented him for that day from becoming, as he had resolved, certain on this point. The breakfast had been delayed nearly an hour on account of the bridal pair who were rather tardy in making their appearance. At length they were forthcoming, and Mrs. Kilbreath covered with blushes, received the salutations of Washington and the rest of the family; and cheerfulness and gaiety prevailed throughout the conversation, with which they seasoned the most comfortable, because generally the most simple and domestic of all meals, the breakfast.

This meal, however, was scarcely over, when the cheerfulness and satisfaction of the party, especially of Maria, became overcast, by a message from queen Alliquippa, with intelligence that she had become suddenly very ill, and was not expected to live many hours; and that, conscious herself of her approaching end, she had requested to see Maria before she died.

Maria immediately set out in obedience to this summons. When she arrived at the wigwam, she found the queen just recovering from a strong convulsive fit which had left her much exhausted. She was, however, sensible of the presence of her favorite, and pressed her hand in token of the satisfaction she enjoyed from her visit. Maria wept over her, for she felt that she was about to lose for ever one of her dearest and most valued friends.

Her grief seemed grateful to the queen's mind. The violent tremors and emotions that agitated her nearly exhausted frame somewhat subsided; and the power of articulation, which appeared to have been gone for ever, returned for a space, and enabled her to say—

"Maria, my daughter, thou art kind. It pleases me to see that thou lovest me. But do not grieve too much. Some day thou wilt follow thy mother." Here the sounds, altho' continued, could not be distinguished, and the weeping Maria replied:

"My mother! my ever affectionate and kind mother! thou art going to leave me. I will indeed regret—bitterly and long will I regret, thy departure, for thou wert ever good and kind to thy daughter. Oh! canst thou not bless me before thou goest?"

In a faint murmur the queen prayed—"Oh, Maneto, bless my child!" Immediately the muscles of her body became slightly agitated with a short-continuing convulsion, during which the soul fled its frail tenement; and on its subsiding, Alliquippa was found to have returned to her original dust.

Maria kissed the cold inanimate lips of her deceased friend, and withdrew in great agitation. The Indians, especially their females, loudly lamented this public calamity that had befallen their tribe. Alliquippa had indeed been always much beloved by them, for the indulgent, kind, and parental manner in which she had at all times exercised her authority. For some months past she had intermeddled very little with public affairs. The French influence in the country, since their establishment at Du Quesne, she was unable to resist, and she could not without breaking her faith with the English, join in promoting it. Besides, since the death of king Shingiss, to whom she had in reality been much attached, she more than ever hated them as being the cause of his destruction. Her tone of mind, and strength of body had ever since that fatal event been gradually and perceptibly declining; and, although her last mortal attack of sickness was sudden, yet that depression of the spirits, that wasting of the frame, which, ever since the battle of Shanapins, had been visible to every observer, could not fail to impart the opinion that she was hastening to the world of spirits, the happy land where the brave and the upright, the faithful and the affectionate, shall meet to enjoy each other's society for ever, undisturbed by the war-whoop, or the song of slaughter and revenge; where men shall no longer pant for each other's ruin, where no blood shall be shed, except

that of the deer and buffalo, and warriors shall be proud of no exploits but the destruction of the wild beasts of the forest.

When the account of Alliquippa's death reached Frazier's Washington and Paddy set out for the purpose of bringing Maria home. As the latter choosed to remain some time at the wigwam, for the purpose of showing the Indians his respect for their deceased queen, he left the task of conducting his sister home altogether to Washington. Had her mind been in its usual state, her lover could not have wished for a more favorable opportunity of making known to her his wishes; but his soul was of too delicate a nature to obtrude upon her, in her affliction, that disclosure of his feelings and desires which he longed to make. During their walk, therefore, the conversation chiefly turned upon the history and character of the deceased.

"You will not be surprised, Mr. Washington," said Maria, "that I feel so much for the loss of this Indian princess, who has been to me ever since my infancy, the most constant of friends, a companion in pastime, a sister in tenderness, and a mother in affection. By this stroke of fate, I really feel bereaved of a long cherished source of happiness."

"It is, indeed," replied Washington, "a great trial for a sensible and grateful mind to witness the death of a beloved object, and one too from whose affection it has been accustomed to derive happiness; and these trials must still be most severely felt in the days of youth, when the frequency of their occurrence has not in any manner strengthened the heart against their impression. But, Maria, you know the will of heaven. I need not teach it you; it is enough to remind you of it; and what is duty, you are aware, should, at all times, obtain the pre-eminence over feeling."

"You are right, Mr. Washington," she replied. "I know it is my duty not to repine at such a dispensation. I therefore do not repine. But it would be unnatural, nay, I believe it would be a breach of duty, not to feel for the irreparable loss of such a friend."

"To feel is, indeed, natural," said Washington; "nay, not to feel would argue an insensibilty of heart, unamiable,

offensive, and culpable. But you, Maria—ah! you do not possess this; but—but—forgive me—I would say, that you should not call this loss irreparable. Providence can repair it tenfold for you. Ah! Miss Frazier! you can never want friends. Every one who sees, who hears you—but I will not now talk so. I wish to say, that I do not blame your manifestation of feeling on this occasion. Nay, it pleases me to behold it. I esteem you the more for it. Oh, Maria, Maria! I would have you to consider me as one who has never seen any thing connected with you but what he must esteem, and—"

"Mr. Washington," said she, interrupting him, "I will be candid and confess that I believe you esteem me even more than I deserve. But you are not acquainted with all my weakness of heart, my frailty of disposition, and shall I add, the errors into which I am conscious of having fallen—"

"Accuse not thyself unjustly," said a voice behind them. They turned round, and beheld Tomaleuka. "Child, accuse not thyself unjustly," continued the prophet: I know every action of thy life; I know each affection of thy heart; nay, I know almost the very thoughts of thy soul; and I know thou art as innocent and pure as the nature of thy species will permit; and hear me, maiden, if there be on earth a being of human origin who can match thee in purity and excellence, it is the youth who now stands by thy side."

"Prophet!" said Washington, "I pretend not to——"

"Hear me, my son!" interrupted the prophet, "for I am sent for, and must, in haste, go to conduct the obsequies of the queen whom this maiden deservedly loved as a mother. I know something of mankind even in the state you call civilization; and I know something of you, and can compare you with your brethren, and if I should ascribe to you more qualifications than purity; if I should ascribe to you prudence, courage, humanity, greatness of soul, and true love for your fellow-men, and all these in as high a degree as ever man possessed, I would not ascribe them wrongfully; and if heaven spares thee to thy country, the opinions of mankind will confirm my words.

"My son, hear further. I would caution thee to protect thy heart. I know it to be in danger of suffering the pangs

of disappointment. Beauty and worth may inflict a wound which they cannot cure. Adieu my children!" So saying, Tomaleuka hastily proceeded towards the wigwam, leaving Washington and Maria greatly struck with the plainness and oracular abruptness of his language and manner.

"Alas!" ejaculated Washington, almost unconscious that Maria heard him, "he knows too well the state of my heart! but what can be the danger to which he alludes? Dissapointment! alas, it may be so; I may not be capable of inspiring her with—but, Miss Frazier!" said he suddenly recollecting him, "I am raving, forgive me—my concerns I will not obtrude upon you this evening, as you may be desirous of devoting it to sorrow for your lost friend. Let me only entreat that you will not indulge the softness of grief to the injury of your health; and that in reflecting upon one lost friend, you will remember that there are many yet left you."

"I thank you, Mr. Washington," said she, "for the consoling idea; and shall be careful to bear the goodness of God to me in this respect constantly in mind, so that instead of murmuring at my lot, I trust I will be enabled to feel grateful."

Amidst such discourse, the road to Frazier's house was soon passed over, and Maria retired for the rest of the evening to her apartment. Here, after long meditating upon the friendship and the worth of Alliquippa, her thoughts fondly turned upon Charles Adderly, the warmth, the fervor, the faithfulness, the devotedness of his passion for her, the consciousness of which had now become the great solace of her existence, and the return of which had entwined, or rather identified itself with all her feelings.

"Oh, Charles!" she exclaimed in the fervor of her meditations upon him, "while thou livest I know I shall never be destitute of a friend. Oh, heaven! protect this object of my first and only love—for if he were snatched from me, then should I indeed be miserable!"

Her reflections next reverted to Washington. "I cannot but perceive," thought she, "that this excellent young man loves me. If, indeed, it were God's will I should wish that it were otherwise, for, although I may esteem, I may admire, his numerous and engaging accomplishments and

eminent virtues, yet I cannot return him love for love. My heart cannot be his: it is too sincerely and exclusively given up to another. Oh Washington, Washington! for thy own sake, excellent, admirable young man! how fervently do I wish that thou wouldst fix thy affections upon one who could return them—for thou art worthy of being beloved—alas, I know it, and yet I cannot love thee."

She would then reflect upon the transitory nature of all human enjoyments, cares, and feelings.

"How happy did I long feel," she would say, in the possession of the parental affections of that kind and amiable being who is now no more. Never more will she smile upon me, and press me to her bosom; never more shall I listen to the words of instruction, to the lessons of virtue, that flowed from her lips! Alas; those lips, and the warm heart that beat in that bosom, are now cold and insensible, and will soon mingle with their kindred earth. Never more will they feel the glow of affection, or utter the words of kindness. Never more will they contrive benefits for me, or speak comfort to my soul. But why do I say never? Is there not another, and a happier world, wherein faithful friends, who are thus separated, are destined again to meet and enjoy each other's society for ever? Yes, thanks to the great Deity, there is such a world! My departed friend believed it—Tonnalenka believed it—my parents have taught me to believe it—the sacred oracles of our faith confirm it—the heavens, and the earth, and the whole face of nature show it—and all our harassed feelings, our disappointments, and misfortunes; our bereavements, our pains, and our sorrows of this world, all find consolation and solace in the idea. Glory to God for it! I will cherish, I will dwell upon the sweet reflection, and anticipate, even here, the delights of a future existence!"

In this manner did Maria spend this evening; while Washington endeavored to divert the anxiety which the obvious import of Tonnalenka's oracular expressions occasioned in his mind, by trying to explain it away, or at least to attach to it such a degree of uncertainty as might still keep open the door for hope.

The prophet says, that I am in danger of suffering the

pangs of dissapointment, thought he. But he may not mean the kind of dissapointment which I most dread:—he may not mean the disappointment of that devoted love I bear for this young woman. Or, if he does mean it, how can he know the revolutions of the female heart? He may be aware, or may imagine, and perhaps, alas! too truly, that she does not at present love me. But surely, if this be even so, I may still hope for some good to arise from my assiduities, from the fervency and fidelity of my passion, of which it must now be my study to convince her. She has a good heart, and will not bear to see me drag out a life of continued misery, when it is in her power to relieve me. I will trust in Providence, and hope that He who moveth all hearts, will turn her's towards me.

The next day, Washington attended to witness the funeral of Alliquippa. She was dressed in the full costume to which she was accustomed in the days of her greatest glory. All the great men and warriors, together with a numerous company of the females of her tribe were present: and her successor, who was named Susquelooma, a near relation of Swanadow her husband, and who had for some time past been entrusted with the management of the public affairs, attended as chief mourner.

The bier on which she was carried to the grave, consisted of two long poles, joined together by a rude structure of wicker-work, covered with leaves. Tonnaleuka, as the prophet of the tribe, walked before the procession, with his sacred wand extended forward. The corpse followed, and close to it the chief mourner; then came the sages and elders of the tribe, and then the older and more celebrated warriors; after them, the younger and less celebrated, all in pairs. The females of the tribe then succeeded, also in pairs, taking precedence according to their age, or rather according to the order of Tonnaleuka, who had arranged the whole proceeding. Washington, and those of Gilbert Frazier's family who attended, closed the procession.

They had about half a mile to go to the burial ground, which was a little way up the side of a hill fronting the southeast, not far from Turtle Creek. Here they dug a grave in such a form, that when the body was lowered in it, the

feet were considerably lower down than the head; and as it was turned somewhat upon its right side with the face to the rising sun, it appeared to lie in a gently reclining, rather than a horizontal posture.

When the procession reached this last abode of mortality, and placed the bier with the corpse upon it alongside of the grave, Tonnaleuka, waving his wand in the air, addressed the assembly.

"Brothers and sisters, before you commence your funeral dance, before you convey your beloved queen into her last dwelling, and sing over her the song of your sadness, listen to my words.

"You appear all to be healthy just now, and full of life, and many of you, no doubt, promise yourselves the enjoyment of a long existence—for there are many of you yet young. But listen to me. What avails health, or youth, or the full tide of flowing blood, when Maneto says you must die? Then disease or accident, or perhaps the hatchet of war, does its duty: and then we return, as the queen our sister has done, our bodies to the earth of which they were made, and our souls to the Great Spirit who made them in a manner he has not revealed to us. Why, then, should we be proud of this life, or seek to render any of our fellow-mortals, who may enjoy its transitory existence, miserable? Alas! listen to me. The existence is but transitory, whether it be of joy or misery, that we can experience here. She who lies there, I have seen young, happy, admired, and beloved. Many of you have also seen her so. Think of it, brothers and sisters: does it not appear as if it were but yesterday? But look at her now! Where are the smiles which drew warriors after her?—where are the graces which captivated counsellors and chiefs?—where is that dignity of mien, and that authority of expression, which both men and women delighted to obey? Alas! they are to her as if they had never been, and to us their existence is like a shadow, passing only through our recollection, as if we had but seen it in a dream! Such will be the fate of the sensations of all here—nay, of all mankind! We are but the insects of a day—the fleeting hour of sunshine passes—the night of death comes, and we are no more. So rapid, and of such little consequence, is our present existence.

"But listen to me, brothers and sisters. The manner in which we use that existence is of consequence. And why? Because there is another, and one to which we must immediately proceed, and receive the reward of bliss or of woe, as we have here earned it.

"Listen again! Ye grieve for Alliquippa—ye think she has been unfortunate, in being thus separated from you whom she loved to reside among. But hear me—she has been fortunate in the transition, because she was virtuous, and good-hearted, and did her duty, and for these things her spirit is now receiving a glorious recompense from the Almighty Master!

"Then, brothers and sisters, what I would now advise you to do, is this—When you think of her who lies here, let it be to imitate her virtues. You will never then have cause to fear the approach of death—nay, the sooner he comes, it will be the better for you, as you will thereby the sooner obtain the reward of your good conduct from the justice of the Great Father, who will then receive you into his favor.

"Now, brothers and sisters, you may perform your solemnities, and bury your queen. I go to worship the Great Father."

So saying, he waved his wand three times towards heaven, blessed the assembly, and departed.

Susquedooma now took upon him the direction of the proceedings, and the death-dance was immediately commenced. It consisted in all the warriors marching, one after the other, in an extremely slow and solemn gait, somewhat like that adopted at military funerals in Europe, nine times round the bier, each warrior as he came to it, pausing to spread his arms over the corpse, and then raising them and his face to heaven, as if to say, "Here on earth is the body, but there in heaven is the soul;" then turning quickly upon his heel, and drawing both hands slowly from his heart, to represent the disunion of soul and body, he clasped them again firmly within each other as he moved away, in order to show that they should be again united.

The body was now lowered into the grave, into which the leg of a deer, the wing of a dove, a pair of moccasins,

and a string of beads, together with some twigs of spice-wood and leaves of the spruce-pine, were also thrown.

Susquelooma and several other chiefs then chaunted the death-song, which Tonnalenka had on this occasion prepared for them. It was, as nearly as I can versify it in our language, as follows. During its singing, a number of the warriors proceeded to cover the body with earth in the usual manner.

An Indian Funeral-Song.

We lay her in earth whom our sad hearts deplore,
Where the dust of her fathers was buried before,
And where, in our turns, we shall all of us lie,
Ere we pass to our sires in the regions of joy!

Oh! once she was beautiful, sportive, and young,
So sprightly she danced and so merrily sung,
Nor thought, in the midst of her joy and her mirth,
That thus her last covering should be the cold earth!

We lay her low here—she whose charms could engage
The hearts of the warrior, the sachem, and sage:
Ah! think of her now, all ye valiant and gay,
The charmer of hearts is a cold piece of clay!

How bright were the virtues that glow'd in her breast!
How sweet was the kindness her visage express'd!
In true love her constancy ne'er was surpass'd,
And for Shanalow's sake she was firm to the last.

But ye of her tribe, ye Shannoahs, deplore,
She who rul'd you with love, now will rule you no more:
Oh! remember her long—and with tears in your eyes,
As ye pass, strew with spice-wood the ground where she lies!

The soft-growing spice-wood is sweet to the smell,
The evergreen pine-leaves will constancy tell—
Then both we shall scatter as tokens, to prove
That the sweets of her mem'ry we ever shall love!

The body being now covered, and the grave filled with earth, a heap of stones was piled upon it, in order to mark it out, so that any of her tribe passing by, might know when to pay the customary honors to the remains of one who had been long beloved and respected amongst them. The procession then returned to Susquelooma's wigwam, where

was dispersed, and Washington took his way, with Paddy, Arcy, and Dr. Killbreath, to Frazier's.

Maria had not gone to the funeral, as she conceived that witnessing the solemnities would only have exposed her spirits, which were now beginning to recover their tone, to a fresh and unnecessary depression. It was not, however, until the afternoon of the following day, that Washington took occasion to make to her an open avowal of his sentiments and wishes. He asked her to walk out with him along the bank of the river, as doing so might tend to remove that degree of melancholy which still evidently pervaded her mind. She readily complied, and they set out together.

It was one of those premature spring days which sometimes, in Pennsylvania, enliven the generally severe month of March, and from their novelty, together with the fair face of verdant nature which they disclose just unveiled from the long protracted covering of winter's snow, make a ramble, for a short distance, very inviting and agreeable. On this occasion, Washington and his fair companion felt their hearts warmed and expanded as they beheld the symptoms of reviving nature that bloomed around them, although they were conscious that before the spring should really set in, storms of wintry fierceness would again overcast and deform the fair face of things, and nip in the bud the young plant that now rashly attempted to peep forth, and leave it in a blasted and undone state to repent its temerity.

Washington intentionally directed their steps towards the walnut-tree beneath whose branches he had first stopped to gaze upon those charms that had been fated to make such an impression upon his heart.

"Here, Maria," said he, when they arrived at the spot, "is the place where I first beheld you; and from that moment to this, the image that was impressed on my mind has never for one instant left it—Ah! never, never will it leave it!"

"Mr. Washington," said she, "I hesitate not to credit your assertion; for I know that your mind is superior to the common custom in which the gay part of your sex, I am informed, indulge themselves, of seizing all occasions to flatter ours, even often at the expense of truth. And because I be-

lieve you, and esteem you so sincerely as to feel an ardent desire for your welfare, I will candidly say that I am sorry you should have viewed me in the light you have."

"O Maria!" he interrupted her, "do not use these chilling expressions. How can you, if you esteem me, and wish for my welfare, regret that which has afforded me the sweetest sensations of my life! that which, although it has, indeed, occasioned me many hours of painful anxiety, has, nevertheless, been the delight of my existence, the sacred charm which has often buoyed my hopes into rapture, and presented to my enamored view the lovely vision of felicity which it might be my lot to enjoy! Oh Maria, do not say you are sorry for this!"

"Alas! Mr. Washington!" she replied, "if I respected you less, I might feel less sorrow on this subject. But you deserve to be happy, and to make you so, the woman of your choice should be capable of loving you with an ardor equal to your own—with an order of which I feel, and must forever feel, myself incapable. In short, sir, it is my earnest wish that you should bestow upon a more suitable object, those affections of which I am but too conscious I am not worthy.

"Not worthy!" he exclaimed; "not worthy my affections! Ah, then, what woman on earth can be worthy of them? Oh, Maria! I have seen, I have been acquainted with many females; and if I were to make, in your hearing, the comparison which my fancy has often formed between you and the fairest, the best of them, your modesty would not tolerate it. You would not listen to me—you would command me to be silent. Alas! to draw the picture which my imagination has formed of your person and your virtues, would excite your incredulity, and subject me to the suspicion of insincerity. But with you, with none will I ever be insincere. Oh! if you cannot—"

"Sir," said she, "I must interrupt you. If I thought you could be insincere in any of your professions, I would abandon every good opinion I have hitherto had of mankind. I must, therefore, believe that you do entertain the exaggerated and erroneous opinion of my good qualities which you mention. But this is owing to the generous im-

pulse of your nature, which has led you astray, and induced you to give me credit for excellences which I do not possess. Permit me to say, that you do not know me sufficiently to judge of me accurately. If you did, it might relieve us both of much uneasiness. You would see the necessity of forming a better choice; and, because I know that it would contribute to your happiness, I should rejoice that you had done so."

"Maria!" he exclaimed—"Oh, tantalizing girl! Another choice, did you say! No: let heaven hear me! I swear that, unless thou dost peremptorily and finally refuse to be mine, I shall never form another choice: and even then, should that ever be, which heaven forbid, my choice may be the dictate of duty, but I never shall be impelled to it by that warm, that irresistible feeling of heart and soul, which urges me to sue thee to become the partner of my love, the mistress of my fortune, the fondly-cherished wife of my bosom, the dear, the sweet source of all my earthly happiness. O, Maria! wilt thou not yield to it?—wilt thou not become mine? This Wilderness is an unfit—"

"Mr. Washington," said she, "excuse me: but I must speak, to undeceive you—or—or rather to remind you, that I have already said I can feel for you everything but love. Alas! that—that alone is impossible—and without love, how could I assent to the proposals with which you honor me? No, sir, I will submit it to your own feelings—without my heart, would my hand be worth accepting?"

"Time, time, my sweetest of maidens!" cried her lover; "time and my long-continued anxious assiduities, would excite your gratitude: my sufferings on your account.—oh! they must surely excite your pity, and gratitude and pity would soon produce love. Oh, Maria! you would not be long so cold, so indifferent, so cruel towards one so devoted to you, as you expect. You could not—it is not in your nature—"

"Ah, sir!" said she, "you know not, you cannot know, my feelings on this subject. You may charge me with cruelty—alas! sir, I am not cruel. That I feel pity for you just now, heaven is my witness; but that I never can feel love, heaven also knows."

"Maria, you talk mysteriously," cried he. "Indeed, my love, I cannot understand you. You pity me, and you will never love me! But, enchanting maiden, although you say it, I will hope against it; and trust that time will soften your heart, and dispose it towards—"

"Never, never! I cannot be—" she exclaimed, evidently much agitated.

"Oh! use not these cruel words," said he, interrupting her affectionately; "I will not ask you at present to be mine. I will have hope—I will have patience. But, oh! fly this Wildernes, my beloved, for there will soon be no safety for you here. Oh, Maria! this circumstance is at present the great, the immediate object, of my solicitude! The legions of a powerful nation will soon carry their thunders into this forest to root their enemies out of it. The conflict will be dreadful; and oh! to what accidents wilt thou not be then exposed! If thou wilt not fly from peril as my wife, let us persuade the whole of thy friends also to go. I will yield them shelter. I will bestow upon them comfort and abundance in a pleasant asylum, where thou, whose safety is more dear to me than the air I breathe, wilt have nothing to fear from the evils of war."

"Sir," she replied, "you are kind and generous; but it is your nature, and does not surprise me—for what virtue could you display that would surprise me! Yet I would not do myself justice if I did not express my gratitude for the friendly solicitude and liberality which has dictated this proposal: but I cannot see that my father's family are in such danger as to induce their removal from a place where they have so long resided, and where they have often, in the worst of times, of late years, experienced safety."

"The war that is now threatened," observed Washington, "will be quite different in its extent and consequences from any they have yet seen; and as the savage tribes that will be engaged in it are much exasperated against everything British, no doubt its ferocity will be greatly aggravated beyond anything that has yet arisen from former wars in this country. Your family will, therefore, be more exposed than formerly. Ah! Miss Frazier, I indeed tremble for your safety, unless you can be prevailed on to leave the place before the bloody era commences."

"Mr. Washington," she replied, "peculiarly circumstanced as my father's family is in respect to all the parties who are likely to engage in the war you anticipate, I do not suppose, that unless some of them take an active part in the quarrel, there is much danger of our being molested. With the French and Indians we are now on terms of intimacy. Our feelings and affections are with the English, it is true, and the French may suspect this, yet so long as we join neither party, I think that neither will injure us. But you may lay your proposal for our removal before my father. With his determination in this matter I must of course comply; but your solicitude on my account must be kept altogether out of view."

"I will try this expedient," said he; "I may prevail with your father, and by this means have the satisfaction of securing your safety, to effect which was the great object of my present visit to the Wilderness."

Maria again expressed her thanks for his solicitude in her behalf. They then returned to the house, and Washington soon found an opportunity of laying his proposal before Frazier.

Gilbert had long enjoyed so much safety amidst the various tribes of warring Indians, and felt himself at the present time, so secure in the friendship of both the English and French, in the event of the war of which Washington spoke, taking place, that with the strongest expressions of gratitude to that gentleman for his generous offer, he declined accepting it, and refused to remove.

"God has aye been gracious to me," said he, in reply to Washington's reasoning, "since I cam' into thir backwoods; an' though a' ye represent in sae freen'ly a manner may be true, yet I wunna noo mistrust his providence; for ye ken hoo the prophet reprimanded the godly Asa for trusting in the strength o' Egypt an' no' in the arm o' the Lord."

In addition to the piety of Gilbert, the wishes of Washington were, in this instance, opposed by the policy of Paddy, who observed that if they even should consent to remove, it would, under present circumstances, be impossible to do so without the knowledge of the French, who would inevitably prevent them.

"The day we should attempt it," said he, "you may rely on it, a troop of horse, and a tribe of Indians, at the very least, would surround us, and force us to take up our abode, not in our own dwelling again, it is true, but in Fort Du Quesne; so that all we should gain by the attempt would be to make them enemies who are now our friends. No," he added in a whisper to Washington, "I think we can be of more service to the British cause by remaining here, and keeping on good terms with their enemies, for then, you know, the opportunity for a little stratagem in war may be more conveniently watched."

Washington finding that he could not prevail on the family to accede to his wishes, and feeling that his duty to his country required his immediate return to Virginia, resolved, before his departure, to do all that remained in his power to effect for the safety of his beloved, when he should be far distant, by informing Tonnaleuka of the approaching dangers, and obtaining from him a promise to be her protector. That very evening Paddy Frazier procured him an interview with the prophet, who seemed to enter into his views on the subject more fully and readily than either Gilbert or Paddy.

"My son," said Tonnaleuka, when Washington had made his statement, "I know there will be an alarming time in this quarter, and I fear that that young woman will be peculiarly exposed. But make your mind easy. I will think of your generosity towards her and her friends, and shall not be less solicitous for their safety than yourself. Hers, in particular, you may be assured I shall watch over with all the anxiety and care you can wish. Ah, sir! think you I can be indifferent to the fate of her who has grown up from her infancy to what you now see her, under my tuition and care! Be satisfied, I will protect her as I would the apple of my eye."

"Give me one more promise, my father, and I shall be satisfied," said Washington; "promise me that if thy power should fail short in protecting her, for thy will I do not distrust, thou wilt give me the speediest intelligence of whatever misfortune may befall her, so that no time may be lost before I can fly to her deliverance."

"I promise thee this," replied the prophet. "And since thy country will soon need thee much, go now, attend to her call, and take my blessing with thee, and may heaven preserve thee long for the benefit of millions!"

"Thank thee, father, and farewell!" replied the hero, and they separated.

The next morning Washington bade a tender adieu to Maria, and, accompanied by Vanbraam, left her abode with a heavy and anxious heart, and pursued his way to Mount Vernon, where he arrived in about two weeks, without meeting with any accident.

CHAPTER VI.

What! shall the foes whom oft our arms have humbled,
Now triumph o'er us with impunity,
And scorn that power at which they oft have trembled!
No, no, by heavens! we are as brave as ever,
And soon the proud destroyers of our brethren
Shall feel that we have weapons to avenge them.

SAVELABOUR.

The intelligence of Charles Adderly's second defeat, and the establishment of the French in the fort at the head of the Ohio, had reached the Atlantic cities, and excited a great ferment over all the country east of the Allegheny mountains, several weeks before Washington's second visit to the Wilderness. It was indeed the anxiety for Maria's safety which his acquiescence naturally occasioned, and the anticipation of the national war which he saw would be hastened on by this affair, that accelerated his visit ere the winter was over; for he had not, at first, calculated on paying it until the spring opened, in order that, if Maria consented to accompany him

to Virginia, the state of the country, the weather, and the roads would be better adapted for travelling. Before he set out for the Wilderness, his exertion and influence tended much to excite his native colony to take the lead in those active measures which were about to be adopted for the infliction of British vengeance upon the French aggressors; and when he returned to Mount Vernon, he had the satisfaction to find that the regiment of four hundred regulars had been raised by the authority of the Virginia Legislature, for the express purpose of proceeding against the enemy as soon as the season would permit. Of this regiment he had himself received the commission of lieutenant-colonel; one Mr. Fry, a military gentleman, supposed to be well acquainted with Indian affairs, having been appointed Colonel.

Hostilities were not yet formally declared between Britain and France; but the British secretary of state had written to governor Dinwiddie that his cabinet considered the attack of the French upon the Ohio Company's people, and their fortifying themselves in Du Quesne as equivalent to the commencement of hostilities on their part; and therefore his majesty's colonies should conceive themselves at full liberty to attack and drive off the aggressors by any means in their power.

In consequence of this authority, Dinwiddie indulged the zeal of young Washington, who earnestly solicited permission to march against Du Quesne as soon as the country was fit to be travelled. His chief inducement for this urgency was, that by information he had received from Paddy Frazier he knew the French works at Du Quesne were yet incomplete, but were every day getting stronger, and as soon as the season opened, the garrison expected to receive from Canada a strong reinforcement of its force. If the early part of the season should therefore be permitted to pass away without attacking the French, the probability was that they would soon become in all respects, so strengthened, as to set an force the colony could send against them, at defiance.

Washington was extremely anxious for the capture of the fort, for many reasons; but the one which operated, perhaps the most powerfully upon his heart, was, the idea that by such an event, the seat of war might be kept at a distance

rom the residence of Maria Le Bœuf, Presqu' Isle, and the plains of Canada, would then become the theatre of contention; while, by possessing Du Quesne, its neighborhood would njoy tranquility, as too much enjoyment would be given he enemy in the country of the St. Lawrence, to allow them either leisure or means to disturb that of the Ohio.

True policy also called for the promptitude of action which e recommended, as a small force might now accomplish what n the lapsee of only a few weeks, a formidable army might nd impossible.

"If you wish to drive the French from Fort Du Quesne," aid he, in a memorial to the governor; "if you wish to save our border settlers from the depredation and horrors which the savage allies of our enemy meditate against them as soon s the season will permit their eruptions, you will attempt it without delay. Time passes on, the day fast approaches when the Indians will strike their winter tents, and prepare for war and devastation. The enemy which supports and encourages them to mischief, is every day strengthening himself; while he is yet weak, the means you can already command, may drive him from his strong-hold, afar from our borders, and compel the barbarous tribes, who do his bidding, to remain quietly in their own forests, without daring to search for human victims upon our frontiers.

"If on the other hand, you delay till the fort on the Ohio is completed, and until it shall be filled with troops and stores from Canada, the favorable moment will have departed for ever, and the power of a nation may not then be able to do what could now be done by that of a colony."

In consequence of these representations, Col. Washington was authorized to proceed, about the middle of April, with about two hundred regulars and some militia, with all possible dispatch, to attack Fort Du Quesne, if he found it advisable, with that force; if not, he was to throw up entrenchments and wait the arrival of Col. Fry, with the remainder of the force, who would hasten after him as soon as it should be ready for marching. By this measure, it was expected that if the French could not be driven from this station, the hostile Indians would at least be overawed into tranquility; and any of the tribes that still felt a predilection for the English, encouraged to declare themselves.

The young hero lost no time in availing himself of this permission, and something less than two weeks found him encamped at a place called the Great Meadows, a few miles eastward of the Laurel Hill. Here finding an eligible position, he determined to erect a fort, for the purpose of protecting his horse and provisions, and also of securing a retreat for his men in case of disaster. This strength, from the haste and circumstances under which it was erected, he called "Fort Necessity."

While his soldiers were employed at this work, being anxious to ascertain the real condition and strength of the French garrison, and whether they were apprised of his approach, he set out on foot, accompanied by Vanbraam, both dressed as Indians, in order to reconnoitre their position. When he arrived at Turtle Creek, he found that Paddy Frazier had just come that very day from Du Quesne, and was therefore able to give him all the information he could wish. The circumstances he reported, however, were not very encouraging. The circumvallation of the Fort was not indeed entirely finished on the sides towards the rivers, nor had the garrison yet received any ordinance from Le Boeuf; but a day or two before a re-inforcement of nearly five hundred men had descended the Alleghany river, and a large supply of cannon and other warlike stores from Canada was reported to be on its way, and daily expected.

With respect to Washington's approach and intentions, Paddy rather believed that the French were yet ignorant. At all events, he had heard nothing said of them while he was in the garrison, but he proposed to return the next morning, and by some means to make himself more certain on the subject.

During the evening, Washington had the pleasure of enjoying in private, a short conversation with the beloved of his soul; but he found her much averse to love as formerly, although he pleaded his passion more energetically and eloquently than ever. She, however, with the view of soothing his wounded feelings, and rendering her refusals of his proposals as little oppressive upon his mind as possible, expressed so warmly what she really felt, esteem for his virtues and admiration of his talents, that although he forbore to urge

her further, he could not forbear to cherish some sweet hope that the day might come when, even contrary to her own expectations, she might feel—she might acknowledge, that she loved him. Alas, he knew not how intensely and steadfastly she loved another; and alas, by her kind and amiable, but ill-judged anxiety to save him from the mortification of a harsh refusal, she prolonged those hopes with which his soul was loth to part, and unintentionally, encouraged that fallacy of expectation in his bosom, which, because it was destructive of his peace, she would have given any consideration to remove.

In the morning, as Washington, in order to pass the time which was now become heavy on his hands, wandered along the bank of the river, his steps almost involuntarily led him to the spot where he first beheld Maria.

"Here," said he, as he leaned against the walnut tree, "Here it was that while standing in this spot, that vision of light so unexpectedly burst upon my view! There she sat, as fixed to this place I listened to the tones of her enchanting voice. Ah! I will never forget that moment when she looked up and showed me a countenance of more than mortal beauty, such a countenance as my imagination in its romantic moments had often attempted to depict, but had never before seen, and till then, had despaired of ever seeing. Oh! what varied sensations both of joy and misery have I since sustained! But, alas, little of joy appears now to be before me. I might have been happy had I never seen her: but no—thank heaven I have seen her, I have conversed with her, although it has ruined my peace; for such an idea, such a lovely idea as her image alone could impart to my soul, was necessary to make me happy. She refuses me, alas, but she esteems me and the time may come when her heart may be disposed to love; for heaven surely could not have made her so essential to my happiness, without ordaining her for me!"

"My son, I could wish thy hopes to be better founded," said a voice. He turned, and beheld Tonnaleuka beside him.

"Father, thou knowest the maiden," said Washington. "Ah! tell me—thinkest thou, can her heart ever be mine?"

"My son," repelid the prophet, "the chances are now against thee, but the fates may in the end be favorable. I will neither desire thee to hope nor to despair."

"But hear me, my son, there is a person concealed in these woods from the enmity of the French. He is of a generous and daring mind, a Briton like thyself, and like thyself, a soldier. He has heard of thy coming with an armed force, and longs to join thee against the enemies of his country. Wilt thou receive him?"

"With great pleasure, and a hearty welcome," replied Washington—"May I ask his name?"

"Charles Adderly," returned the prophet.

"I am glad of it," said Washington. "He is a young man of indeed a gallant spirit, and will be a real acquisition to me. I have often of late wondered where he was concealed. I have heard of his rescue from the French, and could not think he had made his way to Philadelphia, otherwise it would have been publicly known. But where shall I see him?"

"Let me first inquire when you intend to returning to your army?" said the prophet.

"To-night I believe; as it is moonlight, I think I need not delay longer."

"Then to-night, at ten o'clock, he shall here meet you, if that hour answers," said Tonnaleuka.

"I shall make it answer," returned Washington.

"Then, farewell, my son," said the prophet, and he disappeared in the direction of Turtle Creek; and Washington returned to the house, to enjoy the luxury of conversing with Maria, although he knew that he must avoid the subject of love. She had walked out, however, and he could not ascertain, or at least he had too much delicacy of feeling to inquire, in what direction; and he passed rather a tedious and melancholy afternoon, in company with Gilbert Frazier and Mr. Vanbraam.

But although Washington did not find his beloved, yet, reader, I will tell you where she had gone. It was to the place where her heart was treasured—the cavern of her lover. She had paid several visits to this place of late, and had indulged Charles in some very pleasing and interesting interviews; but she had taken care never to mention to him anything concerning the addresses she had received from Washington, as she conceived that such information would only

ve him unnecessary pain. Tonnaleuka had been equally guarded on this subject, so that Charles had no conception that the chief under whom he was about to volunteer his services to his country was his rival: and Washington, on his part, was altogether ignorant that the young volunteer for whom he felt such a high respect, was the only obstacle between him and his soul's chief desire.

Tonnaleuka had, previous to his meeting with Washington at the walnut tree, as we have just related, informed Maria of Charles's wish to join the troops at Fort Necessity. He had also informed Charles of the vicinity of Washington and did not object to his joining him as he considered it the most eligible means by which he could be relieved from his confinement, and get out of the Wilderness. As to Maria he had been always in the habit of offering no opposition to whatever the prophet approved. The matter was therefore decided: and she now went to the cavern in compliance with her lover's request to see her before his departure.

"Ah! my love!" said he, as they conversed together, "I almost feel inclined to reject that liberty and to forego that honorable service, which is now open to me, since they will be purchased at the dear rate of leaving thy vicinity, of depriving myself of those sweet visits with which thou hast made my asylum happy. Oh Maria! honor calls me—but how can I think of removing so far from thee?"

"Charles!" she replied, "I indeed feel uneasy at the thought of your being again exposed to the hazards of war. But it is perhaps your duty, Tonnaleuka approves of it, and he knows better: at least he can judge more cooly on this matter than I can. I pray that God may watch over your safety——"

"And oh!" he replied, "may he watch over thine, thou lovely, but tender plant, whom I must thus leave exposed to all the rude storms of a barbarous forest! But my absence shall not be long, my love—we shall soon advance forward under our prudent and heroic leader, and root our enemies out of their strong holds."

"It is a comfort to me that you will be under such a chief. I know him, my Charles—I have heard Tonnaleuka speak of his qualities, and I am persuaded that if wisdom can com-

mand success, and virtue deserve it, it will follow his standard. But, Oh Charles! he may be successful, and yet thou be lost, lost to thy Maria. Alas! Alas! I cannot help trembling when I think of the numerous accidents of war to which thou wilt soon be exposed."

"Fear not, my dearest, my best beloved!" said Charles, much affected at this manifestation of her concern for his safety. "Fear not—the God whom thou servest, and who made thee so pure and so lovely, will preserve me for thy sake."

"I will never cease to pray fervently," she replied, "that he may"—and although I cannot help suffering fear lest misfortune should assail the betrothed of my heart when he becomes so exposed to danger, yet I will not distrust either the power or goodness of that God, who, I know, is as able to save in the whirlwind as in the calm. And, oh Charles—may I conjure you never to cease to trust in him, and implore him to be your guide, as well as your guard."

"Maria, my sweetest love!" said he, "it is my duty to do so; and since thou desirest it, it shall be my duty, it shall be my pleasure, my—"

"Oh, Charles," she hastily replied; "I trust that it has always been thy pleasure. Oh, say not that it is to gratify me that you would make it so."

"Maria, hear me, my love!" said he; "I have never yet been insensible to the delight that arises from worshipping God, and I hope I never shall. But to obey thy injunction is in itself a pleasure, distinct and rapturous, which until my heart ceases to beat it shall keenly feel; and even the first of my duties, the worshipping of my God, shall derive additional pleasure from thy commanding it. Oh Maria! do not think me profane when I say that religion appears to me more lovely when it is recommended by thee."

They now heard the steps of Tonnaleuka advancing.

"My children," said he, as he entered, "you are now about to separate. Let it be with fortitude and resignation. The will of heaven respecting you cannot yet be known. But repose confidence in your Great Father, and serve him; and whatsoever accidents may befall you, be assured that, although they may produce temporary distress, they will in the end result in your lasting advantage. Such, such, will

ever be the happy fate of those who, amidst all trials, maintain their integrity."

"This, my children, is my advice. I wish you to attend to it.

"For you, my son, this night at ten o'clock your chief will attend your coming to the place where I will conduct you. Be ready, therefore, to meet him—and study love and obey him, for he is worthy of love and obedience. I would also say, imitate his virtues; But they are inimitable.

"And now, my daughter said he, to Maria—"Bid this young man farewell, and come along with me. I doubt not but heaven will again grant you to meet, and perhaps at no distant period."

"God grant it," said Charles—"Then since it must be so, farewell—farewell, my love!"—and while he imprinted an ardent kiss upon her hand, she returned a faint "farewell."

She then left the cavern with Tonnaleuka, who accompanied her until within sight of her father's house, where she arrived a little before sunset, much to the gratification of Washington, who began to fear that he might not see her before his departure; and even felt his mind agitated with doubts that she might have absented herself on account of his presence."

He could not help, therefore, manifesting his satisfaction at her return, by indulging in a sprightliness and gaiety of conversation to which, during the whole day he had been a stranger.

"Miss Frazier," said he, I was beginning to despair of seeing you before I set off. You seem to be like the great huntress of the Grecian mythology, who esteemed the shades for nothing so much as their concealing her from the eyes of visiters."

"I have always, in good weather," she replied, "been fond of the woods, although I did not seek them to-day, I assure you, for the purpose of avoiding visiters; and with respect to those who now honor us with their presence, they are the last in the world towards whom I should be disposed to act the part of the shy Diana. No, no, sir, they stand too high in my estimation for that."

"Notwithstanding which," returned Washington, "you have for the last six hours at least, exclusively favored the rocks and the streams with their company, to the great dis

appointment and vexation of us your poor visitors, who have been the whole afternoon fretting and pining so much at your absence, that we could have wished ourselves changed into rocks, and trees, and fountains, if so we could have enjoyed your presence. But it was perhaps as well, as we now enjoy it the more sensibly, on account of having so severely felt the want of it."

"I am really glad that I can make any other atonement for my fault," replied. "But methinks, Mr. Washington, that if the company had suffered so very much from my absence, it would hardly exhibit the contented, good-humored, and sprightly countenances I now behold."

"It is only when you are present, that you can perceive such happy countenances," said he, smiling.

"I acknowledge it," she replied; "I have not the power of seeing through hills and rocks, and cannot exactly behold felicity any where in my presence. In some cases, however, it may be right to judge of the past by the present: and if so, I cannot suppose that any of you here have been very unhappy this afternoon."

"Ah, Miss Frazier!" returned Washington, "you know that the minds of men are variable; and you have yourselves seen plants drooping in the rain, that have almost instantaneously erected their heads, and become lively and gay in the sunshine."

"I have seen such appearances," she replied; "and I believe, sir, you have not erred in resembling them to the fickle tempers of men—a strange race of beings, for so assiduously avoiding whom, I cannot but give the woodland goddess you spoke of, some credit."

"I acknowledge you have the advantage of me in this respect," observed Washington. "I cannot retort upon you, for I know no one of the gods who ever thought of avoiding women, otherwise I might eulogize his firmness, although I confess that I would heartily condemn his taste. But, alas! Miss Frazier, to speak seriously, it was cruel to deprive me of your company to-day. My stay here must be very short, and I wished to have all my friends in the place around me while it lasted. O! would to heaven that every member of this family were now at Mount Vernon.

safely removed from the havoc and distress which barbarous war has destined for this quarter of the country. But I trust God will protect you, if I cannot."

"Ye were aye friendly an' kin'," Mr. Washington, observed Gilbert, "an' hae a gude religious heart o' your ain, while I'm muckle mistaken if God dinna bless to abundant satisfying, as our minister at the Juniata used to say. Ah! it's a pleasing sicht to see a soldier wha fears naethin' but to offend his God; an' I doot na but he'll, in every strait, remember your trust in him, an' keep you in the hollow o' his hand, and under the shadow o' his wings. For me, syne we hae ta'en up the sword in a gude cause, to stop the ravages o' thir French an' Indians on our christian neighbors, I'll aye pray for your success."

Soon after this, Paddy returned from the garrison. Washington walked out with him, and received the following intelligence.

"Some Indians have informed the Governor this very day," said he, "that you are approaching with several hundred Virginians to attack the fort. The whole garrison has in consequence been, during the afternoon, in commotion; and I waited a couple of hours longer among them than I intended, in order to see what measures they would adopt. After holding councils of war, making speeches, and drinking wine in abundance, they at last resolved to detach about a hundred men to watch your motions, impede your progress, and send you to the devil, I suppose, if they can. These fellows started at a quick pace about an hour and a half since, under one Major Jumonville; and may heaven send them all safely into your clutches."

"I must then return immediately to my camp, in order to prepare for their reception," said Washington.

"Wisely said," replied Paddy; "but you must take care not to fall into their hands on your way. Let me see, they have taken the northern route, I suppose, that they may come upon you from behind—though heaven only knows what they mean. I'll watch them, however, and give you timely notice of their movements."

"We must now set off, and endeavor to avoid them as well as we can," observed Washington. "The night will favor us, in case they come upon our course."

"There are private and near paths," said Paddy. "Let me think a moment—can I not procure you a guide?—Doctor Killbreath, or Archy? No, the Doctor's too ignorant of the country, and Archy is a—blockhead. I had better conduct you myself, til you're out of danger; and then, trust me, sir, I shall soon scent the designs of the Frenchmen."

"This, I believe, is the best arrangement," replied Washington. "I thank you, Mr. Frazier, for your zeal. I hope it shall yet be in my power to reward you."

"As you choose for that," said Paddy.

"The sooner we are off now the better," observed Washington. "If Mr. Adderly were here, I think we might proceed immediately."

"Mr. Adderly!" returned Paddy with surprise; "does he go with you?"

"I am told that such is his desire," said Washington.

"You will find him a brave fellow," observed Paddy; "worth a dozen Frenchmen, so long as he has nothing to do but fight. But as to warcraft, sir—why he can no more think of overreaching an enemy, than of cheating a creditor. He will make a daring soldier, but a confounded bad leader."

"He has honor and courage," replied Washington. "He has also talents and education of the first-rate kind; and if he disdains low cunning, permit me to say, that it is only what every great leader should do. Foresight, prudence, coolness, fertility of invention, and promptitude of execution, which are the great requisites of a commander, are in no respect akin to fraud and deception. But we will not waste time on this subject at present. Paddy, is it not near ten o'clock?"

Paddy, pulling a watch out of his pocket, observed.—"Let us see what this madam says. I just set her by the dial at the garrison to-day. The moon's pretty clear—I can discern it: it appears to be within about ten minutes of ten."

"We must then be off," said Washington—"Let us call Vanbraam, and bid adieu to our friends."

So saying, he hurried into the house, bade a hasty farewell to Maria and the rest of the family, and set out for the

walnut tree, followed by Vanbraam and Paddy. Tonnaleoka and Charles had arrived there a few minutes before them. The two young heroes received each other with a warm and hearty greeting; and the prophet pronouncing his benediction upon them, left them, and they set forward, Paddy leading the way, at a vigorous pace, for the precincts of Fort Necessity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Yet cautious as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding showed,
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troops a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

Scott.

Paddy continued to guide our party through unfrequented paths, and often no paths at all, amidst an uninterrupted and silent forest, over hills, precipices, dingles, vales, creeks and ravines, until he deposited them in Fort Necessity, a distance of nearly seventy miles, in little more than twenty-four hours after their leaving Frazier's. During their journey they had neither seen nor heard anything of the French detachment, nor had any intelligence concerning it reached the Fort.

The whole of that night, however, Washington took effectual measures to prevent a surprise, and the next morning Paddy Frazier, together with several other scouts, were sent to range the country in search of the enemy.

As a few days before, Washington had the misfortune to lose by sickness one of his officers, a captain, named Stewart, he had now an opportunity of manifesting his regard for Charles Adderly by bestowing upon him the vacant commission. Charles, therefore, now felt himself in that honorable situation of life, which was perfectly suited to his ardent and romantic disposition. He was now a soldier, and an officer in the service of his country, and under a leader who honored him with his friendship, and for whose pre-eminent talents and virtues he was impressed with the most profound admiration and respect.

It was about nine o'clock at night when Paddy Frazier entered Washington's quarters, with information concerning the enemy. He had discovered them about mid-day, ascending the western side of the Laurel Hill, and he kept them in view the whole afternoon, until he saw them encamped in a narrow defile several miles eastward of the hill, and only about two hours' march from the Fort.

Paddy described the ground on which Jumonville had encamped his men, in such a manner that Washington immediately perceived the practicability of seizing, during the night, upon the heights that surrounded them, and surprising them into a surrender in the morning, perhaps, without bloodshed. He accordingly, without delay, placed himself at the head of about two hundred men, and proceeded to the spot. It was on the margin of a small brook, and consisted of a flat piece of ground, not more than fifty yards wide, covered on both the east and west by high and abrupt hills, which rendered it one of the best places that could be found for concealment, but one of the worst for escape.

After silently and cautiously reconnoitering the ground, Washington detached nearly one half of his troops under the charge of a trusty officer, by a circuitous route through which they were guided by Paddy Frazier, to take possession of the western height, while he himself with the remainder occupied that on the east.

During the night his humanity prevented him from attacking the French; for he reasonably expected that when they should, in the morning, perceive themselves so completely hemmed in by a superior force, without any means left for

other escape or resistance, they would surrender without giving occasion for unnecessary slaughter.

His expectations were, to a great extent, although not altogether, realized. The French, indeed, were much astonished when the dawn discovered to their view the adjacent heights glittering with the weapons of war, and the British colours floating at intervals all around them. Their commander, however, who was of a brave, but rather harsh temper, felt more chagrin and irritation, than despondency at the circumstance. He rejected Washington's summons to surrender at discretion; and with the very forlorn expectation of throwing the Virginians into some confusion which might facilitate his escape, he ordered an attack to be made upon a company which guarded the lower entrance into the defile. This company was under the charge of Charles Adderly, beside whom Paddy Frazier happened then to have stationed himself.

"Damn that scoundrel Jumonville!" cried Paddy, as soon as he observed these motions of the French. "He'll sacrifice his men to his madness, and give us trouble too. But I'll pop a ball into his cap, to teach him sobriety."

The next instant Paddy's rifle was at his eye, and Jumonville's brains were scattered on the ground. The attack in consequence of this accident was suspended, and, after some little parlying, the French surrendered themselves unconditionally prisoners of war, and were soon lodged in Fort Necessity.

The sun of prosperity seemed for several days to brighten more and more upon the British cause. The day after capturing the French detachment, the remainder of the Virginian regiment, that was to follow under Colonel Fry, joined their companions; but the Colonel had died on the march, and, very much to the satisfaction of all his soldiers, the sole command now devolved upon Washington. The number of his troops was also augmented a few days afterwards by the arrival of two regular companies, one from the colony of New York, and the other from South Carolina; for by this time all the colonies had become interested in the struggle, and resolved to support Virginia in her efforts against the common enemy.

Having now a force of nearly six hundred men, tolerably well appointed with every material for war except cannon, of which, however, he knew that Du Quesne was also destitute, Washington resolved to proceed westward to the attack of that post, or if that should be found imprudent, to cut off whatever supplies might be sent to its aid from Le Bœuf or Canada. At the very worst, he conceived that he could at least seize upon some favorable position which he might fortify, as a countervailing strength, and where he could maintain his ground, and keep the enemy in check, until he should be re-inforced from the east. A scarcity of provisions, which began to be felt in his little army, was the only thing that gave him uneasiness, and seemed to call for a postponement of his design. But he trusted that a supply would soon follow him, as he had expressly and urgently written to Governor Dinwiddie on the subject: and he feared much that even a short delay might allow the Canadian reinforcements to enter Du Quesne, and thereby ruin every prospect he might have of dislodging the enemy from thence, for that campaign.

In the mean time, he knew that Paddy Frazier, who had returned to his father's the day succeeding the capture of Jumonville's party, was keeping an active and vigilant eye upon the proceedings of the French. He therefore felt confident that they could take no step of importance, or receive any considerable accession of force, without his obtaining the speediest intelligence possible on the subject. So long as Paddy was silent, he had, in consequence, a right to presume that the French were yet unrecruited and inactive.

These reflections, and his extreme solicitude to clear that quarter of the country of the French, induced him to proceed; and about the latter end of June, he commenced his march westward with all the troops he had, except one company, which was left to protect the fort from any surprise. On the second day of their march, however, when they had proceeded only a few miles to the west-ward of the Laurel Hill, Paddy Frazier met them with intelligence of such a nature as to stop their further progress.

He said, that "the French having only two days before

received their long-expected supplies from Canada, had already, with a force of nearly a thousand Europeans and as many Indians, commenced their march to meet the British and could not be more than half a day's journey distant."

Under the circumstances in which his army was then placed, Washington considered that this was indeed alarming intelligence. Their bread was altogether exhausted, and their supply of meat was become very scanty. If the French should by any means get to the eastward of them, which, by the aid of the Indians, who were well acquainted with the country, and their own superior numbers, they might easily do, any supply of provisions or other stores that might be sent from Virginia, would inevitably be intercepted, unless convoyed by a stronger escort than there was any reason to expect would accompany it.

As, however, Washington was very reluctant to commence a retrograde motion solely on his own responsibility, however necessary it might be, he thought proper to call a council of war, before which he laid all the circumstances of their situation, and his own opinion as to the necessity of a retreat.

"God is my witness," said he, in concluding his address to the council, "that there is no one here who feels more reluctant to embrace such a measure than I do. My whole heart has become bent on relieving this country from the influence of the French: for while they rule here, I know well that Indian outrages will never cease to afflict our frontiers, and entail upon our back-settlers a precarious and wretched existence. But we must, at present, yield to the imperious mandate of fate. The force of the enemy is overwhelming. In Fort Necessity we may be able to defend ourselves until our friends send us succors, which we have every reason to expect cannot now be long delayed.

"Thus, gentlemen, I have laid before you the real nature of our situation, and the measures which it appears to me the preservation of our troops require us to pursue. I now submit it to your decision, whether to adopt the disagreeable alternative of returning to our fort, which I have recommended, or of pushing forward or remaining where we are, and thereby tempt destruction, either from the hand of the enemy, or the more terrible one of famine."

The council, after a very short deliberation, resolved unanimously that a retreat was necessary, to afford them any chance of avoiding capture or destruction. It was therefore immediately commenced; and Fort Necessity saw them again enter its ramparts, about four days after they had left it.

There was only one individual in the whole band who felt the disappointment occasioned by this unfortunate turn of affairs, as acutely as Washington himself, and he did so because his feelings arose from the same cause; this was Captain Adderly. With hopes highly elated in his breast, he had expected in a few days to have been again stationed beside his Maria, not as an absconder, who feared to shew his head above ground, but as an avowed soldier of his country, able to protect the object of his affection from any species of insult, whether offered by christian or savage. Now he had to retreat from the superior force of that enemy, whose control in the country was the only obstacle to his happiness.

Washington's feelings ran much in the same strain, only he had an additional burthen of public solicitude and grief for the miseries to which he saw that thousands of his countrymen would in consequence of his failure in this enterprise, be doomed. He, however, even at this early period of his career, began to practise, in an extraordinary manner, the virtue of self-command for which he afterwards became so remarkable. At this time, when his heart's tender affections were undoubtedly stronger and more tried than ever they were during any subsequent period of his life, when he cherished an ardent desire to be near his Maria, and to perform every thing that promised to secure her safety during these times of trouble and peril, he never permitted her idea for one instant to interfere with his duty to his country. No although no man ever loved woman more fervently and tenderly than he loved Maria, yet still his country was the mistress to whose service, whenever she pleased to call upon him, he resolved to devote himself in preference to any other.

As he expected soon to sustain an attack at the post he now occupied, he kept his men busily employed in improving its strength. Its defences, which were of the stockade kind, had been hastily erected, and were very incomplete, and in

have not yet been able to deepen its trench sufficiently to offer much obstacle to the enemy. His troops were all zealous, in obeying his directions, and exerted themselves so industriously, that every hour appeared to add to their security. The officers themselves made great personal exertions on this occasion, and with great alacrity set the common men an example of manual labor.

Among others, Charles Adderly had one day wrought very perseveringly at the trench, when feeling fatigued towards the evening, and wishing to enjoy, for a short space, the luxury of meditating in solitude upon Maria, he descended a steep declivity, at a small distance from the fort, to the edge of a brook which there worked its silent passage beneath a verdant covering of hazels and alder bushes.

On a small grassy bank he threw himself down, beneath a canopy formed by the intertwining branches of these shrubs the luxuriant foliage of which scarcely permitted the rays of the sun, at that time setting in great magnificence, to reach him. But if they had reached him, all glorious and strikingly beautiful as the appearance of that luminary then was, it could not have attracted his attention—for that attention was now firmly rivetted upon an object to him more attractive, lovely, and endearing, than any other created being he could behold.

"Alas," thought he; "and am I doomed to be cut off from her presence? Is she fated thus to reside within the reach and under the power of an enemy, whose outrageous and ruffian tempers are but too well known? Ah! what troubles and persecutions will she have to suffer, if her enchanting beauties should happen to excite the passions of any of these unrestrained and lawless Frenchmen? Oh, my God here is destraction, there is frenzy in the idea. Heaven preserve her from such trials!"

"Ah, then, you dont like Frenchmen, dont you?" exclaimed a voice suddenly; and before he had time to get on his feet, two men had rushed upon him. He, however, by a rapid exertion of strength, soon got one of them beneath him; but the other was about plunging a dagger into his body, when he was forcibly seized round the waist by a man who lifted him, dagger and all, into the air' exclaiming—

"By Jasus! two to one is foul play, my honey—would you kill the gentleman?—Ah! blood and thunder! is it my master, you thieves?" was the next exclamation; "then to the devil with your damned carcass!"

That instant the suspended Frenchman was dashed violently upon the ground, and the next his own dagger was buried in his heart.

"Huzza for old Ireland!" cried the victor, whom the reader must have perceived was Paddy M'Fall. "Now, master, for the other rascal!"

"Not so fast, my brave Peter," cried Charles, "he calls for quarter."

"By the holy Bridget! then I'll quarter him in a jiffy," returned Peter attempting to strike at the Frenchman. Charles' body, however, acted as a shield, and Peter, though he madeseveral efforts could not effect his purpose. At length Charles, in an authoritative manner, said——

"I order you, Peter, to desist and leave this man to me. You see he is disarmed, and defenceless. It would be murder to kill him!"

"Murder to kill a Frenchman!" exclaimed Peter—"by my sowl that's a new doctrine! But if he was the devil, you may save him if you wish it, my honey! But what will you do with him?"

"I will have you," said Charles, to throw down that weapon, and catch him by the shoulder or the neck, if you think proper, only dont strangle him, and push him before you to the fort yonder, where we will dispose of him as may be found suitable."

Peter leapt upon the captive as a tiger would upon his prey, and seizing him by the collar with his right hand, drove him before him in great triumph, occasionally giving him a shake, and a kick upon the breech with his knee, while the Frenchman, very much to the delight of his tormentor, roared out piteously for mercy.

Upon his examination at the fort, the prisoner acknowledged that he and his slain companion had been set forward by Monsieur De Villiers, who was at the head of an army of French and Indians, amounting to nearly two thousand

men, to reconnoitre the position and strength of the British under colonel Washington; and that they had the whole of that day been concealed in the hollow where they had fallen in with captain Adderly, and only waited for the coming of night to approach nearer the works and explore them more minutely. He also stated that the French army could not be far distant; and if they did not delay for the return of their spies, they might advance to attack the fort the next day.

To account for the unexpected and timely approach of Peter M'Fall to his master's rescue, I must inform the reader that Mr. Gist, to whose house, it will be remembered, he had been conveyed by Paddy Frazier, for the purpose of keeping him out of the way of mischief, understanding that provisions were scarce, and consequently dear at the fort, had, while the main body of the troops were absent on the excursion that has been mentioned, visited the garrison in order to dispose of some of the productions of his farm, and had been there informed of Charles Adderly's situation in the army. He communicated this intelligence to Peter, who immediately resolved to rejoin his master. He accordingly bade a tender adieu to the fair Esther Gist, whose charms had made him forget those of Molly M'Nickle, and starting for Fort Necessity, which was not more than fifteen or sixteen miles distant, arrived, as we have seen, just at the critical moment to save his master from destruction. He at once resumed, very much to the satisfaction of both parties, his old station as the faithful and favorite servant of Charles Adderly.

CHAPTER VIII.

At length the fresh'ning western blast,
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And first the ridge of mingled spears,
Above the bright'ning cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennon's flew,
As in the storm the white sea mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war—
Wide rose the battle on the plain,
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again.
SCOTT

THE information which the captured Frenchman had given of the vicinity of the enemy, was found the next morning to be correct. The day had scarcely dawned, when Washington received intelligence from some of the out-posts that the hostile standards were approaching, and that the woods to a considerable extent, seemed to be alive with French and Indians. The garrison was immediately under arms, and every man at his station, expecting a severe conflict, but resolved to do his duty, so that if the enemy should prevail, they should pay dearly for their victory. Their defences were far from being complete. The trench had not been altogether cut round the stoccade, in a few places it was barely marked out, and in none was it so deep as to be an effectual barrier to the assailants. The stoccade was itself very imperfect in many places, there being yet several gaps entirely destitute of stakes. The hostile force was at least three to one, and was equally well appointed in all the implements of war. But brave men, although they may see danger, never lose courage; and Washington with great promptitude and coolness, made such judicious arrangements for receiving the assailants, that confidence was inspired in every one of his men, and even hopes of victory began to actuate their bosoms. In order to animate them still more, their heroic commander, after each company had

received its instructions, and taken its station, addressed to it a short speech, reminding the soldiers that upon their valor and good conduct that day, the safety of a thousand innocent Christian families upon the frontiers depended. "Think," said he, in some of these short addresses, "on the consequence of our being defeated on this occasion. Hordes of merciless savages will be let loose upon your defenceless wives and children, who will riot in their destruction, and will, ere they send their victims to eternity, inflict on them every species of torture they can invent. Oh, I therefore conjure you, my fellow-soldiers, to be steady and strong to-day, and if possible, save your country, and her children, from such calamities."

As the enemy was advancing in a direction where the ditch was, to a considerable extent, between four and five feet deep, Captain Adderly was there stationed with about a hundred marksmen, who were instructed to conceal themselves by remaining in a stooping posture until their adversaries approached so near that there would be no danger of their fire missing them, when they should open it with as sure and steady an aim as possible. Each of these marksmen was supplied, in addition to his rifle, with a loaded musket, so that the party could, without intermission, pour upon their enemies two successive discharges; or if it should be necessary, meet them at the point of the bayonet. The remainder of the troops kept within the stoccade, ready also to give the foe a fiery and deadly salute, whenever he should venture near enough

These dispositions on the part of the Virginians were scarcely made, when the savage war-whoop was heard between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and at the distance of about six hundred yards from the ditch, the enemy halted, and a volley from a thousand muskets was instantly poured upon the stoccade. Some of the badly fixed piles were overthrown, and five or six of the Virginians killed by this discharge. They, however, coolly reserved their fire for some minutes, until the assailants, encouraged by this forbearance, advanced rapidly to within about a hundred yards of the ditch, when Captain Adderly gave a preconcerted signal to his marksmen, and that instant a hundred

Frenchmen pressed the ground. They paused for a moment, and were inclined to fall back, but De Villiers supposing the Virginian rifles to be now unloaded, urged them forward to storm the fort, when they were again saluted by a volley from both the ditch and the stoccade, which levelled nearly a hundred and fifty more of them to the earth. De Villiers now conceived it prudent to avoid that fatal ditch, and attack the fort in another quarter. He accordingly drew off his men from the reach of the Virginian fire, which movement allowed Adderly's marksmen an opportunity to reload unmolested. The enemy now keeping at a respectful distance from the fort, marched towards its south-east quarter, where they hoped to find it more easily assailable. But when opposite this quarter, although they perceived its ramparts to be less complete than elsewhere, yet being ignorant of the depth of the ditch that fronted it, they for several hours manifested a shyness to approach, lest similar volleys to those they had so fatally experienced from Adderly's men, should issue from it. They, however, kept up an irregular and very inefficient fire from behind the shelter of trees and long grass, upon the garrison, which the latter seemed to take very coolly and patiently, never returning it except when some of the Indians or French came within hitting distance of their marksmen.

Towards the after part of the day, as if this apparent contempt shown by the garrison, had at last roused and irritated him to a greater boldness and energy of action, De Villiers came rapidly on with his whole force, seemingly resolved to take the place, cost what it would. But here also, captain Adderly's marksman lay in wait for him. They discharged their rifles, as before, but the enemy had not come in such a compact body, and therefore although they lost a number of men, and were for a moment made to recoil, they soon recovered their order, and pushed forward regardless of danger. Even a second volley, although it told fatally upon them, was not sufficient to check their progress, as their whole force, Indians as well as French, seemed to be inspired with an absolute contempt of destruction.

In a minute, the enemy had gained the edge of the ditch, and the rifles of Adderly's men were unloaded; but their

bayonets were fixed, and a cheveaux-de-frise of that formidable weapon instantly presented itself against them, over which it was impossible for the French to proceed.

About a hundred bayonets, however, could not defend the whole trench against such a number of enemies as now assailed it, and several strong parties of the French were, in a moment, at other points attempting to cross it. These were instantly attacked with a heavy fire from the stockade, notwithstanding which, upwards of five hundred, led on by De Villiers in person, had succeeded in descending into the ditch, and, would, perhaps, have made their way into the fort, had not Washington promptly charged them, at the head of about one hundred and fifty men, with fixed bayonets, before they could ascend to the level ground. This charge was assisted at a very critical moment by a well directed fire from the New Yorkers, who were stationed within the stockade. De Villiers, was, in consequence, obliged to withdraw, after leaving between fifty and sixty of his men dead on the spot.

Captain Adderly, much about the same time, had driven off the party with which he had been engaged. Not content, however, with this advantage, his impetuosity induced him to follow the enemy upon the open space. He accordingly sprang out of the trench, and calling on his men to follow him, he was obeyed. The enemy, who were at least three to one against him, turned upon him, and his small band would, in all probability, have been cut to pieces, had not Washington perceived their danger, and with the hundred and fifty Virginians that had driven off De Villiers, flew to their aid, and the enemy thought proper to retire to the shelter of the woods, which they did in tolerably good order; not, however, before Captain Adderly and Monsieur Jonquire had met in a single combat, and the latter had been hewn to the earth, receiving a dreadful fracture in the skull, of which he died a few days afterwards.

Both Washington's and Adderly's parties now returned to their old stations, as pursuing a hostile force upon exposed ground, who were so much their superior in number, and as well furnished for battle as themselves would have been absolute madness.

A cessation of the attack now took place, and Washing-

ton had time to inquire into the real position of affairs. Between sixty or seventy of his men were killed, and upwards of a hundred so badly wounded as to be incapable of service. The enemy were repulsed, it is true, but there was every probability that the attack would be renewed the next day; and if the assailants should happen to direct their force to the quarter where the shallowness of the trench would permit them easily to pass, the fort must fall. If, on the other hand, they should be too much intimidated by the warm reception they had just received, to renew their attempts to storm the place, and should content themselves with blockading it, and cutting off its expected supplies, the surrender of the garrison must be equally, nay, perhaps more inevitably certain, as it did not possess, at that moment, more than three day's scanty allowance of provisions.

The only chance of extrication from these difficulties, Washington conceived would be a renewal of the attack of the enemy upon the same points on which they had already made it. This would afford his troops an opportunity of again repulsing the attacks of the assailants, and perhaps compelling them to abandon the enterprise. It was, therefore, his great object to prevent them from discovering the great weak parts of his defence: and he accordingly ordered that, during the night, these should be particularly guarded from the approach of spies and reconnoiterers.

While he was making arrangements for preventing a surprise, a trumpeter approached from the French, who were encamping in the woods, about eight or nine hundred yards distant, demanding a parley, and permission for an officer to enter the fort in order to negotiate for its surrender.

Washington promptly refused to grant the last request. He declared that he would permit none of the enemy to enter the fort without detaining him there as a prisoner: and that if the French commander was serious in his desire to negotiate, he must give a passport for a British officer to proceed to his camp, for the purpose, and also his witness parole for his safe return. Washington's caution in this matter arose from his unwillingness to expose the incompleteness of his works to any of the enemy, and it also occurred to him that this request for negotiation might be a contrivance of De

Villiers to discover any assailable quarter for a new attack.

De Villiers, however, granted the parole required, and Captain Adderly was appointed to wait upon him, and ascertain the terms he had to propose. These terms being very little short of absolute surrender, were quite inadmissable; and Washington instructed Charles to "inform the French commander, that unless he greatly humbled his views, and moderated his pretensions, an attempt to negotiate was only useless trouble, and should be no longer attended to."

This reply induced Villiers to conceive that the British were more confident of being able to resist him than he expected. He therefore in a second message, did lower his tone considerably, offering to permit the garrison, both officers and privates, on giving their parole not to serve in this country again during the continuation of the present contest, against the French, or their allies, permission to return to their several homes, with such provisions as were necessary for their journey, but without any of their arms or military stores.

"Tell Monsieur De Villiers," said Washington, after hearing these proposals," that he very much mistakes both our situation and our dispositions, if he calculates on our accepting such terms. The only terms I shall accept are these.—That we shall be allowed the honors of war, permitted to retain our arms, baggage, and stores of every kind; and also to take our own time to march without molestation back to Virginia. Rather than capitulate on any other conditions, I shall bury myself and every man who shall adhere to me, amidst the ruins of our Fort. De Villiers need not, therefore, trouble me with any other answer than an acceptance of these terms."

When Captain Adderly reported this reply to De Villiers, "that young Washington is an obstinate commander," said he, "but I see he is a brave one; and I believe I can make nothing more of him without considerable slaughter. Let him have his terms, therefore in the name of heaven, so that I may get him out of this part of the country."

The capitulation was accordingly drawn up in French, and afterwards translated into English, when it was signed by the officers on both sides. The next morning the British removed all their stores out of the fort, and with their colors

flying, their music playing, and the troops marching in military array, they evacuated it, and paraded at some distance beyond the French encampment.

As their horses were chiefly either killed or captured during the engagement, they were unable to carry off all their stores. They, therefore, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the French, destroyed the greater portion, preserving only what they could bear away on their shoulders. They then continued their march homewards, and in about three days after leaving Fort Necessity, arrived at the inhabited parts of Virginia.

All ranks of Colonel Washington's countrymen were highly pleased with the bravery and good conduct he had displayed during these transactions; and indeed, the whole party received great applause for their spirited and gallant behavior. When the legislature met, they expressed their satisfaction at what had been done, by presenting a sum of money to be distributed among the soldiers, and passing a vote of thanks to Col. Washington and the officers under his command, for the credit which their conduct had reflected on their country.

To this vote of thanks, Washington, in the name of the officers, made the following reply:

"We, the officers of the Virginia regiment, are highly sensible of the particular mark of distinction with which you have honored us in returning your thanks for our behavior in the late action: and cannot help testifying our grateful acknowledgments for your "high sense" of what we shall always esteem a duty to our country and the best of kings.

"Favored with your regard, we shall zealously endeavor to deserve your applause, and by our future actions strive to convince the worshipful house of burgesses how much we esteem their approbation, and, as it ought to be, regard it as the voice of our country.

Signed for the whole corps,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."[*]

Although, as it is natural to suppose, the applauses bestowed on this young hero, on this occasion, strengthened his

[*] See Marshall's Life of Washington.

predilection for a military life, yet, shortly after this, some untoward circumstances took place, which induced him to relinquish it for the present, and to retire to a private station. These were owing to a controversy which arose between the officers commissioned by the king, and those commissioned only by the governors of the colonies, concerning rank, the former claiming precedence over the latter of the same grade, when acting together in the same service. I shall not here enter into the merits of this controversy, which is detailed fully in the histories of the times, and which was one cause among many others that prevented more effectual measures from being taken against the French during the remainder of this campaign.

Colonel Washington and Captain Adderly took part with the provincial officers in the discussion of this matter; and as those holding commissions from the crown at length carried their point, these two gentlemen retired from the service, and many of the Virginian officers followed their example. Governor Dinwiddie addressed several letters to Washington, pressing him still to hold his commission, in reply to which he asserted his unabated attachment for military employments, and his undiminished desire to serve his country when she needed him—"But," said he, "I can only serve with pleasure, when it is in my powsr to do so without dishonor."

He indeed perceived that his remaining in the service at this time would be attended with very little advantage to the public; for although Great Britain had now declared war against the enemy, and large European succors were expected soon to arrive in the colonies, yet the councils of the latter were so distracted, and their resources so badly managed, that it was easy to see that no enterprise of importance would be undertaken against the French this season.

De Villiers, indeed, had on his part given occasion for none: for, satisfied with having driven Washington out of the Wilderness, and, perhaps, conceiving it imprudent to maintain a station so near the borders of the British settlements as Fort Necessity, he relinquished it the very day after its capture, and retraced his steps back to Fort Du Quesne.

Some Indian ravages, it is true, were towards the latter part of the season, committed on the back-settlers of Virginia and Pennsylvania; but, considering the failure of Washington's expedition, the frontiers suffered infinitely less than might have been expected. That very expedition, it is presumed, although it had failed in its primary object, had given both the French and the Indians such a severe sample of what they should receive from British vengeance, if they should arouse it, by too much provocation, to the exertion of its full strength, that they thought proper to exercise some caution and forbearance towards them, at least until the season should be so far advanced, that the colonial troops could not again take the field. It may be also mentioned, that, after Washington's resignation, one Colonel Innes obtained the command of the Virginia regiment, which being recruited and joined by several companies of regulars from Maryland and North Carolina, presented to the view of the Indians a force which, although it undertook the performance of nothing important, was still sufficient to keep them in such awe as to restrain their depredations.

Although the court of London, as soon as it found that reasoning would have no effect in causing that of Versailles to relinquish its claims upon the Ohio country, did not hesitate to draw the sword in order to accomplish that end; yet no European troops were sent to assist the colonies to drive the intruders off the contested ground for several months after the war was declared, and during the whole of the autumn of 1754 and the following winter, the French remained unmolested in the possession of the Wilderness.

The family of Frazier continued as usual to follow their employments undisturbed by the French, with whom Paddy managed to keep on the most cordial footing. The assistance he had rendered Washington never became suspected, and both he and Doctor Kilbreath continued to trade with them and the Indians as freely, and with as little fear, as if they had never taken any part with their enemies. As to the Indians, the friendship of Tonnalenka secured theirs to the family and except the disappointment which Gilbert felt from the bad success of his countrymen, he had, on on this occasion, no cause for uneasiness: or at least he

felt none from apprehension of either his own security or that of his family.

With respect to Maria's feelings on hearing of the transactions at Fort Necessity, the uncertainty under which she labored concerning Charles Adderly's fate, gave her great uneasiness, but that uneasiness was confined to her own breast. Perhaps on that very account it was the more painful; and, although she was not without hopes, still her fears of some misfortune having taken place would sometimes amount almost to agony, and she would have given any consideration to be assured of his safety; nay, such is often the intolerable nature of suspense, that, if the worst had happened, she would have made almost any sacrifice to know it. At length fortune had compassion upon her, and relieved her anxiety by throwing in her way a Philadelphia newspaper, which Paddy had procured from an Indian who had wrapped it round some articles of spoil, of which he had plundered one of the Pennsylvanian settlers on the frontiers, about the latter end of autumn, when several marauding parties of the savages, as has been observed, ventured to make a few predatory excursions. This paper contained the following paragraph, which communicated joy to her soul.

"It is with great pleasure that we announce the arrival in our city of that gallant young man, Charles Adderly, who commanded the party sent out in the beginning of last winter, to take possession of the lands belonging to the Ohio Company, in our western wilderness, and upon which the French garrison of Le Bœuf committed the daring outrage which has been often mentioned in our paper in terms of indignation, and which we rejoice that our mother country has at length determined to chastise, in a manner becoming her rank and dignity among the nations.

"Mr. Adderly's friends had been for several months uncertain of his fate, and their joy on being again blessed with the society of one so much valued and beloved, after he had, as many supposed, fallen a victim to savage revenge and cruelty, will not be easily imagined. This gentleman's adventures in the western wilderness, during the last winter, we are informed, have been of the most singular and romantic character. Until the appearance of the gallant Wash-

ington in that quarter gave him an opportunity of joining his countrymen, he owed his safety only to concealment in the lonely dells and darksome caverns that abound in that dreary wild. Great, indeed, must have been his sufferings, and miraculous his escapes, during the inclement season he was obliged to seek shelter in such lurking places.

"We trust that Mr. Adderly, or some of his friends, will one day favor the public with a narrative of his adventures, during his excursions to the west. We are persuaded that there are none but would feel extremely interested in the perusal of such a work."

The information thus obtained having tranquilized Maria's mind concerning her lover's safety, and no accident of a serious nature occurring to her during the winter, she passed it with as much satisfaction and ease of mind as in Charles's absence could be reasonably expected. This absence, however, it must not be denied, occasioned her many an hour's anxious meditation; and when in good weather she would take a ramble through her native woods, often would the recollection of her Charles's image melt her into tenderness. On such occasions, often did she recall to her thoughts the beautiful lines of Shenstone, with a very slight alteration, so descriptive of her own feelings:

> Dear regions of silence and shade!
> Soft scenes of contentment and ease,
> Where I could have pleasingly strayed,
> If aught in *his* absence could please.

CHAPTER IX.

Oh! thou pale orb that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With wo I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn in lamentation deep,
How life and love are but a dream.

BURNS.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of beings in the world more apt to be tormented with incidents that are at cross purposes with their wishes, than lovers. It would be easy to prove the truth of this assertion by a thousand examples: but it would be too tedious a business. I shall, therefore, not prove it at all, unless the following statement of some perplexities that befell Charles Adderly shortly after his return to Philadelphia, be received as a proof.

The joy of his father and mother on seeing their only son, whom they looked upon almost as if he had been restored from the grave, once more safe under their roof, was such as tender parents will readily conceive. They in a few days invited a large party of their numerous friends, for the friends of the rich are always numerous, to a splendid ball and supper, in celebration of the joyful occasion. This brilliant party consisted of some of the most distinguished and fashionable families then in Philadelphia. Its ladies in particular comprised almost all that was beautiful, gay, and engaging in the city; but amidst the whole fascinating group, there was one object whom every eye singled out as the most worthy of admiration. This was Miss Arabella Walworth, niece and heiress to Robert Walworth, Esq., reputed to be the most opulent banker in America. This young lady had been the only child of John Walworth, a West India merchant, who died in Jamaica about ten years before

her appearance in the gay assembly of which we are speaking, and had left her the sole heiress of a property said to amount to between thirty and forty thousand pounds sterling. She had lost her mother about three years afterwards, and her uncle, the banker, had for the last seven been her only guardian and protector.

Charles's father had long contemplated this young lady as an eligible match for his son, and had even gone so far as to secure the banker's acquiescence. Although the old gentlemen had thus easily arranged the matter between themselves, they had not as yet imparted their scheme to the young people; and Mr. Adderly now thought that it would be but fair to give them an opportunity of getting fond of each other, by which means the match would be rendered much more agreeable, and easily effected. Mr. Walworth, who knew little about the influence of the tender passions, being one of those cold-blooded, good sort of honest money-making men, who never feel any of the sweeter and more endearing impulses of life, would have gone less ceremoniously to work, and would have had the deeds of matrimony "signed, sealed, and delivered" without delay; "for," said he, in reply to some observation of old Adderly, recommending a more cautious mode of proceeding, "I can see no objection that the parties to this contract can have to perfecting its obligation, since they must, each of them, on the first inspection, be convinced of getting value received. But as it is a kind of business in which I have no experience, being now in my fifty-ninth year, without ever having bargained for a wife, I will leave it to your management, for you must know better what is needful to be done in the premises. Only I wish you to make every reasonable dispatch, lest, by keeping the bargain in suspense, Arabella may miss a profitable market."

"There is no danger of that," replied Charles's father; "your niece, you may be assured, will for these ten years to come, be as disposable a commodity as any of her kind in the province. But you may depend on it, Mr. Walworth, that I too anxiously wish her to become my daughter-in-law, to delay its accomplishment any longer than the nature of the transaction will require."

On the night of the ball already mentioned, Charles's father and mother used every contrivance in their power to draw the attention of the young pair toward each other.

"The greatest favorite I have in the room," would his mother observe, "and, I believe, the best young lady in the city, is Miss Walworth."

"I have always thought her an uncommonly fine girl," would his father reply; "eminently beautiful and accomplished, and mistress of nearly forty thousand pounds in ready money, besides her expectations from the banker. Charles, I shall be glad if you secure this young lady for your partner to-night."

"If she will consent to it," replied Charles, very complaisantly, "I shall do so; for I really believe her to be a very amiable young woman."

"And don't you think her also handsome?" asked the father.

"Very much so," replied the son, carelessly.

"Have you ever seen any woman you thought more so?" said the father.

"That is an embarrassing question," replied Charles, in some confusion, for he thought of his Maria; "I request time to reflect on an answer."

"Well, Charles, no matter about an answer; I wish to see her your partner to-night, at any rate," observed his father.

"If it be in my power, sir," said Charles, "you shall be gratified."

He accordingly did, in the most polite manner, request the fair lady to dance with him, and was honored with her compliance; and many a gallant youth that night envied his felicity.

Charles, indeed, found her society during the whole evening extremely agreeable and interesting; and his native politeness towards the sex, independent of a wish to gratify his father, induced him to pay her the most pointed attention. But even at that moment, the image of the sweet maid of the Wilderness reigned triumphant in his soul; and as he reflected that, while he was thus surrounded with splendor and enjoyment, she might be a prey to misfortune,

perhaps the victim of lawless passion and barbarity, he became thoughtful, and more than once, in the midst of his gayety and mirth, heaved a sigh, which his father, who observed all his attentions to Miss Walworth, perceived with great satisfaction, as an indication that she had already made some impression upon his heart.

As to the young lady, she, unfortunately for her own peace, drew a similar conclusion. She saw Charles Adderly: she had heard of his military exploits, as they had been eulogised in the official communications of Washington. He was just such a man, he was just such a hero, as she wished should love her: and she felt, from this night she too unequivocally felt, that she loved him.

But, although in every respect admirable and highly finished, both in beauty and accomplishments, yet, even if his heart had been disengaged, she was not exactly the character that Charles Adderly could have loved. Her manner seemed rather to challenge and claim admiration and homage by an assumption of dignity, and a display of conscious superiority, than to attract and warm into fondness by an irresistible combination of faultless loveliness, unaffected sweetness, amiable humility, and a thousand nameless and bewitching graces that shone from both the person and the mind of Maria Frazier.

Charles, however, was pleased with the preference which this high beauty of the world of fashion in his native city manifested for him, on this evening, over the many agreeable young men who fluttered round her, and sighed to obtain from her an approving smile.

As they sat together during an interval of dancing, a young man named Morley, of good connexions and large property in the city, who had been long enamored of Miss Walworth, and had lately made some unrequited declarations of his passion, approached and saluted them. Charles, who had formerly been intimate with this young man, invited him to sit beside them.

"Perhaps my presence will only spoil the agreeable import of your conversation," said Morley, looking rather discontentedly at the lady.

"If you think so, sir," she replied, "you know what best

becomes you to do. I presume Mr. Morley has more good breeding than to offer his presence where he imagines it is not wanted."

"I beg pardon, Miss Walworth," he replied; "it was only my fears of being an intruder that suggested the idea. I hope Captain Addely does not conceive me one. If he says the word, I shall retire."

"I am perfectly satisfied with your presence," observed Charles; neither do I believe that Miss Walworth feels it disagreeable. You must, indeed, Mr. Morley, be much altered since I knew you, if you have become an unpleasant companion."

"I have no objection to the gentleman's company," said Arabella; "but he himself seemed to think that we did not want it. Did you not think so, Mr. Morley? I must have you to speak candidly on the question."

"I really did think, then, my fair catechiser," said Morley, "that you might have something of a confidential nature to discuss, which my presence would interrupt; I therefore expressed the idea, so that if it happened to be correct, I might at once relieve you of the interruption; for I assure you, my friends, much as I value your society, I do not wish to enjoy it at the expense of your satisfaction."

"Well, let us drop the discussion," said the lady; "and since Captain Addely has no objection to your company, and you seem to desire his, I have no right to interfere between you. But perhaps, gentlemen, you would both feel more comfortable in my absence."

"Oh, Miss Walworth!" observed Charles, "how can you think so? Surely you do not suppose that my late residence among the Indians has made me such a savage as that?"

"No—far be it from me," she replied, "to think so. But there are some young fellows who, I believe, have never been five miles out of the bounds of Penn's city, whose manners frequently appear as if they had been altogether bred among savages."

"Miss Walworth," said Morley, who felt this remark to be levelled at himself, "if my inconsiderate expression has offended you, I recant it. But no—it was truth—I really

perceive that my presence has disagreeably interrupted the enjoyment of more pleasing company."

"Whether I prefer the company of others to yours, or not," she replied, "has surely, Mr. Morley, nothing to do with my assertion as to the savages I have seen bred in Philadelphia; for, I assure you, I have seen some in this city so rude, that, although their friends and their fortunes may sometimes gain them admission into good company, I would, for my part, rather see one of the wild Chippeways stalking into my presence."

"You are too severe upon the youth of your native city," observed Charles, who felt for Morley, as he perceived him much mortified; "surely, Miss Walworth, you do not include us all in your remarks!"

"God forbid," she exclaimed; "the same Paradise that contained an angel, we are told contained also a serpent." "But what say you, Mr. Morley," she continued, smiling in that gentleman's face, in order to relieve his chagrin, which she saw had been as highly excited as she wished; "what say you, my friend, would it not be for the advantage of some of our young people, ladies, I believe, as well as gentlemen, to visit the savages to get their city rust rubbed off? Pray, Captain Adderly, what kind of women are those squaws? Have you ever seen any of them you thought handsome? But, Mr. Morley, please to be seated, and then Captain Adderly will let us hear of those Indian women."

"Miss Walworth, I am all complaisance to the commands of the fair," replied Morley, seating himself beside Charles. "One smile from beautiful lips will always remove from my mind the impression of a thousand frowns."

"Ah! you are very good-natured, I know," she returned; "but, my dear sir, you look so well in the pet, that it would be a pity you should not sometimes fall into it; and then again you are so much improved on your recovery, really it is delightful to see you go through the process of a little ill-humor. But let us hear of the squaws? Do they ever get angry, Captain?"

"Angry!" observed Charles, "no, no, Miss Walworth, they leave that for their husbands."

"That's right," said Morley, "I wish our pretty white ladies would also do the same. How charming they would be!"

"It would be very unfortunate, sir," returned the lady; "especially if all our white men were so difficult to keep in order as you. Captain Adderly, do the savage men ever get angry?"

"Very frequently with each other," replied Charles; "but seldom or never, I believe, with their women."

"Thank you, sir," she observed; "hence at once is seen the reason why the squaws are so good-natured. I'll warrant you, if they had some of our Philadelphia bucks among them they would soon change their tempers. But you didn't tell me if they are handsome?"

"Ah! Miss Walworth," replied Charles, "you must excuse me there. My eyes, I believe, have too much Christian partiality in their vision, to be a proper judge in this matter; and present beauty I have ever felt blind-folding in its qualities."

"I understand you, sir," she returned smartly; "although it is odd, too, that beauty should have upon you an effect so different from what it has on other people, who generally accuse it of two much brightness. Yonder are some ladies opposite to us, from whose countenances I will undertake to say, that Mr. Morley will acknowledge he sees light issuing; and let him converse but five minutes with any one of them, he will protest that her eyes dart flames. How then, sir, could they blind-fold you?"

"Perhaps by excess of light," returned Charles. "Men, you know, have been struck blind by lightning. But yonder is the signal for another set. Miss Walworth, have the goodness to honor me——"

So saying, he arose, bowed to the lady, who gave him her hand, and whispering to Morley to follow with a partner, he led his fair companion smiling towards the dancing part of the company.

But joy on earth is never lasting. A few hours rolled round and the merry revellers of this gay party were obliged to separate. They accordingly hastened to their respective homes, where on their dull couches, (such are the contrasts of human life) they sought repose from the fatigue of joy, and concealment from the admiring gaze of the world.

A close intimacy was now cultivated between the families of Adderly and Walworth; the heads of which, with great satisfaction, conceived that their plans for a still closer connexion, were on the fair way of being soon accomplished. Not a week passed but reciprocal parties were several times given at both houses. Mrs. Adderly never seemed so happy as when she had her son to accompany her on visits to Arabella; and Arabella never permitted any other engagements to interfere with her returning these visits. Charles, on such occasions, frequently found his presence expected to accompany her both in coming and going; and very often, so familiar did their intimacy during the autumn become, he was put in requisition to attend her, in her carriage to short excursions in the country. There they often recruited themselves amidst groves, and shady bowers, and by the banks of purling brooks, and all the tempting situations for love; and Charles, it must not be denied, frequently found his natural fondness for the sex in such situations excited to a passing feeling of something like tenderness for the fair companion of his dangerous rambles. But he meritoriously held fast to his heart's integrity. Meretoriously did I say! Alas! he had no merit in the affair. It was his feelings, feelings of affection and passion interwoven with his very existence, that kept him constant to his first and only love. What, if he felt his heart warm at the soft seducing glances, and love-speaking blushes of the universally admired beauty of the gay world, who indulged him with so much of her society! What if he felt a keener throb than usual beating at his heart, as leaning on his arm she would, perhaps involuntarily press it to her bosom! There surely was nothing of infidelity in it. There might be weakness in it, but it was the weakness of human nature, and but momentary. One single reflection upon the charms of his distant Maria would calm the storm, restore him to strength, and to those feelings of true love that he delighted to cherish.

It must not, however, be concealed, that in some of these unguarded moments, his natural politeness was perhaps exceeded in the warmth of expression with which he complimented his fair and tempting companion. But these compliments, although often taken for more than they really ex-

pressed by the young lady who wished them to express more, were never intended by Charles to express even half their literal meaning; and were sometimes more than half repented of ere they were fully uttered. It must also be said in his justification, that had he conceived Miss Walworth would have looked upon them in any other light than as the mere dictates of that common-place gallantry and politeness, due by all men to a fine woman, he would have allowed no temptation to induce him to utter them.

He was all this time not aware that he was looked upon by the whole city as the favored and fortunate candidate for Miss Walworth's hand. His pointed attentions to her, and the exclusive preference she so publicly gave him over all her other admirers, were of themselves sufficiently to give rise to this opinion, which was now become the current report and firm belief of all the gossips of the day; but it was also so strongly corroborated and almost confirmed by the fact transpiring, whether by accident or design is not material, of the lady's guardian and the gentleman's father, having actually agreed upon the conditions of the match, that the most sceptical on the subject could not at last withhold their assent to the truth of the report.

Matters were thus circumstanced, when one day Charles went to pay his usual visit to Mr. Walworth's. The servant informed him, that Miss Walworth was in the drawing-room. He ascended the stairs without ceremony, and, the door of the drawing-room being a little open, he had scarcely reached the landing-place, when he heard the young lady saying in a voice rather above her usual tone to some person in the room—

"It is a matter, sir, that cannot concern you. I have a right to bestow my affections, yes, and my hand too, upon any person I choose—and if I have preferred Captain Adderly, it has been my own pleasure to do so, and I hope, sir, I am not accountable to you for my preferences or my conduct."

Charles paused for a moment, uncertain whether to advance or retreat: he would have done the latter, but he had already advanced too far, for the lady, who was walking about the room, happened that instant to see him, and exclaimed—

"Ah, here is Charles himself coming!"

He hastened forward, while she held out her hand, which he gracefully saluted, and turning round, made a bow to his friend, Mr. Morley, which was returned with a dry and rather offensive nod.

"Captain Adderly," said the lady, assuming an air of great irritation and triumph, "that gentleman has just had the impertinence to question me as to the disposal of my heart, and to complain of the preference I have given you, as if I were not my own mistress, and could not bestow my affections upon whom I please. He has, indeed, teazed me this some time past, with his ridiculous addresses, in a manner that I am determined to tolerate no longer."

"I hope he has not insulted you?" asked Charles.

"No, he has not exactly insulted me," she replied; "his language is of too whining a nature for that. But I wish to God he would, for the future, refrain from annoying me with his importunities. I will here repeat to him, that I shall give my hand to whomsoever I choose—and I wish it, that his presence can be at present dispensed with."

"I shall then, proud fair one, bid you good morning," said Morley. "But I must first state to Captain Adderly, that I have no quarrel with: and, heaven knows! it is still further from my wishes to have any with you. My only fault has been, in spite of myself, loving you too sincerely: a fault which I shall, if possible, endeavor for the future to correct. But if I should not be able to do so, believe me, I shall not, at any rate, disturb your peace with the man you prefer."

So saying, he made each of them a polite bow and withdrew.

"Oh, my Charles!" cried Miss Walworth, throwing herself upon a chair, "you know not although I ought to have told you, how much I have been lately teazed with this young fellow."

Charles scarcely knew what reply to make to such an address. It unequivocally insinuated that she regarded him as her favorite lover, an idea which she had never before conveyed in such express terms. Her conduct, had indeed often manifested that she entertained such an idea. But he had ventured to hope, especially as he was conscious of

having never made any direct declaration of love to her, that he must have been mistaken in his construction of her conduct. Her conduct and language were now, however, both too plain for mistake, and he felt embarrassed, not knowing whether he should undeceive her at once with respect to his feelings, or let her discover them more gradually by his future deportment towards her. Both were harsh, and, after the intimacy he had so imprudently cultivated with her, perhaps ungenerous measures, and grating to his feelings—but the last was certainly the least so, and he determined to adopt it.

"Miss Walworth," said he, "what the nature of your intercourse with Mr. Morley has been, you know it is no more my right to inquire than it was his to interrogate you about your intimacy with me. I would be equally culpable with him if I were to do so; and you would be equally entitled to resent my conduct."

"How, Charles!" she cried, "can I understand you? Do you not speak mysteriously? Is it not in my power to prefer you to him, and have I not done so? Has my conduct not all along shown it? Have you not, therefore, privileges on which he had no right to presume?"

"I acknowledge," said Charles, "that you have a right to regulate, according to your own pleasure, the privileges you allow your friends, and I cannot but feel grateful at the superior confidence you seem willing to repose in me, and I can at least make this return for it, that I will not betray it."

"What means this?" she muttered with a tone of surprise and some irritation, "this cold chilling return! the privilege I allow *my friends!* Is it Captain Adderly that speaks so!"

Here she became much agitated, and for a few moments continued silent. At length relapsing into tenderness, and bursting into tears, she cried, "Oh, Charles! surely I have not deserved this from you. You, from whose attentions I have derived so much pleasure—you, to whom I have given up my heart—to whom I have now exposed all my weakness. Alas! have I been deceived by your professions! If so, I am indeed miserable!"

"Be calm, Miss Walworth," returned Charles, greatly

moved, and willing to soothe her—for at that moment h had not the heart to increase the pangs he had already in flicted—"Alas! be composed, my dear madam; whatev professions I have made, they may have been mistaken, bu I assure you that they never were intended to be so." Here the propriety of resolving not to encourage her delu sion recurred to him, and he added, "For the future my conduct shall lead to no mistake. Miss Walworth, I shal leave you now to become tranquillized, and believe me, i shall afford me great pleasure to hear that you have suc ceeded."

So saying, he bade her good morning, and retiring, whe she caught him by the arm, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Charles! Charles! do not leave me thus, withou some asurance that you love me; for, alas! you have raised adoubt."

"How different is this woman from the mild, the n odest the retiring Maria!" thought he, and he was at once deter mined how to act.

"Excuse me, Miss Walworth," he replied; "from my soul I pity you, but I can assure you of nothing more at present."

"Then—then—" she cried, "what means that covenant concerning us, into which your father and my uncle have entered?"

"What covenant?" asked Charles, with surprise.

"Is it possible that you know not of it?" said she.

"I assure you, upon my honor, I know nothing of it," he replied.

"Ah! then, I am doubly deceived," said she. "My uncle spoke of it as a marriage treaty, and I presumed—alas! what errors have I not presumed—that it was your doing."

"Miss Walworth, by heavens! I believe you have in deed been deceived!" he cried, with considerable fervor. "The innocent, the unmeaning pleasure I took in your com pany may have led to all these mistakes; but I shall now endeavor to correct them. May heaven forgive me, I really believe I have sinned against you. But I will stay no lon ger, lest I repeat my fault." So saying, he hurried from her presence.

The next morning, Charles, availing himself of a pressing invitation he had received from a friend who lived near Bristol, about twenty miles up the Delaware, set out on horseback for that place. There he remained for about a week, and had time leisurely to weigh his past conduct. He could not recollect anything for which he could seriously condemn himself. He had, indeed, frequently complimented Miss Walworth in terms of high eulogy on both her personal charms and elegant manners; but then she really deserved his encomiums, and he had no conception that she would place any more value upon them than what they were merely worth, namely, the light, airy, and often unmeaning and unreflecting expressions of a gay and thoughtless mind telling a beautiful young woman how pleased he was with her society, but neither telling, nor intending to tell more.

This was the sum of his offending; and if it was venial in itself, surely he was not answerable for any misconstruction that either she or the world might put upon it. He was sorry, indeed, on her account, that such a misconstruction had taken place, but the only thing he could now do to repair the unintentional injury he had done her, was by avoiding her society, to undeceive all parties, as to his views in having courted it. With respect to his fidelity to Miss —, he had nothing for which either to accuse or applaud himself. He felt the constancy of his unspeakable love for her unshaken; but for this he claimed no praise, as he knew that it was a constancy which could only fail with the life-blood ceased to animate his heart.

He returned to the city on the seventh day after leaving it, in obedience to a summons from his father. A few hours after arriving in town, feeling a disposition for meditation and study, he retired to his apartment without having seen his father, whom necessary business had kept out during the whole evening. Before he was long there, however, his father entered, with a countenance more solemn and stern than he had ever recollected to see him assume. He placed a light he had brought in his hand, deliberately and silently upon the table, and seating himself upon a chair, drew out his pocket-book, from which he took a paper, and also laid a

on the table. After returning the pocket-book to its place, and adjusting himself a little more commodiously on the chair, he at length spoke, but it was not to give his son a kindly welcome from the country—it was to reprimand him for going there.

"Sir," said he, it 'appears that you took your flight at the very time you should have attended to make your explanations to a beautiful young lady, whom, by your pretensions sions and professions you have betrayed into the belief that you loved her, and thereby succeeded in making an impression on her heart. Your departure under such circumstances, is looked upon, and I am sorry to say, with an air of great probability, as an intended desertion of this young woman: and the whole city is now crying out shame against you for such perfidious conduct. Have you ought, sir, to say in extenuation of your fault?"

"My father," replied Charles: "it grieves me to hear you address me in such language, and it grieves me still more to think that you have been capable of suspecting, nay, of accusing me of perfidy to any person. But I have this consolation, amidst the misfortune of your displeasure, to be conscious that the charge on which it is founded, is unjust; and the only thing I can say in extenuation of the fault you mention, is, that it never was intentionally or knowingly committed."

"What say you?" asked his father with surprise; "Did you never make love to Miss Walworth?" answer me, honestly, as you value my favor or my displeasure."

"I will answer you honestly then, my father," said Charles, "I never did."

"You never did! What then meant all your attentions to her, your perpetual running after her company, gallanting with her, flattering her, and complimenting her beauty and numerous excellent qualities, of which it is well ascertained, that you were not sparing?"

"Father," replied Charles, "pardon me if I say that you are too well acquainted with the manners of the world, not to know the true value and import of such compliments, as in the thoughtless hours of amusement and gaiety, our sex has been long in the habit of receiving as unmeaningly as

they are given. Beyond such common-place compliments, I assure you I have never gone in my intercourse with Miss Walworth; and allow me to justify myself by saying, that in paying her these compliments, I conceived that I had nothing but what, from the customs of society, her youth and accomplishments entitled her to expect from any man who had any pretensions to good-breeding."

"So, after all it appears," returned his father, "that the amount of your attentions towards her, was mere good-breeding."

"So I consider it," replied Charles.

"But it seems that both the young lady, and the whole city, consider it otherwise," said his father.

"Both the lady and the city must be mistaken, then," observed Charles, "although in consideration of the lady's feelings, I will say so to none but you, to whom, alone, I am anxious to justify myself."

"Certainly you know the meaning of your own conduct best." observed the father. "But, pray, how did it happen that you paid such unusual attention to one to whom you now profess your heart to have been indifferent?"

"Ah, sir," said Charles, "May I remind you, that the intercourse which called for these attentions, was not, at first, of my seeking; and through its whole continuance, it is with extreme reluctance, I say, though it be only to the ear of a father from whom I wish to conceal nothing, that I was more sought after, or else fortuitously thrown into her company, than would many a time have been my choice."

This statement may be correct," observed his father in a somewhat more kindly tone, "and I am sorry for it, although it pleases me to find that you have yet done nothing to deserve the censure which has gone abroad against you. But, Charles, I had set my heart upon your marrying this young woman. I wish anxiously to see you established in life; and in the whole city, I do not know a match that would be more advantageous to you, nor could I imagine that any could be found more attractive. Her uncle is also desirous to form the connexion, and we had gone so far, on the presumption that no objection could arise on your part, as to arrange the conditions of the marriage articles. The reason of my not

communicating this to you, was, that I expected every day to receive an application from you on the subject, which would have been the most natural course of proceeding, and by far the most agreeable to all parties. I am sorry that the proposal must originate, at last, with me; for as matters exist now, I perceive that their is no other expedient left. Your consent is alone wanted, to effect a union which must give great and permanent satisfaction to all concerned, and to which the whole community had lately set their eyes and expectations. What say you, my son, will you consent to marry the richest and most beautiful young lady in the city, whose love for you is now so unequivocally declared, that ever since the day of your supposed desertion, she has not appeared in company, nor, as that letter on the table states, left her bedchamber. But you may peruse it, sir, it is from her uncle, and I hope it will make some impression upon your mind."

"Thomas Adderly, Esq.

"Dear Sir—The progress we have made in the transaction, in which your son and my niece were to be the parties disposed of, had induced me to hope for a speedy and final settlement of the affair; but I am sorry to say, that owing to some misadventure on the part of your son, the bargain is likely to fail on your side. My niece, which was the part of the concern for which I stood engaged, is still substantial and ready for delivery, when the equivalent shall be forthcoming, and the demand made.

Your son, it appears, after having, by much management, embezzled the esteem, or love, or heart, or whatever you women's-men choose to call it, of my niece, has become a defaulter and decamped from the premises, leaving her in a very destitute and forlorn state. She will not leave her own chamber; and as she scarcely makes use of an infant's allowance of nourishment, I fear that her health will give way, if it has not already done so, under the pressure of this unexpected shock.

As the head and principal manager of the firm from whose deficiency in the stock of proper conduct our present embarrassments have arisen, I call upon you, as you value the

honor and standing of your establishment, as well as the credit and prosperity of ours, to make all exertions to procure the needful, and by promptly acquitting yourselves of your obligations, relieve us out of our present distresses.

Your due attention to these matters, is earnestly requested at as early a day as you can command.

I am, with proper consideration, your most obedient servant, ROBT. WALWORTH."

"I am indeed sorry that Miss Walworth has taken this matter so much to heart," said Charles, replacing the very classical epistle he had been reading, upon the table. "But I cannot see why so much blame should be attached to either you or me in the affair. For my part, I stand pledged to her for the performance of no engagement whatever; and, my dear father, pardon me, when I make use of an expression, which I apply solely to this banker's interference, I have no notion whatever of being in this manner bullied into a marriage."

"Charles," observed his father, more mildly than he expected, "this letter is addressed to me. Its style may not be exactly what a pupil of Trinity College would consider suited to the subject, but it conveys explicitly enough the meaning of the honest man who wrote it, and is designed only to call upon me, who have pledged myself to forward the intended connexion with all my influence, to exert that influence in procuring your consent to it. Now, Charles, what I have to say on the subject is this; I know that love can never be produced by an exertion of authority or by the use of threats, and since you have satisfied me that you have not, as is reported, acted meanly towards Miss Walworth, I am not now disposed to use either. But I would recommend you to think seriously, and as a man of feeling, upon the situation of the lady who has evidently become attached to you; and I know so much of the tender passions, that I have more reliance upon your becoming impressed favorably towards her on account of what she feels for you, than from the fear of any threats or displeasure I might exercise to enforce your compliance. I wish you, therefore, my son, not to drop the intercourse you have

lately held with her. Visit her as before, that you may put a stop to the malicious exultation of those who now feel a triumph in her supposed desertion, and if possible, incline your feelings to think tenderly of her."

"I shall visit her, my father," replied Charles, "in obedience to your commands; but I trust that your good sense will not, in the meantime, require any further promise from me."

Charles accordingly did visit her. He found her melancholy, discontented, and irritable; evidently suffering under the tortures of wounded pride, as well as of disappointed love.

"Captain Adderly," said she, "you have given that coxcomb Morley a triumph over me, which it was ungenerous in you to allow. But that is of no consequence; this triumph I can well bear, nay, I can bear without much agony the scandal of tea-tables, and the contempt of the world, that you have procured me, but I cannot bear your disdain without sinking under it. It is now too late to say that I do not love you, but I will entreat nothing from you. It is kind in you to visit me. It may rescue me from the contempt of my enemies; and on your part, it shows compassion: but, alas! what is compassion from you without love?"

Charles occasionally visited this young lady during the winter; but he took care not to take the same liberties with her as formerly. She for a time continued rather to decline in health, as his visits, cold and formal as they were, inspired her with just sufficient hopes to add the pangs of suspense to those of disappointment. At length Charles supposed that, if all uncertainty in respect to him were removed from her mind, her reason might assist her pride to overcome her tenderness, and produce her recovery.

He accordingly, one day that he felt very much affected with her condition, addressed her in a more confidential tone than usual.

"Miss Walworth," said he, "I have for some time past been impressed with the idea that you really believe I feel some aversion towards you. But I assure you, I have no such feeling. I am not blind to your various excellences

I see them, and I esteem and admire them—nay, there is only one of your sex in the world who possesses more of my admiration. Ah! if it were not for her dear image preoccupying all my heart, it might, in all probability, have been long ago yours, for next to her, I am persuaded you are the only woman whom I ever saw, that I might have been brought to love. But after having seen her, it is impossible I can ever love another. Thus, Miss Walworth, you see the esteem I have for you, by the confidence I now repose in you: and you also see the utter impossibility of my having returned you that tenderness and affection with which you have been pleased to honor me. But, believe me, I never for a moment felt disposed to triumph over you on account of your showing me your attachment. Such feelings I know to be beyond our own control; and because you must be convinced that they are so, I hope you will be the more ready to pardon my seeming indifference for those attractions which the whole world acknowledges, and to which I never was blind."

"I feel, alas!" said she, "that these feelings are indeed beyond our control. I thank, sincerely thank you, for this confidence. I see now the barrier that separated us, and perceive that it can never be overcome. I shall try, therefore, to struggle with my destiny; and I trust shall yet be able to view you in a light, in which, I believe, you will afford me reciprocity, that of a true and faithful friend."

"Happy, happy shall I be ever to consider you such," he replied; "and I pray heaven soon to restore you to that health and tranquillity of mind which will promise me the long enjoyment of such a blessing."

Miss Walworth did speedily recover after this period; and I may here mention, for my reader's satisfaction, that the constancy of the enamored Morley, who, instead of triumphing, as she supposed he would, at her disappointment, had really sympathized in her affliction, and had stood her advocate amidst all the slander that was heaped upon her, made such an impression on her mind, that she rewarded him with her hand about a year after the recovery of her health and tranquillity. I may also add, that her affliction

having had the salutary effect of curing her of a great portion of her pride, she became an excellent wife, a tender mother, and an amiable member of society.

CHAPTER X.

Sooner shall the eagle of heaven be torn from the stream of his roaring wind, when he sees the dun prey before him, the young sons of the bounding roe, than thou, O Cathmor, be turned from the strife of renown.
OSSIAN.

THE pleasing sensations experienced during the spring months, when nature resumes all the fascinating softness and beauty of her original youth, it has been long and often observed, have a wonderful effect in disposing the minds of all, especially of lovers, to unusual tenderness and fervor. Affections that seemed before to be as strong, faithful, fond, and endearing, as the human heart is capable of feeling, appear now to become at least more restlessly and actively so; and separation from a beloved object, which the force of reason might, at other times, have enabled us to endure, in this seductive season becomes often intolerable.

It was, perhaps, owing to this mysterious influence of the sweet season, that Charles Adderly, although it certainly could not be said that his affection for Maria had sustained, or was capable of sustaining any increase, in the spring of 1755, felt unusual anxiety to behold her. To inform his father of his wishes, with a view to obtain his permission to return to the western woods, he knew would be fruitless, and might be injudicious, by affording a motive, in case of any favorable opportunity offering to facilitate his return, of forbidding him to embrace it.

Charles secretly contemplated the occurrence of such an opportunity, in the march of a British army to act against Fort Du Quesne, the landing of which on the shores of America was every day expected. Nor was it long until he heard the joyful intelligence of a respectable armament of European soldiers under General Braddock having reached the shores of Virginia, with the avowed intention of proceeding against the French—He immediately solicited, and not, it is true, without some difficulty, obtained his father's consent to join this army as a volunteer. Elated with the prospect of soon again seeing his beloved, and assisting to expel the enemy from her neighborhood, he hastened to Alexandria, where Braddock had agreed to meet a convention of the different governors of the colonies, in order to settle the plan of the campaign.

Here Charles met with his former commander, Colonel Washington, whom Braddock, anxious to employ in the intended service, had appointed one of his aids-de-camp. This gentleman's friendship and influence soon procured for him the appointment of captain of one of the Virginia ranging companies that were to be attached to the army, and Charles being thus fixed to his satisfaction, impatiently awaited the day when the troops should be ordered to march.

After various, and to Charles, extremely vexatious delays, occasioned by the difficulty of obtaining sufficient supplies of provisions, waggons, and other articles necessary for the expedition, the army at length was put in motion, and proceeded to a fort at Will's Creek, afterwards called Fort Cumberland, which was the most western post then held by the English on the continent. From this place there was no road on which the waggons could pass, and it began to be feared that the delay which would be necessary to cut one through such an exceedingly woody and rough country, would allow the enemy time to collect such a force as might endanger the success of the enterprise. The army, however courageously struggled with all obstacles, until it had advanced as far as the Great Meadows, where the difficulties of the way were found to increase so much, that General Braddock, who had at first rejected the advice of Washington to carry only such baggage as could be taken forward on

horses, and to leave his long dilatory train of waggons behind, was now compelled to adopt it so far as to bring onwards only the light waggons and tumbrels.

Still anxiously aware of the necessity of expedition towards securing the success of the enterprise, Washington also advised the general to press forward, with all haste, with a chosen body of troops, and only such stores, artillery, and ammunition, as were of immediate and prime necessity. His reasons for this advice were, that the French were now weak on the Ohio, but were in momentary expectation of reinforcements; that during the present drought, these reinforcements could not pass down the Alleghany river, but, that if the march were protracted by waiting to bring forward the whole army and baggage, sufficient rains to raise the waters might come on, by which means the garrison at Du Quesne might receive their expected succours before it should be attacked, and might in consequence be able to set all the force of the expedition at defiance.

These considerations agreed well with the fiery nature of General Braddock. Twelve hundred of his best troops were accordingly selected, at the head of whom he proceeded with what baggage and military stores could be carried on horses and in a few light vehicles, as rapidly as possible to the place of destination. With the residue of the army, Colonel Dunbar was left at the Great Meadows, with instructions to follow with them and the heavy baggage in the rear, by slow and easy marches.

It was about the latter part of June when this select corps moved from the Great Meadows.—It proceeded on with as much celerity as the numerous impediments of the country would permit; but, although divested of every unnecessary incumbrance, and although the soldiers were encouraged to high alacrity and zeal by the almost certain anticipation of soon lodging themselves in Fort Du Quesne—for neither General Braddock nor his regular troops, could suppose that there was any enemy then in the country able to resist them—yet it was not until the eighth of July that they came within sight of the ford below Turtle Creek, where they were to cross the Monongahela. Here they stopped a few hours to refresh themselves before they should attempt the

ferd, expecting the next day to be in possession of Fort Du Quesne.

How did Charles's heart beat, when casting his delighted view over the expanse of this noble river, he beheld the smoke curling from the dwelling of his Maria, and thought that in a few hours he might fold her to his bosom. There was also another individual in the army of still higher rank and eminence than Charles, whose heart, equally throbbed when he beheld the spot which contained this sweet flower of the Wilderness: this was the noble-souled Washington, who loved Maria with a passion never exceeded in faith, fervor, intensity, and disinterestedness, by any that ever man felt for woman. But although the heart of this truly devoted lover, as from a distance he contemplated the abode of her who reigned within it, felt a throb as warm, and keen, and rapturous as any that could be felt by Charles, yet that throb, though equally rapturous, was not equally unmingled with sorrow for he, alas, anticipated no affectionate embrace, no tender glance, indicative of mutual love, and reciprocal gratitude to heaven for the joyful meeting. The delight of again beholding and conversing with her, and perhaps a hope that he might not converse in vain, (for what lover feels not such hope) however, actuated and inspired his mind, and he also trusted that now was come the time when she should be no longer endangered by the vicinity of a lawless and savage foe.

But this young hero felt a sadness intermix itself with these feelings of delight, which sadness arose not altogether from his consciousness of not possessing Maria's love. It was greatly occasioned by some circumstances attending the march of the army that was to expel the foe from her vicinity: for he knew the wily nature of the foe, and he grieved much to see the rashness of the general by whom that gallant army was led on to the encounter.

When at Will's Creek, he had taken the liberty to caution the general on this subject. In place of marching carelessly along, in one body, through a thick forest, every where intersected with delis and dingles, and ravines, affording lurking places for an ambushed enemy, he earnestly recommended that scouts and rangers should be sent forward on

the course of their march, to scour the country, by which means any ambuscade that might be formed for them would be discovered, and perhaps rooted out, before the army came upon it unawares.

Braddock who, although a brave man, seems to have been very deficient in that prompt sagacity which is necessary to form a good general, despised this advice; nay, it is said, that he had the littleness of mind to reply to it in terms of contempt for the youth and inexperience of him who gave it.

Washington, whom love, patriotism, humanity, and every generous motive that can actuate the mind of man, rendered zealous for the success of the enterprise, easily forgave these contemptuous expressions; but when he reflected on the dreadful consequences of a defeat, not to the army alone, but also to the country, and to her whom he loved above all earthly things, his heart all resolute, courageous, and fearless as it was, sunk within him, and he could not help feeling a presentiment of some fatal result, against which their leader seemed too careless or too haughty to provide.

"Alas!" thought he, as a few days before the army left the Great Meadows, he contemplated the appearance of the gallant and well-disciplined soldiers of Britain, as they moved before him, through their various evolutions on parade: "into what destruction may not the imprudence of your commander plunge you! Ah, what will avail your unrivalled discipline, and your invincible courage, if his headstrong rashness acts as your evil genius, and drives you foolishly, barbarously, and uselessly into some abyss of ruin, where neither courage nor discipline can serve you! And you, my country, of what dreadful consequence would such an event be to you! Your peaceful citizens would then, indeed, feel tenfold the horrors that they have ever yet felt, from the bloody tomahawk and the scalping-knife of the rapacious and savage foe. And then, O thou beloved of my heart! thou fairest, purest, dearest object of this visible creation! ah, it may be that thou wilt be the first to suffer! alas, it may be that thou hast already suffered for the friendship of thy family towards me. Or, oh God, it may be that some lawless, licentious Frenchman may have been excited to

horrible lust for the possession of thy incomparable charms and may have made thee the helpless, perhaps the mangled victim of some diabolical deed! Oh God! Oh God! support me under the agony of such an idea!"

The blood quickened in his veins at the horrid thought: and the force of these disagreeable contemplations, taken altogether, produced upon his frame, manly and vigorous as it was, such an effect that he fell into a raging fever. While he was laboring under this malady, the troops marched, and the commander-in-chief, who, notwithstanding he contemned his advice as to the management of the expedition, esteemed him highly, left strict injunctions upon him not on any account to follow them until he should be recovered.

The second day after their departure, however, although his fever still continued, and the physician declared that his adhering to the army would endanger his life, his anxiety of mind concerning the fate of the expedition, which was now hastening towards the residence of his beloved, was such, that no consideration could prevent him from following it, which he did in a covered waggon. Both duty and love impelled him to this step. For he had within him a feeling which told him that it might be in his power, if not to prevent the general from adopting rash measures, at least to lessen their disastrous consequences. This violent effort restored energy to his mind, and he overtook the army the day before it reached the ford at Turtle Creek. From the south bank of the Monongahela, on which the troops had descended for the last four or five days, having before crossed the river above the Youhiogany, as he beheld the undisturbed appearance of Frazier's dwelling, his hopes whispered that all was yet safe with its inmates, and he became greatly tranquilized, and resumed the performance of his duty on horseback.

While stationed here, and until the van had about half crossed the ford, not an individual in the army dreamed of meeting with any opposition until they should reach Du Quesne; for as to Washington's feelings on the subject, they arose from a sagacious calculation of the advantages which the imprudence of Braddock would allow to the crafty foes he was to encounter, if they should lie in ambush for him.

rather than from any prophetic certainty that there would be an ambush laid. Nay, he at this moment, began to entertain strong hopes that the enemy might, on this occasion, contrary to their usual practice, neglect to profit by the advantage which was thus afforded them.

These hopes, however, were but short lived. His anticipations of the worst were but too soon fatally realized, and this joyous and high-minded army experienced, at this place, a disaster which sent half their number, and their rash general along with them, to eternity; and from which, it required all the wisdom, energy, and heroism of Washington, to rescue the remainder.

But before proceeding to detail the circumstances of the celebrated and calamitous battle which occasioned this disaster, I beg permission, in order to give the reader a clearer view of it, to describe the ground on which it was fought.

The stream of the Monongahela, at this place, runs nearly from east to west, while that of Turtle Creek, issuing out of a narrow and deep glen, enters it from the northward. This glen widens in its approach to the river, in consequence of its western ridge diverging from the Creek, and gradually swelling backwards from it, from a quarter to half a mile. It continues this bearing of its summit, at a similar distance from the Monongahela, for about half a mile down it, throwing off, as it descends towards it, three or four well-marked, but gently declining tables of fertile land, the lowermost of which forms a level bottom of considerable breadth, extending along the river where the ford is situated. About three quarters of a mile below Turtle Creek this bottom ends, the banks were becoming high and precipitous, which is their general character on the north side, and for a considerable way also on the south until they reach Pittsburgh, where Fort Du Quesne, at the time of the transactions here narrated, the reader need scarcely be reminded, was situated.

It was on the first of these tables, or flats of land, which arises from that adjoining the river, that the principal destruction of Braddock's troops took place, and the spot is, at least half a mile below the mouth of Turtle Creek. Its breast, or front towards the river, is a steep acclivity, elevated

rom twenty to thirty feet above the adjacent flat, and em- raced between two gullies running nearly parallel to each ther, about three hundred yards apart, and forming a square portion of ground of eight or ten acres, gradually ascending ackwards for eight or nine hundred yards, to where another able elevates its front above the battle-ground, somewhat be- hind which, the high summit of the sky-covered ridge over- ops all.

It was in these gullies that the Indians laid their fatal am- ush, amidst trees, long grass, thick shrubs, and various other kinds of close concealing undergrowth, which completely screened them from the view of their victims. The ground itself was covered with long grass, interspersed with many trees, but containing very little underwood. The vegetation on the subjacent bottom was much of the same description, being perhaps a little more thick set with brush and under- growth.

Standing at the present day on this ground, which is now called "Braddock's Field," a most pleasing landscape, not very extensive it is true, but certainly very romantic, varie- gated, and comfortable in its aspect, strikes the view. To he north, the ridge already mentioned, rises above you—to the west, the view down the river is limited by the high banks also already mentioned. Directly south, the broad expanse of the Monongahela, about a half a mile over, lies glittering before you, while from its further bank, the bank on which Braddock's army halted before attempting the ford, the land rises gradually and fertilely, without leaving an ex- tensive margin, as it does on the north side.

To the eastward the eye can ascend the river for about a mile and a half above Turtle Creek, for which distance, as the banks gradually withdraw from the river on each side, they impart to the fancy of the spectator a scene resembling some of the more comfortable descriptions of a highland glen, given by some of the late romantic writers of Scotland.

But perhaps the most picturesque feature in the whole landscape, is the winding stream of Turtle Creek, above whose junction with the Monongahela, the highland-looking glen just mentioned, properly begins. This stream issues, as has been said, from a glen northward of the river. When it first

flows out of the gap of the glen, its course is about south-west: but, when within a quarter of a mile of the river, it changes its direction to the south-east, forming by that means a kind of peninsula or point of land, lying between it and the river, in the shape of a triangle, which triangle consists altogether of a level river bottom of rich land of three or four hundred acres, and is the identical spot where our friend Gilbert Frazier had made his residence.

The wild and sylvan appearance of this interesting valley in "Braddock's Times," is now changed by the hand of industry to one more rural and more gratifying to the eye of the philanthropist. In those Times one solitary dwelling, that of Frazier, was alone to be seen. Now, on both sides of the river, as far as the view can extend, numerous pleasant residences, some of which are even elegant, surrounded with flourishing plantations, decorate the scene, and suggest pleasing reflections to every heart that wishes well to humanity.

CHAPTER XI.

To tell red Flodden's dismal tale.
And raise the universal wail;
Tradition, legend, tune and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear,
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field;
When shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.

SCOTT.

The situation of the French garrison at Fort Du Quesne during the spring and early part of the summer of 1755, was rather perplexing and precarious. Mons. De Villiers, who had succeeded St. Pierre as its governor, had at this time only about four hundred French soldiers under his command, the remainder of those that had fought at the Great Meadows having been detached to other forts. He had taken great pains, it is true, to conciliate the Indians, and had in reality succeeded in acquiring over the different tribes a vast influence. Still they were too little under his control, and were too restless and roving in their habits to form that species of force which, in the event of that attack which he had every reason soon to expect from the British, he wished to possess. He had, therefore, repeatedly written to the Canadian government for succors; and as soon as the season permitted, that government had made exertions to send forward to him both a reinforcement of men, and a supply of provisions and military stores.

These, however, had not got down from Le Bœuf before the falling of the waters, and De Villiers could not now expect them before the waters should again rise. A few days' rain, he knew, would produce that effect, and for this he had in vain, with great anxiety, waited for several weeks. Matters were in this state at the garrison, when, about the beginning of July some Indians informed him of the ap-

proach of Braddock. He immediately sent out three or four trusty scouts to watch the motions of the British, and soon received intelligence that they had crossed to the south side of the Monongahela. He then perceived that their intention was to advance by the way of Turtle Creek, there being no other fording place between that and Du Quesne.

To dispute the passage with them was his first intention, but resolving to view the ground before he concluded on his measures, he for the first time, paid a visit to Frazier's, where he unhappily beheld, with surprise and admiration, the charms of Maria. A violent passion for that unfortunate young women immediately seized upon his soul. The hurried and alarming nature of the crisis, however, imperiously demanding all his attention, prevented him from at that time declaring it; but he resolved to do so as soon as the approaching contest should be decided. De Villiers was a widower of about thirty years of age, of a temper bold, sanguine, and irritable, and a man who permitted no scruples of religion or morality to stand in the way of his gratifications.

On viewing the ford, he perceived at once that he had not a force sufficient to contest its passage to any good purpose, with the army that he understood was coming against him. He therefore resolved to adopt another plan, in which the Indians could render him efficient service, as being more suited to their mode of warfare. This was to form an ambuscade, into which the British might be ensnared to their destruction. He accordingly selected the ground we have before described for that purpose; and, as in case of its failure, he did not wish his garrison to be much weakened, he resolved chiefly to employ Indians in the affair.

He returned to the fort, and having assembled about four hundred Indians, who were all excellent marksmen, he informed them of his design, and received their ready assent to put it into execution. To each of these Indians he gave two loaded rifles and eighteen charges of powder and ball. With these rifles over their shoulders, and their tomahawks and scalping-knives slung by their sides, these warriors proceeded on the evening of the 8th of July from the fort, to the place of ambush, in order to lay it during the night, as the

British were expected to cross the ford the next day. De Villiers, at the head of a hundred of his best French soldiers accompanied them. Before the Indians departed, they assembled outside the fort, and loudly chaunted the following

War Song.

Song of warriors! bold and brave,
Now we haste against the foe,
Now like warriors we'll behave,
And lay the fell invaders low.
We'll lay them mangled in the dust;
Their bones shall rot
Upon the spot;
Their flesh—what wolves and panthers spare,
Shall yield corruption to the air;
The arms we bear not off, shall rust,
Which when our sons and daughters find,
As through the woods they chase the deer,
They'll call our valiant deeds to mind,
And say—"our fathers conquered here!"

Sons of warriors! now be strong,
Hurry to the glorious strife,
Drive the leaden showers along,
And fiercely wield the scalping knife;
Bold children we of warlike race!
Our sharpened steel
Their hearts shall feel;
Our tomahawks shall pierce their brain,
Who dare to meet us on the plain,
And think us from that land to chase,
Which Manetо, the mighty, gave,
And which our fathers ne'er would yield!
Are we less strong! are we less brave!
No! soon we'll prove it on the field!

"Vengeance, vengeance! sons of war!"
Hark, our murdered fathers cry—
"Steel your souls, and drive afar
The execrated enemy!
For merciless, with fire and sword,
They fiercely come
To work your doom,
As ours, in former days, they wrought,
When for our grave land we fought—
But vengeance now, you will afford!"
Ah, Manetо! hear, hear our vow!
Swift to avenge our fathers' fate;
We'll sternly haste with fury now,
In dust to tramp the foes we hate!

De Villiers arrived at the destined spot long before day-break. He gave the Indians the necessary instructions how to act, and having placed two hundred of them in each of the gullies before noticed, he waited with his French troops at some distance, also concealed, for the approach of the enemy.

It was about noon when the British, having taken some refreshment upon the southern bank of the river, General Braddock gave orders for passing over. His van, composed of some light companies, and a company of grenadiers, to the number of three hundred men, when about half way over, were unexpectedly fired upon by a small party of French, who showed themselves among the trees near the bank. On firing, this party immediately retired back from the river, and Braddock ordered his van to hasten after them. On perceiving this affair, Colonel Washington rode up to the commander-in-chief, and begged him not to follow the French, as evidently such a small number of troops, acting as they did, by just showing themselves and retiring, were only intended as a decoy into some ambuscade.

"My orders are to pursue these fellows," returned Braddock; "and colonel Washington I have not been so long a soldier, I hope, without knowing how to lead an army over a ford not more than a knee deep, in the face of a stronger opposition than a few Frenchmen, without asking advice from any man. I shall ask your opinion when I think I need it."

Washington made no reply. He only sighed as he perceived General Gage, who commanded the van, leading it on, after he had gained the shore in pursuit of a few Frenchmen, who even if they were either destroyed or captured, could afford no laurels to the victors.

"Alas!" said he, riding forward to Captain Adderly, who was leading on his company of Virginia rangers.—"This is indeed madness—I am afraid we shall pay dear for it. We must do our duty, however."

"I shall obey your directions alone, Colonel," replied Adderly, "to-day, as I know they will not be inconsistent with my duty." So said all the Virginia Captains. At that instant, Braddock, at the head of the main body, had gained the beach, and the order was given for the whole to follow

n the track that had been taken by the van. Washington gave a signal for the Provincials to advance; for he determined not to forsake the regulars, although he so greatly disapproved of their proceedings in thus inconsiderately plunging into a thick grassy wood, with which they were totally unacquainted, in pursuit of a few fugitive Frenchmen.

Keeping an anxious eye upon the motions of the soldiers in the van, he soon observed them following the French up the front of the table-ground between the gullies already described. Only a few scattering shots had been as yet fired by the French, as they retreated, which were evidently intended to allure the British after them, between the gullies where the Indians lay hidden, and silently watching for their prey. In this they succeeded to their utmost wish. The van ascended the front of this piece of ground with alacrity, and proceeded forward upon it for about thirty or forty paces, suspecting and fearing nothing, when all at once the dreadful war-hoop was heard; two hundred rifles from the ground on their left, poured their destructive contents upon them, and the next instant, two hundred from the right imitated the terrible example. Two thirds of the van were now prostrated to the earth. The firing for some minutes ceased, as the Indians had now comparatively few objects against whom to direct it. Braddock conceiving the danger to be over, and determing to avenge the slaughter of the van, and also anxious to rescue those who still survived this murderous fire from the invisible assailants, ordered a large division of the main body to ascend the height, and forming there in two parties, to rush with fixed bayonets into each of the ravines and drive out or destroy the concealed enemy. This corps gallantly ascended to the scene of death, when the firing was again opened with as much fury as before. At the same time, the survivors of the van were attacked from above by the French, under De Villiers, and they fell hastily back upon their companions, who were now fallen into too much confusion to charge the enemy according to their instructions. Dreading another volley, every man of them who had not fallen, hastened back from the fatal spot to the lower ground in great terror.

This panic was communicated to the whole of the regulars,

who would soon have re-crossed the river in full flight, had not their officers, by great exertions restrained them. General Braddock, who was now mad with vexation, and rage, rushed in amongst them, exhorting them to perseverance, and they were once more brought to stand their ground.

At this crisis, Washington again interfered with his advice, that the army should not attempt to dislodge the assailants, but draw off from the reach of their fire, and continue their route to Fort Du Quesne, without paying these concealed enemies any more attention.

But Braddock was resolved to take another course. He detached about two hundred and fifty men round, at some distance, by the left of the ambush ground, in order to come upon the hidden enemy in another direction, expecting by that means to have them surrounded, at least to get them hemmed in between two fires. This movement, however, was soon discovered by De Villiers, who seizing on a favorable position, by which this detachment, he knew, must pass, met it there, and cut every man of it off, without on his side, losing a single soldier.

In the meantime, Braddock was resolved to make a stronger, and, as he conceived, an irresistible charge with his whole force upon the enemy. He therefore called upon his troops to come on a third time, and leading the way himself, he was followed by his devoted soldiers, and the death-dealing ravines had victims once more within their reach.

The French, however, were by this time employed with the detachment that had been sent to take them in flank, so that Braddock's men in place of having, as before, to sustain a fire from three different directions, had now to sustain it only from two, and would no doubt have dislodged the savages from their concealment, had they boldly pushed upon them with the bayonet the moment they ascended the ground. But instead of doing this, Braddock imprudently took time to form them into two columns, with as much deliberation and formality as if he were parading them at a review in Hyde Park.

The consequence of this slowness of motion was to restore courage to the Indians, who, as they were not now supported by the French, had felt some intimidation from

the eagerness with which the British seemed to approach them, and scarcely expected any thing else than destruction in the very heart of their coverts. This pause, however, restored their energy, and their mortal fire again opened upon the troops. Here one half of Braddock's officers were killed, he himself had three horses successively shot under him, and his whole division soon began to lose that unfortunately compact array, into which he had taken so much trouble to form them, and which had only conduced to their more certain destruction. In a short time they fell into absolute confusion, and fled, some of them back to the lower ground, and some forward to that lately occupied by the French. Braddock was carried back with the stream of those who fled in the former direction, and near a spring immediately beneath the point of the most western of the two ravines, while attempting again to rally his broken troops, he had a fourth horse shot under him, and while he was mounting another, he received a ball in his breast.

The Indians had seen him fall, and about a hundred of them rushed out of the adjoining ravine, in order to seize him. Washington, resolving at all risks to save his commander from the hands of the savages, called forward Adderly with his Virginians, who charged the Indians as they were carrying off the body. A volley from the fatal ravine soon prostrated nearly one half of Adderly's men; but Washington had by this time shot with a pistol one of the Indians who was dragging Braddock to the ravine, and plunged his sword into the body of another, when his horse was killed under him, and a dozen of shots fired at his head, some of which perforated his hat, and carried away its plumes and other parts of its decorations. Adderly seeing his danger, rushed furiously forward with the remnant of his company, to his rescue, and buried his sword in the entrails of a savage who was levelling a murderous aim at Washington, within a few feet of him. The rifle went off, but its direction had been changed by Adderly's blow, and the ball only tore the epaulette off Washington's left shoulder. In a moment Washington was on another horse, when perceiving that a number of Indians had again laid hold of the wounded Braddock, he plunged in among them with

tremendous fury, and levelled three or four of them to the earth with the irresistible sweeps of his broadsword.

Another volley from the Indians, who perceived that until he was destroyed, they could not capture the general, now took place at his person. His horse was again shot, and his coat perforated in five or six places; and Adderly's few surviving troops would not have been able to resist the rush of Indians that was now made upon him, had not another Virginia company, commanded by a Captain Poulson, given its timely assistance, and the savages were once more driven into their lurking place, not, however, until they had unhorsed Captain Adderly, and carried him, together with five or six of his men, with them.

Washington now had Braddock placed in a light tumbrel, which was convenient, and sending it hastily off the field, put himself at the head of the Virginians and such of the regulars as yet stood their ground, in order to rescue a division which was still on the fatal height between the gullies, the object of attack from the Indians on the eastern side. This party, about one hundred and seventy in number, had, at the time their companions fled back in confusion, rather advanced forward to the ground lately occupied by the French, so that they were for some time a short distance beyond the reach of the Indian fire, but attempting to return to assist their companions during the struggle round Braddock, the Indians in the eastern ravine so effectually fired upon them that they were compelled to draw back. Their presence, however, had the good effect of occupying these Indians so as to prevent them from joining in the contest for Braddock, in consequence of which the Virginians succeeded in his rescue. But Braddock was scarcely borne off the field, when the situations of these men became extremely dangerous. The French were seen returning in triumph after the slaughter of the unfortunate detachment that had been sent to take them in the rear, and the Indians in both ravines, the contest for Braddock being now abandoned, were impatiently waiting to shower upon them their destructive balls as soon as they approached near enough to be struck by them.

The active and vigilant eye of Washington soon perceived their danger, and he resolved to release them, or perish with them. About two hundred of the regulars who could not be rallied when they took to flight, had already recrossed the river, but including his Virginians, there was still a force of nearly three hundred on the ground.

"Come on, my brave soldiers!" said he, "we must rescue our companions yonder from impending destruction. If we only give sufficient employment to the savages in any of these ravines, our soldiers may escape. Let us try this eastern one, it appears the more easily assailable. Hark! the French above yonder have fired upon our men already. At it, my boys, and every man do his best either by firing, or by the bayonet, to destroy the savages. Widen your ranks —the less compactly you rush on, the better—Forward!"

The soldiers gave a loud shout for they now felt confidence. Their companions on the upper ground heard it, and returned it as a signal of co-operation. In a minute the eastern ravine was attacked. The savages fired out of it, but killed only about twelve of the assailants, for the latter were not now in such close order as to prevent their balls from missing.

"Keep these Indians in play, my brave fellows, for some minutes," cried Washington, "and with the blessing of God, I shall soon return to you."

So saying he clapped spurs to his horse, and ascended between the ravines at full flight towards those he wished to rescue. Three gallant fellows on horseback, named Peronny, Burton, and Craig, voluntarily followed him. As he passed the length of the ravines, a volley was fired at him from that on the west, but he was at too great a distance from it, to be hurt by it, The attention of the savages on the east was at this time so much employed in resisting the attack of the troops, that they scarcely attended to him. Several of them, however, fired at him and his followers, two of whom, Peronny and Burton were killed; but the swiftness of Washington's horse, or rather the protecting hand of a kind providence, saved him to his country.

The troops to whom he advanced received him with a cheer. "Follow me rapidly," said he to them; "keep on

this side, and shoot every savage you can see as you fly past—but delay for nothing!" He immediately turned his horse, and galloped out of the dangerous ground, followed by the whole party who discharged their muskets into the eastern ravine, as they passed it with all their speed. They only received some scattering shots from the savages, which killed but one or two of their number.

"To the bank of the river now, my brave men!" cried Washington, to the whole of the troops.

They obeyed him, and in a few minutes, he there formed them into ranks, and ordered them to reload their pieces, as he perceived that the Indians manifested a disposition to pursue them. On seeing the British thus prepared to receive them, however, on open ground, neither the savages nor the French thought proper to advance; and the troops were safely conducted to the other side of the river, where they were soon rejoined by those who had previously fled from the engagement.

On reviewing the reliques of that fine body of men, which, only a few hours before this disastrous affair, expected that very evening to expel the enemy from Fort Du Quesne, it was found that out of twelve hundred, very little more than five hundred remained, and of the officers only twenty out of the eighty-five which they numbered before the engagement, now survived. The artillery, all the military stores, and baggage of every kind, and even the private cabinet of General Braddock which contained his instructions, were left in possession of the enemy.

Of the Indians it has been ascertained that not more than eight or ten were killed, and perhaps, as many wounded, and of the French a still fewer number. They had taken nearly forty prisoners, independent of the wounded who could not retire with their companions, and whom they carried that evening into fort Du Quesne.

The defeated army being apprehensive that the French would bring their whole force out of the fort to pursue them that very evening began a precipitate retreat to the camp of Colonel Dunbar at the Great Meadows. As they were nearly destitute of provisions, Colonel Washington, who seemed to be the life of the whole party, hastened on before them

in order to procure some, as well as to order comfortable accommodations for them when they should arrive. He made such despatch that he reached Dunbar's camp the evening of the next day, procured the provisions, and by his indefatigable exertions, the wearied and disheartened remnant of the troops were brought forward in a few days without meeting with any fresh disaster.

Shortly after his arrival at this place, the unfortunate Braddock died, and was buried on a hill, where his grave is to be seen to this day.

CHAPTER VII.

And when my nightly couch I try
Sore harrass'd out with pain and grief,
My toil-bent nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief,
Or, if I slumber, fancy chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
E'en day, all bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

BURNS.

Ah this disastrous realization of his worst anticipations, how did the heart of Washington bleed within him! It bled indeed severely! but it did not, as before the catastrophe, sink under the pressure of the calamity. There is in the minds of men, especially of brave men, an elasticity which often strengthens them, so as to bear up against any misfortune, however great, when it is actually present, but which does not always exert itself during the mere contemplation of an approaching evil. Or, perhaps, the imagination being more actively employed in depicting the horrors of the evil

before it comes, is apt to depict them in their most gloomy and appalling colors, so deeply and so strongly that the mind can scarcely endure the picture. But the calamity being present, the mind, as it had nothing more to do, but to suffer, submits, undoubtedly with pain, but often at the same time with fortitude.

Washington indeed felt keenly and sorrowfully on this occasion. Nay, he had anticipations of the most heart-breaking kind, even yet, to agonise his soul. Alas! he feared that this defeat might be attended with the worst of consequences to his Maria. He did not indeed suppose that the Indians would offer any immediate violence to either herself or her friends, with whom they had long lived on amicable terms. But there was now no prospect of her soon being rescued from that Wilderness of savages and licentious Frenchmen, where every thing was ruled by violence and caprice, and where he conceived that a beautiful young female like her could not, even in the most tranquil times, be a single day safe from insult.

During the whole of the battle, her image never had been absent from his mind, and sadly, sadly did he grieve that its catastrophe was likely to be such as to preclude the possibility of his enjoying only one minute's interview with her, although her residence was in view of the very ground on which he fought.

While mustering the defeated troops after conducting them to the south shore of the river, he cast his anxious eye across the stream, and beheld her, together with the rest of Frazier's family, looking, he believed mournfully looking, at the unfortunate army. He imagined that she distinguished him. He bowed his head as he sat on horseback, and he had the happiness to see that she waved her hand in return. Gilbert and his sons took off their fur caps and also returned his salute. He even believed that he discerned Gilbert, lifting his hands and face towards heaven, as if to pray for his safety. His heart burned within him to visit them, but his duty compelled him to proceed almost instantaneously for the Great Meadows. He again renewed his obeisance to the family, and in a few minutes afterwards set off.

He had scarcely proceeded out of view of the troops, when he heard a voice calling him by name. He stopped his horse, and the prophet Tonnaleuka arose out of a thicket that was close by him.

"Beloved of heaven!" cried the prophet; "I will not detain you, for I know your errand must be one of haste. Alas! this has been a calamitous day. I saw you escape in safety, and I thank the Great Spirit. My son, Charles Vdderly, has not been so fortunate! But to what the Great Being orders, we must submit. Farewell, my son—I will not detain you."

"Father," said Washington, "if thou lovest me, oh, watch over the safety of Maria! Alas! she is too beauteous and too tender a flower to be safe amidst the storms of such a desert. Let me know, wherever I may be, if aught befalls her."

"I shall watch over her," said the prophet, "and shall let you know if she be unfortunate. I concealed myself here that I might salute and bless you as you passed. Farewell, and may the God whom you worship still protect you, as he has done this day!"

"Farewell, father," replied Washington, and the prophet disappearing among the bushes, he continued his journey with a heart greatly relieved by this short interview.

The feelings of Maria, and indeed of all Frazier's family, during the momentous scenes which had been that day acted within their immediate view, may be easily imagined by any reader of a good heart, who reflects upon their circumstances and situation. Gilbert's whole soul was with his countrymen, and his heart warmed when he beheld their red uniforms.

"Ah Nelly," said he, "they are something like Christian soldiers. They put me min' o' Ireland and Maughrygowan. Oh, may God help them against the savages!"

"Amen," said Nelly; and she lifted her eyes to heaven, to add fervency to the prayer.

As to Paddy Frazier and Doctor Killbreath, the vigilance of the French prevented them during the whole of the preceding spring, from venturing to manifest their partiality for the British cause by any active exertion in its favor; and

during the whole of these transactions, they had preserved a very prudent, though very reluctant neutrality. From the accounts they had heard of the force that was coming against Fort Du Quesne, they indeed believed that the British were now strong enough to do their own business effectually without their assistance; and from the appearance of the army when it approached, they were confirmed in this belief. They knew nothing of the ambuscade, for it had been laid in the night, and De Villiers had been so cautious as to communicate the scheme to none but those who were to be employed in its execution. They were, therefore, greatly disappointed, grieved, and shocked, at the result of the memorable battle of which they had been spectators.

But who can speak the agony of Maria's mind during the incessant peals of rifles and musketry, which, for three long hours, rang in her ears, and seemed to her imagination to carry destruction to everything within their reach. She knew that her Charles was among the combatants; she had with an anxious and affectionate eye singled him out, as seated upon his prancing steed he led his company of rangers across the river, and her view had followed him until the firing commenced, when her alarm and agitation became so great that, unable to behold more, she was obliged to retire to her chamber.

When she was informed that the troops were re-crossing the river, with the hope of again seeing her beloved Charles, she hastened to the porch before the house, from which the rest of the family were viewing the scene. Here she perceived Washington, and returned his salute as before-mentioned. But she perceived not Charles, and in a few minutes she returned to her chamber, in a state of dreadful suspense as to his fate.

She was in this situation when Mrs. Killbreath informed her that the French commander was in the house, and had expressed a wish to see her.

"Tell him, my dear Nancy," said she, "that I am really indisposed. The horrible scenes of this day have rendered me incapable of seeing any body. Oh, Nancy, Nancy! God only knows how terribly my heart is at this moment torn with suspense and agony!"

Nancy made her apology to De Villiers. It was of too reasonable a nature not to be believed, and he was of too gallant a temper not to admit it. He observed, that he was not surprised at her being terrified, and he was very sorry that the affair had taken place so near her; but he hoped that both Miss Frazier, and the whole family, in whose welfare he protested himself to feel greatly interested, would have recovered from their terrors by the time he should next have the pleasure of visiting them. He then partook of some refreshments with which Mrs. Frazier presented him, and returned to the field of battle, where the victors were busily employed, some scalping the slain, and others collecting the spoil. He soon called them together, and as the day was considerably advanced, the greater part of the Indians accompanied him to Fort Du Quesne, which they reached in triumph towards the evening.

Not Maria, alone, but the whole of Frazier's family, felt anxious to ascertain the fate of Charles Adderly, whom they had seen advancing to the fight, but not returning from it. As soon therefore, as the victors had withdrawn from the field, Paddy, Archy, and Doctor Killbreath, hastened there to ascertain the number of the slain, and whether their friend Charles was among them.

What a melancholy and shocking appearance this spot of ground now presented to their view! Hundreds of human beings, who had that morning rejoiced in all the vigor of health, and strength, now lay prostrate before them, either already cold and insensible as the earth on which they were stretched, or else were writhing and convulsed in the last tortures of expiring animation. Some had their brains scattered beside them, and had expired on the instant; others had received balls in their breasts or their bowels, or other vital parts, which left them in torment to linger out a few tedious hours of agonized existence.

Into the bodies of the greater portion of these last, the Indians, either for the cruel purpose of gratifying a malignancy of feeling, by making sure of their destruction, or from the more humane motive of more speedily putting an end to their sufferings, had plunged bayonets, and driven tomahawks, occasioning wounds through which the bowels

of many had protruded, and lay scattered, and often mangled, upon the blood-stained grass beside them. Upon every one of these unfortunate men, the scalping knife had performed its barbarous office, and where the skull had not been broken to peices by a shower of bullets, it had been stripped of its natural covering, in order to furnish the savage conquerors with trophies of their victory.

The conquerors, although they had carried off a great proportion of the spoil, had still left a considerable quantity behind; enough, indeed to have made the fortunes of Frazier's family, had they chosen to avail themselves of it. But at this time, the feelings of even Paddy himself, who was not in general very scrupulous in such matters, were so much affected and shocked to behold such an awful havoc made upon human beings, that all mercenary feelings were stifled in his breast, and he could not carry away a single article.

On numbering the slain, they found them to amount to nearly seven hundred—but they had the satisfaction not to find Charles Adderly among them. They returned home with this intelligence, which was soon imparted to Maria by Mrs. Killbreath, and she was inspired with the hope that providence might yet have preserved him for better times.

"Oh, Nancy!" cried she, "although you know the secret of my heart—little, little can you imagine what I this afternoon have suffered. Oh! had they found him there mangled with the rest of these murdered men, I feel that a few days would have terminated my sufferings, and you would have buried me in the same grave with him I loved. Alas! I am not yet altogether relieved of my apprehension; but I will trust—Oh! I will pray, fervently pray, to my God for his preservation."

She here requested Nancy to kneel with her, and then with great agitation after thanking the Deity for the gleam of hope which he had allowed to dawn upon her mind, she implored him "to prevent it from being at last totally extinguished by the destruction of the youth, upon whose preservation her own so entirely depended."

She had scarcely finished, when she heard the voice of Tonnaleuka in the outer room.

"Oh, Nancy!" said she, "if there be comfort on earth for me, that holy man can administer it. Would to heaven, that all Indians had hearts like his! Tell him, my sister, that I wish to see him."

Tonnaleuka was soon with her. "Oh, father," said she, "how I feel relief in your presence, from the torments which this terrible day has inflicted on my mind. I thank God, that you, at least, have met with no misfortune."

"My daughter," said the prophet, "much indeed have I felt for your situation to day; for I knew the agony you would suffer in consequence of these bloody deeds. The youth whom you love was in the midst of them; but be comforted, for he did not fall, neither is he a prisoner in Fort Du Quesne. But I shall before many hours discover the direction that his captors have taken, and the great Spirit, I doubt not, will protect him.

"Daughter, dry your tears!"—(for Maria at this time wept violently, which afforded her feelings a relief that the scorching agony of her soul had before prevented her from receiving.) "This storm will blow away. A calm will succeed, and sunshine will yet—for the Great Spirit is just—gild your course, and compensate for these afflictions. One noble and glorious youth has this day been miraculously preserved by his care, amidst the thunder that pealed around him, and blasted hundreds by his side. My daughter, Washington is safe, and the Father of the world has shown kindness to men."

"I know it, Father," she replied. "I have beheld that excellent young man out of reach of the foes, whom, I am told, he alone restrained in their murderous career, and amidst the intensity of my other griefs, I felt consolation at the sight."

"My daughter, I rejoice that you so respect this hero, although you know not half his virtues, half his worth to the world—that world which the Great Being has not forsaken since he has spared him to it; for my daughter, while he lives the cause of mankind may suffer, but need never despair."

"I know, Father," she replied, "that great public good is likely to result from Colonel Washington's career, if Provi-

dence prolongs it. I am sensibly aware of his worth, greatly do I rejoice in his safety, and ardently do I hope for his prosperity. But ah, there are griefs that, at present, come closer to my heart. Charles Adderly—Oh, Father! is he not in danger, and can I be in comfort!—Alas, alas, I cannot!"

"My daughter, I know your heart, I will not therefore blame your feelings. I sympathise with them. Charles Adderly I esteem, I love—for he is worthy of both. But I despair not of his deliverance from danger. The Great Spirit preserved him once, when in as much peril as now, and he is as mighty to save as ever."

"My daughter, I again ask you to be of good cheer—I must now leave you. I go to discover where they have taken him for whom you grieve. Farewell."

"Farewell!" she replied. "And oh, may the God of all things grant success to yo your exertions."

Maria's mind was greatly quieted by the encouragement to hope which she derived from this interview; and during the remainder of the evening, she appeared tranquil, and joined the rest of the family in their conversation on the disasters of the day.

When retired to rest, however, her disquietude returned. She was long wakeful and restless; and when at length she fell into a slumber, it was to experience the horrors of a frightful dream. She thought she was wandering alone along the bank of Turtle Creek, meditating upon the virtues, the tenderness, and the misfortunes of Charles, when she suddenly heard the noise of a mighty rush of waters she cast her eyes up the stream, and perceived a terrible and overwhelming flood rolling down the valley, and sweeping everything before it with great violence towards the place where she stood. She instinctively attempted to fly out of its course, but was unable—she seemed spell-bound to the spot, until the waters came upon her, and were rapidly carrying her on their surface towards the river, when a terrific, monstrous-looking animal, half man and half bear rushed headlong from the eastern heights, into the flood, and swimming towards her, seized her in his mouth, and making his way with her to dry land, in a few minutes deposited her in a chamber in Fort Du Quesne. It then addressed her in the human voice:

"Look out of that casement, and behold a feast which gladdens my eyes," said the monster. "I must away to enjoy it." She looked out, and beheld her lover, Charles Adderly, bound hand and foot, with chains, and seated on a high pile of wood, to which a number of savages were setting fire in several places, by the direction of the monster. The next moment the flames seemed suddenly to ascend in mighty volumes round her lover. She gave a scream, and awoke in dreadful agony.

Mrs. Killbreath, whom the scream had alarmed, hastened into her room to inquire what was the matter.

"Oh, my dear sister!" cried Maria all trembling, "I have been terribly frightened. Do not leave me! I beg thee do not leave me 'til the morning. I have had a dreadful dream—"

"Be composed, Maria!" said her sister. "This is owing to yesterday's alarm! You should not lay these things so much to heart. But I will just inform my husband, who is afraid you have taken sick, that the noise was but the effect of a dream, and shall then return and stay with you till the morning."

Nancy did so, but Maria slept no more that night; for she feared to experience such another vision. The presence of her sister, however, and the exertions of her own reason, enabled her by the time the day dawned, to become once more considerably soothed and tranquilized in her feelings.

CHAPTER XIII.

Curse on his perjured art, dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?
BURNS.

THE charms of Maria had made too deep an impression upon the mind of the governor of Fort Du Quesne to permit him to delay long the repetition of his visit to Frazier's. His reflections upon her had kept him awake almost the whole night.

"How in the name of heaven," thought he, have I been so long ignorant of such a lovely creature residing so near me! Such a jewel in such a Wilderness! But I am a fortunate man to have discovered her at last. I will make her my wife, for it would be worse than villainy to pollute so much purity, nor do I suppose it would be so easy a matter, for she appears as modest as she is beautiful. By heavens, I will seriously offer her my hand. She surely cannot refuse to become mistress of Fort Du Quesne; and I shall be happy in the enjoyment of such a treasure! I wish the morning was come, for I will not be content till I know her mind, and till I have made her my own property."

In the morning he accordingly, at an early hour, set off for Frazier's. Maria had walked out upon the bank of Turtle Creek, with the expectation of deriving some assistance from the tranquillity and beauty of the scene, in soothing the sorrow that lay so heavy at her heart. He perceived her before he came to the house, and tying his horse to a tree, he approached her on foot ere she was aware.

He bowed politely to her, and smiling pleasantly, addressed her:

"Miss Frazier, I am really happy to meet you here all alone, in this charming place. I hope you have recovered from your yesterday's fright. I could not be easy, I assure you, without coming to see whether you had thrown it off."

"You are very kind, sir," said she; "but I presume you had more important business to bring you here at so early an hour, than merely to inquire after the state of a stranger's mind."

"Upon my honor, Miss Frazier, no other business in the world than just to see, and to converse with you, brought me from Fort Du Quesne this morning. Ah! believe me, my charming girl, I think no business in the world half so sweet or so important as enjoying your society. I wish to God I had only known you sooner; we should by this time have understood each other better."

"It might readily enough have been so," she replied, looking at him with an expression of surprise; "for I protest, sir, that I cannot understand you now."

"Ah! my dear Miss Frazier, you may say so, but I cannot believe you—your pretty tell-tale eyes say that you understand well the nature of my visit. How can you mistake it? But I will make it plainer to you. Ever since I first saw you, I have been so fascinated, I could think of nothing else. I feel as though there was nothing else worth thinking of. Even the hurry of the battle yesterday could not drive you for a moment from my thoughts, and as soon as the enemy was driven off, I hastened to see you. Ah! I feel as if I could live by looking upon you."

"You would derive very little benefit from such diet," she answered, scarcely thinking it worth while to reply seriously to such language; "and I am afraid that before long you should find it very little to your satisfaction."

"Nay, Miss Frazier," said he in a fond tone, "by my soul, those pretty cheeks, those ruby lips, those sparkling eyes—ah! you may banter me, and laugh at me if you choose, but, by heavens, I never saw anything in the world I loved half so much to gaze upon."

"Monsieur De Villiers," said she, "my heart is too much laden with sorrow at present, to laugh at anything.

otherwise, I believe, that such unmeaning, such frivolous, and pardon me, if I say, such ridiculous nonsense, would provoke my mirth. It is, sir, equally beneath your dignity, and unsuited to the present state of my feelings."

"Ah, my pretty banterer!" returned the Frenchman, not in the least disconcerted, "then I shall speak seriously to you. Your charms have warmed my heart to a sincere, uncontrollable passion. I love you—by heavens! I adore you! Ah! I have never seen a woman I could love as I do you!"

"Sir," said she, "this language seems as mad as what you just now uttered was foolish. Both, I must say, are unworthy of you, and disagreeable to me."

"Pardon me, madam," he returned. "Can it be unworthy of me to love so much excellence! No, by all that is sacred, I swear, that if I were the grand monarch himself, I should think you worthy to share my throne. I love you, Miss Frazier, with an honorable passion, at which the most sainted purity could not take offence. My hand is free, my fortune respectable, my heart devoted to you. I offer you them all, and shall feel myself the happiest of mortals if you accept of them."

"Sir," she answered, "I thank you for being so explicit and candid with me. I will consider you to be serious in these liberal offers, and shall be explicit, candid and serious in reply to them. Then hear my reply, and set it down on the tablets of your memory, as one which neither your power, nor even that of your grand monarch himself, should he lend you his aid, will ever induce me to alter—I utterly and decisively reject them."

"You do!" said he, beginning to feel that he did not stand on such eligible ground with her as he had supposed. "Then it exactly comes to this issue, my fair tempter, that as I feel I cannot live without you, you must become mine in spite of yourself. But I wish for your voluntary consent; for, upon my honor, I should be very loth to compel you."

"Sir," she replied, "we may as well drop the conversation. My voluntary assent to your proposals you can never have. In the attempt to pronounce it, my tongue would

wither in my mouth. With respect to compelling me, you cannot be so irrationally wicked. You cannot be so devoid of good sense as to expect that compulsion will ever produce affection; nay, you must know that the excitement of absolute abhorrence would, it is more than probable, be its consequence."

"Then tell me, fair one, what I am to do!" asked De Villiers, checking a strong tendency which he felt towards irritation. "Tell me how I shall obtain thee, thou ensnarer of my senses! for obtain thee I must. Without thee, my life will be nothing—worse than nothing—it will be a burthen I will not be able to bear. But, by all my hopes of salvation, thou shalt be mine, if I should——but no," said he, suddenly changing his manner, "I will not say it, I will not resolve it, for I cannot resolve upon anything offensive to thee. Oh! consent to my proposals, become my wife, and live happily with a man who adores, who shall forever adore thee."

"Sir," said she, "you have my answer already. It is final, unalterable, and need not be repeated." "Then," said he, "proud girl! either you or I, or perhaps both of us, are doomed to wretchedness. Permit me, at least, to kiss your hand before you drive me off in despair."

Here he violently seized her hand, and pressed it forcibly to his lips. Her soul filled with indignation and horror at his rudeness; but fearing to prolong his stay by making any observation concerning it, she meekly turned from him when he loosened his hold, and without making any reply to his farewell, hastened back to the house in great perplexity and alarm. Having taken his resolution as to the measures he should adopt, he did not follow her, but the more to lull any suspicion of his design, he rode up the glen of Turtle Creek, and returned hastily to Du Quesne, by a direction different from the one he came.

She hesitated when she reached home, whether she should communicate the incident to her friends. She did not wish to excite in their minds any unnecessary uneasiness; and she entertained hopes that as the governor had received so decided a refusal, he might see the futility of his pursuit, and disturb her no more. It is true, he threw out some expres-

sions indicative of a resolution to persevere in his designs upon her. But these expressions might only be the commonplace protestations of a man wishing to make an impression on a woman whom he found difficult to persuade; or, they might only be the sudden and unreflecting effusions of the moment. At any rate, how could her friends, few and powerless as they were, resist the Governor of Fort Du Quesne, if he should think proper to follow the import of his insinuations? They might, indeed, contribute to her concealment, until he should either forget her, or be removed from his post. But this might bring down his vengeance upon them: and even should her concealment be necessary, by the aid of Tonnaleuka alone, could it be effectually accomplished. To lay the case before him, and be regulated by his advice, she believed would, upon the whole, be her wisest course; and she concluded on not disturbing the serenity of her friends by acquainting them with the incident, until she consulted him to whom she had always been accustomed to look up for advice in every perplexity.

As to De Villiers there was nothing further from his intention than to relinquish his pursuit after her. He saw clearly that nothing was to be obtained from her by mere solicitation; and he was determined not to expend time and labor in vain. His passion for her was too violent to brook such a delay. He therefore resolved to have recourse to active and prompt measures; and he was only sorry that he had happened, while conversing with her, to throw out hints that might put her on her guard against the attempt he meditated. But this consideration formed a motive, additional to the urgency of his passion, to have his design immediately executed, so that she might not have time to adopt any mode of frustrating it.

He therefore, as soon as he returned to the garrison, ordered a Lieutenant Ranttell, a man whom he knew to be fit for his purpose, into his presence.

"Well, Ranttell!" said he.

"Your servant, sir," with a low bow, was the reply.

"I want you on a special service, Lieutenant, which I expect you will manage exactly as you shall be directed."

"To a fraction, if possible."

"There is a lady in the case, Ranttell,"

"A pleasant affair, sir, next to shooting the English, and a damned sight better than burning them, as these devils of Indians will have us to do!"

"That's my business, not yours," observed the Governor.

"Your pleasure, sir," was the reply.

"A captain's commission, Ranttell," said the Governor, "will be yours, my brave fellow, the moment the lady is brought into the fort."

"Snug's the word," replied the lieutenant, "a neat job, by St. Dennis! Where is the dove's nest, Monsieur Le Governor?"

"At Turtle Creek, a daughter of the old Irishman," replied the Governor.

"What! not Dr. Killbreath's wife, I hope," cried Ranttell; "but no matter," he added, winking significantly at the Governor, "sweet's the eye upon a pretty girl, whether married or single."

"You mistake," said the Governor, affecting some offence at this insinuation: "do you think me such a blackguard as to seduce another man's wife?—no—no, Lieutenant, you mistake the matter."

"I beg pardon," returned the Lieutenant, "but I am glad the Doctor is out of the scrape at any rate, for he cured me of the cholic last spring, when our own bungling surgeon could scarce tell what ailed me. But I suppose it is the pretty rosy-lipped, sweet countenanced lady, the Doctor's sister-in-law, that I saw last winter when out in that quarter on a hunting trip. By the Lord, she's a dainty. Had I been the Doctor, I know which of the two sisters I should have chosen for a help-mate."

"But more persons than one, have a choice, you know," observed the Governor, "where two are concerned."

"Perfect logic, your honor," replied Ranttell."

"Well, sir," said De Villiers, "you know the lady—I love her to distraction—I wish to marry her—she's an angel, and I would not for the world pollute her. I told her so, but she is rather shy about the matter. I want you to bring her here, as I think I could here persuade her with more effect, than in the woods under her fathers's wing yonder. You neither need ask her consent, nor that of any of

her friends. Take twenty smart fellows with you, enter the house boldly, and bring her off without question. But, take care, Ranttell! offer her no insult, as you would avoid getting a ball through your brains. Remember, she is to be my wife."

"It shall be all done as fairly and politely, as you would ask her to dance a rigadoon," replied the Lieutenant. "But when shall we set out, Monsieur Le Governor?"

De Villiers pulled out a watch, "by my faith, but I made good speed this morning," said he. "It is not twelve yet. In half an hour, Ranttell, be off. Give each man a dose of rum before you start, and another when you come in sight of your destination, and I shall expect you back by sundown. Good morning—be polite to the lady, and civil to the family."

"I'll manage it as neat as a newly made plume in a grenadier's cap," said the lieutenant, bowing several times almost to the ground as he withdrew.

It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when Archy Frazier, who had been in the woods at some distance to the westward of the house, came in hastily, with intelligence that a party of French soldiers were in sight. Maria, who was in her own apartment, for she had scarcely stirred out of it since the rencontre with De Villiers, did not hear this intelligence, as the rest of the family did not think proper to disturb her by communicating it. They ran to the door, rather from an impulse of curiosity than alarm: and unconscious that any of themselves were to be the objects of his violence, they met Ranttell rather cordially than otherwise, as, ordering the body of his men to keep at a distance, unless called forward, he, with only three soldiers, advanced to the house. Paddy and Doctor Killbreath, had gone in the morning on a hunting excursion, and were not expected back till night. Gilbert and Archy, therefore, were the only male part of the family present; and for any opposition he might meet with from these, Lieutenant Ranttell cared but little. As neither Gilbert nor Nelly could speak French, Mrs. Killbreath had to return his salutation and answer his interrogations.

"Good day! my friend Frazier! My best wishes for

your family," was the first salutation, which was accompanied with a ceremonious bow.

"We thank you," replied Nancy, "but as my father does not speak French, you will excuse his silence."

"With all my heart, Mrs. Killbreath. But pray, my sweet madam, where are all the rest of your people? I hope our fighting here yesterday, has not frightened them away."

"My brother Paddy, and my husband the doctor, are out hunting since the morning, and I believe we are all present except them and my sister, who is rather indisposed since the alarm she received during yesterday's battle."

"You have stood that affair pretty well, I perceive, Mrs. Killbreath," said the lieutenant: "See how hardy people become when they are married. But is your sister so sick as to permit no visiter, my fair friend? I have a message I wish to deliver to her."

"A message for Maria!" exclaimed Nancy. "Pray, sir, who can it be from?"

"From a most true and hearty friend she has at the garrison," replied the officer.

"Inform me of it, and I shall communicate it to her, and immediately let you know her answer."

"I am instructed only to communicate it to herself," was the reply.

"I shall tell her so," said Nancy, and she without more consideration, hastened to Maria'a apartment. But to her astonishment, the officer was there almost as soon as herself.

"Excuse me, ladies!" said he, bowing and smiling very politely to Maria; "excuse me for this unmannerly intrusion. But I must plead the necessity I am under of obeying my commander. My dear madam," said he, addressing Maria exclusively, "I have to inform you of Governor De Villiers's request that you will honor him with your company, this evening, at Fort Du Quesne. I have been ordered out with a party of soldiers to escort you there."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Maria, in violent agitation, without making any direct reply to Rantell; "I see I am undone—Oh! Nancy, Nancy, they are going to take me

from you! I might have known it—alas! I might have concealed myself, but I could not think he would have perpetrated such instantaneous violence. Oh, my God, preserve me!"

"What is the meaning of this, lieutenant Ranttell?" asked Nancy; "what do you want with my sister? She cannot have done anything either to injure or offend the Governor."

"Nor does the Governor, my sweet madam, wish, or intend to do any thing either to injure or offend her. It is pure love, Mrs. Killbreath, that is at the bottom of this affair. But, my fair lady," said he to Maria, "I am ordered to show you all possible politeness, and have a horse, as fine an ambler as ever paced the sod, ready and comfortably caparisoned to carry you to the fort. Pray, now will you permit me to help you on him?"

"Ah, sir, have mercy!" exclaimed Maria, for she shuddered at the idea of being in the power of De Villiers. "Oh! I beseech you, for the love of heaven, do not assist to plunge me into ruin! Heaven will bless you if you let me escape."

"I am but a soldier, madam, and must obey orders, you know."

"And oh, sir, would you carry me—me, who never harmed you—to misery, to destruction!"

"There is no danger, madam, of either, I assure you," said the officer, trying to soothe her; "so long as we have a gun in the fort, and a soldier to fire it, not a soul on earth shall harm a hair of your head. But we must be off, madam, and please let us go in good humor together; for, confound me, if I like to be at variance with a lady."

By this time, Gilbert, hearing something of an altercation between the Frenchman and his daughter, advanced into the room.

"What's wrang, Maria, my bairn?" said he; "I hope the officer wants naething uncivil wi' you?"

"Ah father, my dear father!" she replied, "I am undone!"

"Sir," said the officer, who perceived that Gilbert was displeased, "there is no use in fretting about the matter. Monsieur De Villiers has taken a fancy to your daughter

He has ordered me to carry her to the fort. He will, I assure you, offer her no harm. On the contrary, he wishes to make her his wife, and will treat her as tenderly as the pupil of his eye!"

"What says he?" asked Gilbert, who did not understand the language addressed to him.

Nancy briefly explained its import.

"Wants my dochter into the fort amang soldiers!" exclaimed he. "an' without her consent, too! Get oot o' my hoose this precious moment, ye rascal, to come here on sitch an errand, or by the Great God—may he forgive me for sitch an oath!—I'll turn ye oot by the shoothers."

The lieutenant understood Gilbert as little as Gilbert understood him; but he perceived him to be enraged, and observed—

"My friends, all this is to no purpose. There are twenty brave fellows without yonder who will enforce my commands." "So, my sweet madam," said he, making a gracious bow to the half distracted Maria, and catching her by the arm, "you had as good come along without giving us more trouble, or permitting this old gentleman to get into a scrape."

"Alas!" said Maria, "since it is so, then God alone can protect me"—so saying, she fell on her knees—"Oh God! oh God!" cried she, in English; "if there is deliverance for me from this calamity, vouchsafe to send it ere I become wretched; if not, oh teach me to submit to thy will!"

Here Gilbert could endure no longer; his rage entirely overpowered his reason, and running into an adjacent room, he seized upon an axe that happened to be there.

"I'll cleave you to the yearth this moment," cried he to Rentell. "if ye get not oot, an' no vex my bairn in this gate — —" and he actually wielded a blow which would have been fatal to the lieutenant, had not one of the soldiers who had followed him into the house with him, caught the axe ere it descended, and attempted to wrest it out of his grasp. Gilbert however, although advanced in life, was still a strong man, and in a moment overturned the soldier. But another of the soldiers seized upon the axe, and had it just extricated from Gilbert's hold, when Archy Frazier hearing the scuffle, dart-

ed forward upon him and with a kick upon the stomach overturned him upon his companion. Rantell, himself now closed with Archy, and the third soldier having called forward the remainder of the troops, hastened to assist his commander, and Archy was soon overpowered.

Rantell, as soon as the troops came forward, ordered a sergeant's guard to enter the house, and Gilbert and his son were instantly tied, hands and feet together with ropes.

"Now, my fair maiden," said he, (running to Maria, who had just recovered from a swoon, for she thought her father was killed,) "the day is our own—let us be going. I am sorry for the scuffle, but it was the curst hot-headedness of that foolish old man that occasioned it. I wished the thing to be done in peace. Mrs. Killbreath here can loosen these ropes as soon as we are gone.—But take care, Mrs. Doctor, and this old dame here," said he, looking at Nelly, who in the fright had thrown into an hysterical fit, from which she was just recovering; "I wish her also not to allow the old dotard, and his hair-brained son to follow us; or, by God! if they do, we shall shoot them!"

Having given these instructions to Mrs. Frazie, and her daughter, he caught Maria in his arms to carry her off——

"Sir," said she, making a great exertion to recover her energy of mind; "since such is my fate, keep your hands off me, and I will submit: but before you separate me perhaps for ever from these beloved beings, my father and mother, permit me to embrace them."

"It is all reasonable," replied Rantell, glad to see that the application of personal violence towards her would be unnecessary, "do so with all my heart: only remember I can afford you but little time for the ceremony. And pardon me Mrs. Doctor" turning to Nancy, "if I interfere in women's concerns, but I see there is one thing you are likely to forget. The lady's stay in the garrison will, perhaps, require some changes of raiment."

Mrs. Killbreath took the hint; but first throwing her arms round Maria's neck, she kissed her, while her eyes overflowed with tears——

"Farewell, my dearest, dearest sister!" said she. "And oh! may God deliver you from these men."

She then hastened to pack up some clothing for Maria, which when done she handed to the lieutenant. While Nancy was thus employed, Maria had alternately embraced her father and her mother. She was at length separated from them, and proceeded so far as the porch, when Nelly running after her, again caught her in her arms.

"Oh! my bairn, my lovely bairn! I canna let you leave me. I will go wi' you. Where'er they pit you, canna be owre bad for me. I will watch owre you, an' comfort ye among the soldiers."

"My mother, I know not what to do," replied Maria; "much could I wish they would permit you to go with me, but I fear it would break your heart to witness my misery."

"Wack!" returned Nelly, "it will break my heart to think of my bairn being in distress, an' me no' wi' her to share it, an' to comfort her."

"Pardon me, ladies!" said Ranttell; "but we have no time now to discuss matters: and as my instructions relate only to one lady, I believe I shall be, at present, so moderate as not to exceed them. So, my good mother, you had better walk within doors, and pacify old crack-brain yonder, who will no doubt pronounce many a solid curse upon us before we reach Du Quesne. But, my sweet fair one! you were the prize I was sent to capture: be so good, therefore, as to come along. You gallant steed impatiently champs his bit, as if he longed for his lovely burthen."

He here separated her from the clinging arms of her mother, who exclaiming, "Oh, heavenly God! my bairn! my bairn! my lovely, my innocent bairn, is lost!" and she fell flat upon the porch in a state of insensibility.

Maria, with a bursting heart, and a burning brain, was soon raised upon the horse prepared for her, and the troops with their beauteous prize hastened to return to Fort Du Quesne.

Gilbert and his wife felt the calamity that had on this day befallen them the more acutely, as they had, since their settlement in the Wilderness, experienced nothing of the kind. Their children had grown up under their eyes, healthy and prosperous, and in all their other affairs they had enjoyed

such a uniform course of tranquillity and success—such an uninterrupted continuance of comfort and repose, that now, when the storm of misfortune burst upon them all at once, and struck them so severely in their tenderest affections, it is not wonderful that they were scarcely able to endure the shock.

Gilbert and his son were soon loosened by Mrs. Killbreath from their bonds after the French departed; but the folly of giving pursuit was too apparent for them to attempt it, and all they could do was to weep bitterly for their lost Maria.

As for Nelly, it was a considerable time after her fall upon the porch, before she was restored to sensation, and when that was effected, it was found that her mind had sustained such a shock as to render her delirious. They laid her in bed, for she was in a high fever, and Gilbert had no other expectation during the sorrowful evening, but that he had lost both his wife and his daughter forever.

As he looked upon Nelly in her raving moments, rage and vexation would sometimes overpower him, and he would involuntarily exclaim—

"Heaven's curse upon the fiends! They hae ruined me an' a' my comforts! But God forgie me, I should curse nae yen. I leave them to thy hands, oh Lord! Deal wi' them according to thy own pleasure; but oh! have compassion upon this afflicted family. Protect my bairn, an' restore my wife!"

It was late in the evening before Nelly's mind became so much tranquilized that she began to relish the consolations of religion, and Gilbert was sitting by her bedside reading the following passage of the version of the 6th Psalm used by the Church of Scotland:

In thy great indignation,
O Lord! rebuke me not,
Nor on me lay thy chast'ning hand,
In thy displeasure hot.
Lord, I am weak, therefore on me
Have mercy, and me spare;
Heal me, O Lord, because thou know'st
My bones much vexed are—

when the prophet Tonnaleuka entered, on his return from

inquiring after the direction which had been taken by the savages who captured Charles Adderly. He had ascertained it, and was now coming to report the circumstances to Maria, and comfort her with the assurance that something should be immediately done to effect her lover's deliverance.

The prophet was thunderstruck when he was informed of what had happened to the family. He gave a groan, and threw himself in great agitation upon a bench beside a table upon which he laid his head, and pressing his throbbing temples between his hands, remained in that posture for about fifteen minutes, without speaking a word. He then suddenly started up, and hastily paced the room backwards and forwards for some time in a species of frenzy, with his eyes swollen as if they would burst from their sockets, but apparently too much scorched with the fire of grief to shed a single tear. After which he resumed his former posture at the table, still silent, and seemingly absorbed in intense thought, as well as grief. At length throwing himself upon his knees, he stretched his hands, and lifted his burning eyes towards heaven, and exclaimed—

"Oh! Great Spirit and Father of the universe, assist me in the endeavor, and grant success to what thou hast thyself suggested. I depend on thee, on thee alone, to protect that suffering maiden and restore her again to her friends."

He then arose, and inquired for Paddy Frazier, and when told that Paddy had not been at home since the morning, he seemed very impatient, and again paced the floor in great agitation.

In a short time, however, Paddy and Dr. Killbreath arrived, and Tonnaleuka appeared at once to become much tranquilized. The consternation and rage of both these hunters of the forest, when they heard of their sister's misfortune, need not be described; they both swore eternal hatred to the French. But Tonnaleuka did not give Paddy much time to vent forth the vehemence of his rage; he took him out of doors, where he communed with him about ten minutes. When they re-entered the house, Paddy hastily provided himself with a small wooden flask full of rum, and some provisions, which he deposited in a pouch at his side, and pitching his rifle on his shoulder, set off again at full

speed, with as much briskness and alacrity as if he had just arisen from his couch, after the enjoyment of a long repose. The prophet then exhorted the family to be of good cheer, as he had great hopes that all might yet be well; and as he understood from Mrs. Killbreath that her father and mother had refused all kinds of nourishment since Maria's capture, he desired that supper should be prepared, of which, he said, he should himself stay to partake. After supper, he took Dr. Killbreath aside and requested him to set off early in the morning towards the head waters of Chartier's Creek, in order to watch the proceedings of a party of Caughnewago Indians, who had carried Charles Adderly in that direction, and to lose no time in bringing him back intelligence of their intentions concerning their prisoner, as soon as he should discover them.

"My son," said he, "show this wampum to the sachem, Takshuma, who is their leader. He will protect you from any injury, and perhaps give you all the information we require. I should have gone on this errand myself, but Maria, the child of my heart, is now in distress, and I cannot forsake her.

"My son, my inability to attend to the affairs of Charles Adderly, may, at this crisis, be fatal to him, unless Takshuma grants the petition which, in my name, and upon the testimony of that sacred wampum, I authorize you to deliver to him. Tell him that Tonnaleuka, the adopted son of the deceased Fallakamsah, formerly chief sachem of the tribe of the Mingoes, and the prophet of Maneto for fifteen tribes, requests Takshuma, sachem of the Caughnewagoes, to grant the English prisoner, Charles Adderly, if the Caughnewago counsellors should condemn him to be burned, that which no prophet of Maneto has ever been refused when he asked it for a condemned prisoner, namely, seven days after his condemnation, to make his peace with Maneto before he be given to the flames."

"If I had this petition in writing," observed the Doctor, with much simplicity, "I should, no doubt, remember it better, and deliver it more correctly to the sachem."

"My son, you shall have it in writing then," said Tonnaleuka, "for your own use. Only show not the paper to the

sachem, for he will either despise you for requiring such an assistant to your memory, or he may look upon it as a forgery of your own, for the chiefs and prophets of our people never use such means of communication with each other."

The Doctor promised to obey the prophet's instructions, which, as well as the petition, were reduced that evening to writing, and he set out on his errand early the ensuing morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

> And now he pours his choice of fear,
> In secret on Matilda's ear:
> "Consent, and all this dread array,
> Like morning dream shall pass away;
> Refuse, and by my duty press'd,
> I give the word--thou know'st the rest."
>
> SCOTT.

THE great luminary of this nether world had upwards of an hour's journey to perform, ere he could hide himself behind the edge of the western horizon, from the view of the inhabitants of Fort Du Quesne, when the lovely object of its Governor's passion, was brought an unhappy captive within its walls.

When the sound of the bugle announced the arrival of Rantell's party, the Governor, with a feeling of some embarrassment, hastened to salute the enchanter of his soul, whom he perceived to be with them, and to conduct her into his residence. When he held out his hand to assist her in dismounting, she for a moment, with an instinctive shudder, shrunk from his touch; but instantly recollecting that there was no possibility of then avoiding it, without,

perhaps, subjecting herself to greater rudeness, she silently accepted his assistance, and suffered herself to be led, an uncomplaining victim, to the lodging that had been prepared for her.

This was a tolerably neat room of moderate dimensions, on the second floor of the governor's house, which was situated near that part of the circumvallation which overlooked the Monongahela. It was in the northeastern angle of the house, and had in view from its front windows, the principal area, or parade ground, within the stockade. Besides the necessary furniture which, although not splendid, was commodious and clean, it contained a few books of a romantic and light species of literature, arranged on some shelves adjoining the door of a small dark closet, which formed an appendage to the apartment.

"Miss Frazier," said De Villiers on handing her into this room, "I am sorry, to my very soul I am sorry, that you should have compelled me to take this step. But I felt that I could not live without you, and I had no alternative. Endeavor to make yourself comfortable in this abode, such as it is, I wish to God it was a palace for your sake."

"Sir," said she, "comfort is now a matter of no concern to me, for it is what I feel I cannot enjoy. Alas! to enter a palace under such circumstances, would be the same as a dungeon."

Here the energy which had sustained her during her journey, forsook her, for the state in which she had left her friends, rushed into her remembrance, and she burst into tears."

"Oh, my dear father and mother," said she, "what must you not feel at this moment! Heaven support you under this trial."

"Be pacified, my lovely maiden," said De Villiers, in a soothing manner, for he really felt affected at her sorrow. "Your feelings are too tender. You are by far of too timid and apprehensive a disposition. I assure you that you will suffer no evil here, and I shall also take care to remove any uneasiness your friends may feel on that account. The urgency of passion, irresistible passion, for you alone, constrained me to separate you from them. But, believe me

r was not to make either you or them unhappy; and, upon the honor of a soldier, I promise that anything short of parting with you, I shall submit to, in order to make your residence with me agreeable."

"Alas, then, I need expect no relief from misery," she replied, "for nothing short of a separation from you, and restoration to my friends, can afford such relief. Oh! restore me to them, and I shall never cease to bless you, I shall never cease to pray for your happiness!"

"What!" said he; "no, no—you know not how I adore your loveliness, or you would not expect me to part with it so soon. It would be folly indeed, to throw that treasure out of my hand, for which the whole world could not afford me an equivalent. But the whole world, Miss Frazier, cannot now deprive me of you. That blessed consideration makes me ample amends for your present displeasure. Oh, smile upon one who doats on you, and be reconciled to yield to the ardor of his affections, by becoming his wife, and his whole future conduct, he pledges his salvation, shall be regulated so as to make you happy."

"Sir," said she, recovering her full energy of manner and tone, "never, never! You have already had my answer on that subject, and answer which no earthly consideration can ever induce me to change. No, my heart would burst to pieces ere my tongue should utter a promise to be yours."

"Well, my sweet tormentor, you would inflict a pang into my soul, would you, by such a manifestation of hatred for me? But, by heavens! you are beautiful, and so long as I can behold those fascinating features, I shall feel no pangs of any kind! When I shall feel sorrow, I shall fly to you, and gaze upon you. The sight of your charms will quicken me into joy, and to clasp them to my enraptured bosom, will transport me into bliss." He paused—but she continued silent, shuddering at his vehemence; and he soon again continued:

"Maiden! you say you will never promise to be mine. Be it so. I can, if I please, dispense with that promise, and yet be happy. For know, my enchantress, you are at this moment mine to all intents and for all purposes, as com-

pletely and absolutely, as if the priest had made you so. It is for your own sake, my fair one, and not for mine, that I wish the forms to be gone through. What say you? Will you consult your own reputation, your own purity, and the satisfaction of your friends, and pronounce the vow which will make me happy without making you wretched."

"Never!" she replied, in a tone of firmness and decision, "never. If I am doomed to wretchedness, no act of my own shall ever be, with my knowledge, accessary to it. If I cannot control the power of others over me, I can control the meaning of the words that I utter, and never shall I utter any which will entitle you to exercise authority over me!"

"Say you so, obstinate, foolish girl?" he replied, with considerable irritation. "But your obstinacy, or if you prefer the phrase, your firmness on this point, shall be tried. By heavens! if I did not love you too sincerely to seize your charms, and rifle your sweets without ceremony, I would not delay my bliss one hour. But harsh, inconsiderate as you are, your purity and satisfaction of mind, are worth something in my estimation; they are worth at least a few days' postponement of my happiness. It shall be, therefore, postponed that it may be the sweeter when it comes; for, by the great God, I swear it shall come with your own consent, if I should shake your very soul to its centre in order to extort that consent from you! This is my determination, seducing, obdurate girl! I shall now leave you to reflect upon it. But your lovely hand shall first impress rapture upon my lips."

So saying, he forcibly kissed her hand, and left the apartment. Maria threw herself upon the bed, and burst into tears. The full sense of her wretched situation, and still more wretched prospects, rushed violently upon her mind and she poured forth the sorrows of her soul to her Maker from whom alone, if there was any deliverance for her could she expect it, by some miraculous means to proceed She prayed, fervently prayed, that whatever might be the acuteness of her personal sufferings, she should, at least bear them without sinning, and that if her distress should occasion her destruction, her soul should return to him from

whom it had proceeded, as undefiled, and as unoffending as she had received it.

This pious train of thought had the effect of greatly tranquilizing her mind, and when, in about fifteen minutes after the departure of De Villiers, a squaw entered her apartment with some refreshments, she prevailed on herself to partake slightly of them, after which, committing herself to the all-powerful protection of the God on whom she relied, she locked her chamber door, and throwing her harrassed frame again upon the couch, endeavored to court repose.

But it was long before she obtained it. The misfortunes of Charles Adderly, who loved her so tenderly, and to whom the whole affections of her soul were engaged, for some time occupied and agitated her mind, so entirely and intensely, as almost to obliterate the recollection of her own. The awful fate which she feared he either had suffered, or would be doomed to suffer, from the cruelty of the savages, excited her mind, as she reflected deeply upon it, to a species of intolerable feeling, so nearly bordering upon despair, that she could have wished herself annihilated to get rid of it. When she pictured to herself the horrors of his destruction, amidst the flames, gladly, gladly would she have rejoiced in the possibility of becoming herself a substitute to undergo the dreadful doom in his stead.

Then, again, when the terrors of her own situation would recur to her, the possibility of being condemned to the horrible embraces of a wretch whose villainly she execrated, occasioned her to shudder, a cold sweat broke upon her frame, and she thought that even Charles's worst fate must be happiness, compared with hers.

"Oh, would to God!" she mentally exclaimed, "that sooner than permit such a catastrophe to take place, he would strike me dead with his thunder, or cause this building to take fire and consume me amidst the conflagration."

Nature at length became wearied with the poignancy of sorrow, and she sunk into a kind of stupor which terminated, at last, in a slumber, disturbed and troubled, indeed, but infinitely more refreshing and invigorating in its effects than she had any reason to expect.

She arose the next morning, rejoiced to find herself re-

stored to a degree of resolution and fortitude, of which, the preceding evening, she had been entirely destitute; and she now felt as if she could courageously meet her fate, let its aspect be ever so appalling.

The squaw that had the night before brought refreshments to her, appeared some time after she arose, with a request from the Governor that she would favor him with her company at breakfast, which was waiting for her in a parlor below stairs. This invitation she declined on the plea of indisposition. The squaw retired, but in a short time returned to prepare breakfast in her apartment, and in a few minutes was followed by De Villiers himself, who saluted her with great politeness, hoped her indisposition was not of a serious nature, and since she was unable to afford him the pleasure of her presence at her breakfast, below, he would crave the liberty to enjoy it in her own room.

"You are master here, sir," said she, "and no doubt despotically enough disposed to make all such matters bend to your will. My opposition to your taking this liberty, would I am therefore persuaded, be fruitless, and should not relieve me of your presence, let me feel it as disagreeable as I may."

"Then my presence is still disagreeable to you," he observed; "well, let it be so, since yours affords me delight, by the Holy Virgin! I will enjoy it. But, my fair one, I wish you to join me in this breakfast, for, by my faith, I did not bring you here to stare you."

"Sir," said she, "on condition that you avoid the subject so grating to my feeling, I shall partake with you, but on no other."

"He bowed a complaisant assent, and she sat down to table with him. But the meal was scarcely over when he renewed the ungrateful subject.

"Oh! how happy, Miss Frazier," he said, looking tenderly at her, and drawing a deep sigh, "should I be, if you were thus the voluntary and permanent mistress of my table, and myself! Oh, will you not consent to receive the hand of the man who loves you beyond all the world?"

"The reply, sir," said she, "that I have so decisively given to that question already, I think might be sufficient

to convince you of the inutility of repeating it. That reply was made never to be changed, and it never can be changed!"

"Other methods must then be tried," said he with fierceness; "for by heavens! I must have you for my own, if there be energy in human power to effect it!"

At this moment the sound of a trumpet was heard. "It is these cursed Indians," said he, starting to his feet, "that are going to hold a council concerning our English prisoners, a number of whom they are resolved to burn. I have been trying to persuade them from it, but it wont do. They must be gratified; otherwise they'll go off in dudgeon, and I cannot spare them at present, lest the British under Dunbar should think proper to make a trip this way. I must attend their council now and save as many alive as I can."

Maria, whose humanity shuddered at this intelligence, and who that moment thought upon the fate of Charles Adderly, which, for aught she knew might be dependent upon the decision of this very council—caught the Governor's arm as he was going away.

"Oh, for the love of heaven! Monsieur de Villiers, "said she, "save these unfortunate men. God will bless you for the deed."

"Since it is your wish, my sweet one," he replied, "I shall do my utmost; but these savages claim so much merit for their fighting the day before yesterday, that I fear I shall make but little of them, especially as they captured these men themselves. So eager, Miss Frazier, are they for burning their prisoners, that I am told a party of them left the field of battle with one or two captives whom they were resolved not to be baffled in sacrificing, and carried them southward, lest, if they had brought them to the garrison, I should have interfered to save them. But I perceive the old Mingo prophet, Tonnaleuka, among them. This promises well, as he is always averse to burning prisoners, and he has more power over them than I have. Between us, I think we shall be able to save some of these Englishmen."

"Oh, I beseech you to save them all, if you can," cried Maria.

"That is impossible," he returned; "I have already con-

ceded that they should have at least twelve at their disposal; they claimed this as a reward for their conduct in the late battle, and I could not well refuse them. The present council is to determine how many more they shall have, as well as to select the twelve for whom they have already stipulated. If the Mingo prophet assists me, I think, however, we shall be able to save the remainder."

"That prophet is a good man," observed Maria; "I know he will assist you, and may heaven also assist you in the benevolent work."

"Amen," said De Villiers. "Good morning, my sweet girl, I will think of your wishes, and if possible protect these men."

Shortly after De Villiers departed, the sorrowful Maria beheld from a window the wretched captives, nearly forty in number, tied together, in pairs, and surrounded by several hundred savages who were dancing, singing, halloing, and exhibiting, in every grotesque and frantic manner that could be conceived, their triumph over the unfortunate objects of their barbarous mirth. Her heart for a moment rejoiced to see that Charles Adderly was not among them: but it almost immediately sunk within her, when she recollected that his destruction was perhaps on that very account, the more certainly inevitable.

"For he, alas," she sighed, "my unfortunate Charles! He must be in the hands of those inveterate savages, who fled with their victims lest the French should rescue them from their barbarity: Ah! my Charles, to what an evil destiny have we both been born!"

As these reflections passed through her mind, she grew dizzy, the surrounding objects wavered before her eyes and she staggered back to her couch; but there a flood of tears coming to her relief, she soon became again calm and resigned, and resumed her station at the window. Here her heart warmed to behold Tonnalcuka. His presence seemed even under the circumstances in which she beheld him, to throw a certain consciousness of security around her, and an almost confident hope that the poor captives who excited so much of her sympathy, would escape uninjured.

He was earnestly talking to some of the Indian chiefs,

who appeared to listen to him with great attention. At length De Villiers went forward to him, and walking aside with him to some distance from the groupe, they seemed to converse together for about ten minutes with great earnestness. The Governor then returned to the Indians, and giving the word to march, a flourish of trumpets succeeded, and the party, consisting almost altogether of Indians and prisoners, proceeded out of the fortress. Tennaleuka remaining some distance behind, took an opportunity, after the Governor had disappeared, when he was unnoticed by the sentinel, who was looking after the procession, to make an obeisance to Maria, who still remained at the window. He then lifting his right hand to heaven, and putting it three times on his right ear, thereby intimated his assurance, that God would hear her prayers for protection, and afford her deliverance. She motioned to him in token of understanding his meaning and he disappeared, leaving on her mind a feeling of encouragement, of an indefinable, but invigorating nature, as strong and cheering as if it imparted an almost certain conviction that she was under the immediate care of heaven, and she felt a degree of tranquillity and fortitude that she had not before experienced since her captivity.

In about two hours, she heard the trumpets again sounding, and in a short time, the captives and their savage conquerors returned into the fort. Maria perceived that the procession was not now so numerous as when it left the fort; but this excited no surprise in her mind, as the roving and irregular habits of the Indians occasioned them often to disappear suddenly and unaccountably from scenes, in which it might be expected they would feel the highest interest.

The prisoners being conducted to their quarters, the Indians dispersed, and the greater number of them instantly left the fort; and De Villiers hastened to visit the lovely captive whom he had immediately under his own custody.

"Miss Frazier," said he, as he entered her apartment; "I am heartily glad to get rid of these savages, and once more enjoy the delight of your presence. It is like changing the company of fiends for that of an angel."

"Ah! sir, tell me," she returned, "has any thing been done for the poor Englishmen? Have you secured their safety?"

"They are all safe, thank God!" he replied; "except the twelve I mentioned to you who have been selected by lot. I exerted myself greatly since I knew it would please you.

"And what—what!" she asked, with much emotion, "is to become of these unfortunate twelve?"

"Why I fear much that the savages will burn them, according to their custom in such cases," replied De Villiers.

"And oh, Monsieur de Villiers," said she, "is there no way left to save them from such a cruel fate? Have you not force enough, influence enough, to protect them. Oh, think that these men may have tender relatives—fathers, and mothers, wives and children, whose hearts are at this day in agony to ascertain their fate! Oh, think, feel, if thou canst feel for the misery of others, what will be their horror, their distraction, when they hear that those so dear to them have come to such a terrible end. Oh, do something to save them, I conjure thee, if thou wouldst expect salvation thyself!"

"Why, my sweet enchantress," said he, "why plead so strongly in behalf of men of whom thou knowest nothing, and who neither know nor care any thing about thee; and yet be so indifferent to the prayers and entreaties of one who adores thee? Why feel and tremble so much at the idea of mere strangers being burned to death by a fire of wood, and show so little compassion for one whose life thou art barbarously consuming in the flames kindled by thy own charms? Ah! why, cruel girl, accuse the savages of barbarity to their victims, who are their enemies, when thou art thyself as barbarous, and hard-hearted to thy own lover—to me, alas! who love you with a passion too violent for me to bear long unrequited and live."

"Sir," said she, "it is to no purpose that you talk in this manner. Tell me, tell me, can you do any thing to save these unfortunate men?"

"Tell me first, my angel," returned he, "can you, will you do any thing to save me from a worse fate?"

"Oh, my God," she cried—looking up to heaven, "direct me, merciful Power! what to say—what to do!—Alas, sir," she continued casting her eyes upon De Villiers, "to what straits would you drive me, say—say—for heaven's sake, can you save these men?"

"If you give me your hand at the altar," said he, after a little apparent meditation, "as the price of their lives, you shall have them, if I should turn out my garrison to rescue them from the stakes."

"Oh, heavenly Father!" she exclaimed, "to what a situation am I reduced! Alas, sir, I cannot, I cannot—Oh, hear me—I would, ah! I think I would give it to you to save these victims, but alas, it is pledged, irrovocably pledged to another."

"Your hand pledged to another!" exclaimed De Villiers, rising from his seat in surprise, and pacing the room in great irritation. "Your hand pledged to another, and no doubt your heart too—Miss Frazier, is it not so!"

"Alas, sir, I cannot deny it. But surely, surely, if it be in your power, you will not let these unhappy prisoners die."

"Die!" he repeated, "yes—that they must. But—but, perhaps, no," said he, suddenly changing his manner. "It is—that is, it may be still in your power to save them. You are not married, I hope?"

"No, sir."

"Then, my lovely fair one, these men may yet be safe. Let us make a bargain—let your hand be mine, and their lives shall be yours."

"Alas, sir, have I not told you that my hand is already pledged."

"Merely pledged," cried he, "what signifies that? A mere verbal promise. The wind of the mouth, which, when it passes into the air, is nothing. Miss Frazier, you will surely not place such a trifle, such a nonentity into competition with the lives of twelve human beings. Say the word, my sweetest, tenderest, loveliest of women, utter, and they are safe."

"Alas, sir!—Oh, what can I do? but it is impossible. I cannot unsay what I have said. I cannot forfeit my truth! No, no, rather than that, let me first die the death allotted to these men!"

"Then these men whom you devote to the flames shall die!" said he, and he hastened out of the room in a paroxysm of rage.

In about twenty minutes the sound of trumpets was heard, and a guard of soldiers appeared conducting twelve prisoners across the court of the fortress opposite Maria's window, at the distance of about twenty yards from which De Villiers gave the word, and the party halted, and fronted towards the window. The prisoners with their heads uncovered, then kneeled and looked up to Maria, as if earnestly supplicating for some important favor.

De Villiers left them in this situation, and hastened to her apartment.

"Look," said he, "hard-hearted girl, at those poor men now under sentence to suffer, within one hour, the most terrible of all deaths, burning at the stake! Look at them on their knees imploring thee to deliver them from a fast approaching and cruel fate. I have told them that their destiny is in thy hands, that if it pleaseth thee, I will defend them from the vengeance of the condemnation that has been passed against them. Wilt thou save them, or wilt thou let them perish?

Maria looked at the men. Their uniforms of red, in times of prosperity the most brilliant and imposing of all warlike colors, now stained and tattered; their wobegone countenances and wearied-out frames, their humble posture, their hair uncovered and scattered to the winds, to the imagination of Maria, bespoke misery, hardship, and terror in the extreme. She burst into tears as she beheld them; for she reflected that these very men, had, perhaps, been once happy in the enjoyment of domestic comforts, virtuous endearments, attachments; and now, when on the very verge of terminating their existence, of leaving all their joys and affections behind them, and undergoing the most excruciating species of destruction, she beheld them imploring her, who had it in her power to save them by foregoing her own happiness, not to consign them to their awful doom from any selfish consultation of her own wishes, but by gratifying a man who besought her to become his wife, to deliver them and restore them to safety. What was she to do? Could she deny De Villiers, and have these poor supplicants carried off to instant destruction; or could she yield to his desires, and make herself miserable, and what

was the worst of all alternatives, be unfaithful to Charles Adderly?

De Villiers perceived her wavering, and he urged her to a decision. "Five minutes, my love," said he, pulling out his watch—"Let five minutes pass without promising to become my wife, and these men shall be ordered away to the stakes and the faggots already prepared for their execution—"

"Oh, barbarous man! have mercy, have mercy!" she exclaimed. Her eyeballs swelled, her lips quivered and grew pale, her limbs tottered under her, and she fell backwards upon the floor. "God of heaven, I have killed her!" cried De Villiers. He lifted her in his arms, placed her on the bed, and calling loudly for assistance, the attending squaw made her appearance. Some stimulants were applied to Maria's temples, and she soon began again to respire, and recover her sensibility. She at length incoherently exclaimed:—

"Oh! tell me—they have not surely sent them to the flames! The governor cannot be so barbarous! Let them be saved—let them be saved! Alas! I cannot bear to have them burned!"

De Villiers now made a signal out of the window, for the troops and the prisoners to withdraw. Then returning to Maria's bed-side, he watched over her with great anxiety, until he saw the regular chain of her thoughts properly restored, which took place much sooner than he expected. His desire to work upon her feelings, so as to extort from her a consent to marry him, returned with her recovery; and to her inquiry of what had been done with the unfortunate prisoners, he replied:

"They are, my love, respited until to-morrow at noon, in order that you may have time to deliberate leisurely, and decide upon their fate and mine. And, oh! may I conjure you, Miss Frazier, before that time, to resolve on saying the word which will save them from destruction and me from despair! I shall now leave you, that you may enjoy repose. Give your commands to Halimanna, this squaw, and she will supply you with whatever the garrison can afford to make you comfortable."

So saying, he relieved Maria of his presence by withdrawing from the apartment.

The shock she had sustained had thrown her into a violent fever; and a certain wildness in her expression and manner had become so apparent, as to alarm Halmanna, who in consequence entertained some thoughts of acquainting De Villiers with the circumstance, in order that medical aid might be procured, when she saw the prophet Tonnaleuka entering the house. Halmanna, who believed that if either earthly or spiritual aid could assist Maria, the prophet was the most likely person to afford it, answered Tonnaleuka's inquiry after Miss Frazier, by expressing a desire that he should visit her, as she was very sick.

This being exactly what Tonnaleuka intended to do, he did not require a second invitation; but desiring the squaw to remain below stairs, and not come near the apartment unless sent for, while he remained with the young lady, he in a few moments was in Maria's presence. The very appearance of this venerable man, who had from her infancy been her guide, her oracle, and her friend, and the soothing, parental sound of his voice, produced a powerful effect in allaying her fever, which, having been occasioned altogether by an over-wrought mental excitement, now obtained its proper remedy in the application of comfort, encouragement, and consolation.

"Oh, my father," said she, as he advanced, "your Maria has at length known misfortune—she has suffered misery—she has felt despair. Oh, art thou now come, as thou wert ever wont, to administer peace and comfort to my soul?"

"My daughter, I am come for that purpose," replied the prophet, sitting down beside her, "and I thank our Great Father, it is in my power.

"My daughter, hear me! My words are comfort, and they are truth. Thou hast this day been greatly imposed upon by the wicked governor of this fortress! The prisoners whom thou sawest, are not condemned to suffer, nor are there any now under such condemnation. Alas! those who were condemned—twelve gallant soldiers, my heart still bleeds for them—were meanly given up by the Governor ere I could interpose in their behalf, and in despite of all my

exertions, they were carried across the Allegheny river at noon this day, and committed to the flames. Their sufferings are by this time terminated, and the tribes will, on this occasion, require no more victims.

"Hear me, my daughter. Those who were sentenced to die, returned not back to the fort after leaving it this morning. A band of Ottawas went directly with them to the place of death, and many of my red brothers who did return to the fort, followed immediately after dismissal, to view the sacrifice.

"Hear me further. As I was amidst the English prisoners, after the Indians had withdrawn, assuring them of their safety, for they understood not the language in which their fate was decided, and therefore knew it not, the Governor came among them. He ordered twelve of them to be separated from the rest. He promised them permission to return to their countrymen under Colonel Dunbar, if they would advance into the middle of the fortress-yard, and there kneel, uncovered, before a young lady who should appear at the window of her residence, and obtain in that humble posture, her consent to their enlargement. He informed them, that while making their supplications, they should not speak, as the lady did not understand English; for his whole scheme was a system of falsehood,) but that he himself should convey to her the purport of their request, and report the lady's answer. He has since informed them that your answer will not be given till to-morrow noon. In the meantime, the men are duped by this artifice to expect liberty which he will not grant, as you have been deceived into the belief that they were petitioning to be rescued from a danger which they neither dreaded, nor have any reason to dread.

"Therefore, my daughter, hear my advice. Persevere in your refusal to become this man's wife. Powerful as he is, the Great Spirit is more powerful than he, and will frustrate all his designs against you, because he loves virtue, and you are virtuous, and because he hates vice, and this man is vicious. Before many days, I trust that the Great Spirit will raise up a deliverer for you, and disappoint the tyrant in his designs.

"My daughter, treasure this my advice in your heart, and fear neither the cunning nor the force of the tempter."

"Father, you have indeed comforted me," she replied. "You have restored life to my soul. For myself, I now fear nothing, since thou, whose words have never yet deceived me, hast bade me not fear. But, oh father! forgive my weakness, when I say I am still wretched, since there is one whom thou knowest to be dear to me, in danger. Alas! I need not name him. Canst thou tell me aught of him?"

"My daughter," said the prophet, "I know thy heart is distressed on account of that youth. I have discovered the path his captors have caused him to tread, and hope too, that the Great Spirit will extend to him a share of that mercy with which he is ever ready to aid the virtuous, and that he will rescue him whose misfortunes you lament, from the dangers that surround him.

"My daughter, I again recommend you to be of good cheer in all these matters. Inform not the Governor that you know his perfidy. It would only exasperate him, and induce him to have recourse to other stratagems which might involve you in fresh troubles. Require time to deliberate, ere you give an answer to his demands. A little delay may bring you deliverance. But never, never, on any account, answer him according to his wishes. For, my daughter, you know him to be wicked. Uniting your fate with him, would be, therefore, to join in his wickedness. But I need not counsel you thus, since I know that your virtue is firm, and your heart constant."

"Oh, father," said she, seizing the prophet's hand and kissing it, while she moistened it with tears of gratitude and joy, "thou hast ever been to me the source of wisdom and the inspirer of virtue. Next to my heavenly Preserver, I owe to thee the chief blessings of my life. Whilst thou watchest over my safety, methinks that no evil can befall me. Oh, father, wilt thou watch over that of Charles Adderly? Alas! what would protection be to me, if he meets with destruction!"

"My daughter, hear me—all that is in my power to do for that young man, is now doing; and when I say I doubt

not of his safety, why should you doubt of it? Why should you tremble, when I say to you, be of good cheer on his account as well as your own? Our great Father, on whom you must never forget to place your principal dependence, will never fail you. He will, as the oracles of your religion say, 'make all things work together for the good of those that love him.'

"My child, that military parade at which the Governor is now employed, will soon be over. He will then, no doubt, return to you. I must therefore withdraw. May the Great Being on whom you depend, protect you, and keep you firm!"

He now departed—but before leaving the house, he laid upon Halmanna his commands that she should inform no one of his visit to the sick lady.

"Thanks to Maneto," said he, "she is now free from her fever. But a worse complaint will seize thee, Halmanna, if thou disobeyest my directions."

"Far be it from me," replied Halmanna trembling, "to disobey the prophet of Maneto."

"Then may Maneto bless thee," said Tonnaleuka, and waving his awful wand over her head, he disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance her reason stoops or reels
Perchance a courage not her own
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
SCOTT.

In about half an hour after the prophet withdrew, De Villiers visited Maria. He expressed great satisfaction to find that she was so much better than he had expected; but as she felt an inclination for repose, and informed him of it, he conceived that indulging her in it at this time, would contribute greatly to the further restoration of her health and serenity. He therefore shortened his visit, and briefly exhorting her for the sake of the unhappy prisoners, as he called them, for his sake, and for her own, before the appointed hour, to determine on being his wife, he withdrew without offering her any species of rudeness.

The next morning, wishing to gain somewhat upon her esteem, by a conciliating demeanor, and a show of delicacy towards her, he admitted her plea of indisposition, and did not insist on joining her at breakfast. Shortly afterwards, however, he entered her apartment. She appeared tranquil and resigned, because the suggestion of hope had afforded her consolation, and inspired her with fortitude. There was, in consequence, a sweetness in her looks, and an increase of her charms, unknown or unthought of by herself, which rendered her appearance altogether more irresistibly fascinating than he thought he had ever before beheld it. His passion for her was therefore more than usually inflamed. But afraid of again occasioning her such a degree of mental excitement as had overpowered her the preceding evening, he resolved to restrain the impetuosity of his feel-

ngs, and, if possible, address her in language that should neither alarm nor offend her.

"Miss Frazier," said he, "I need scarcely express my happiness at seeing your serenity and contentment so far restored while under my roof, that I think you could in time bring yourself to live comfortably with me. This circumstance affords me some hope that my application for your hand may not be altogether in vain, and that perhaps you have come to the resolution to decide favorably upon the important affair now committed to your award."

"Sir," she replied, "I have been thinking of that affair; but it is really one of too much importance to be decided without more deliberation than I have yet given it."

"Ah! Miss Frazier," said he, "surely you cannot hesitate to interpose a single word between twelve fellow-beings and destruction; and you know the hour speedily approaches, which, without that interposition, shall consign them to their fate."

"Monsieur De Villiers," said she, "I have never yet asked a favor from you for myself, and when I first entered these walls I conceived that I never should. I have now changed my mind so far as to make a request, which I hope you will not refuse to grant."

"Ask it, my sweet one," he replied, "and anything but parting with you, that is within the compass of my power to grant, I pledge my honor shall not be denied you."

"My request is moderate," she replied, "altogether within your power to grant. It is only that I may be indulged with a few days longer time to deliberate on this matter; for I feel it impossible to bring my mind to such an instantaneous change of feeling, as to forget the youth to whom I am pledged, and promise to wed another, by the mere effort of only one day's consideration."

He paced the room for sometime in silent meditation after hearing this request. At length, he said,

"It is perhaps reasonable; it is perhaps natural, that this should be so; and you will never find me, my bewitching girl, inclined to treat you unreasonably. You shall have a few days; but, oh! let them be few—for my heart longs, exceedingly longs, to call you its own!"

"Give me one week," said she; "alas! I fear even that will be too short for my purpose!"

"My fairest love!" cried he, "must I postpone my bliss so long? But I will indulge thee. I will show thee by so doing, that I value thy comfort, thy wishes, more than I do my own. I will now hasten to inform the unfortunate Englishmen that they have obtained from thee at least one week's reprieve from their awful sentence: and oh! may they at last obtain from thy humanity their final deliverance! Think not that I am cruel towards them, my fair one. Alas! thou art cruel towards me; and if they be sacrificed, it shall be to thy barbarity—they shall be the victims of my rejected love."

She made no reply to this hypocritical address: for her soul despised his deception, and she even feared to look at him, lest the indignation of her eyes should betray that she was aware of his falsehood. Very much to her satisfaction, however, he scarcely waited for a reply, but, with the self-congratulating air of a man who has gained a great triumph, he bade her good morning, and retired.

The next day happened to be a gala day among the French, whether on account of its being the birth day of a saint or a *grand monarque*, is immaterial, and arrangements had been made for celebrating it by a grand fete, in which the greater portion of the soldiers were to be engaged. About two hundred and fifty, it was resolved, should proceed about mid-day to a rising ground, now called Grant's Hill, nearly half a mile to the eastward of the fort, where it was intended that they should march, and countermarch, fire artillery and musketry, eat a hearty dinner, and get drunk, and sing, and swear, and dance, and cut capers, until they were tired; when they should return in the evening to the fort, tumble into their couches, and snore off their debauch like gay fellows.

At about twelve o'clock, the whole garrison was accordingly put in motion, the soldiers and officers running promiscuously to and fro upon the parade ground, where they were to fall into ranks, previous to their marching for the scene of revelry.

Maria had just stationed herself at her window, to view

the scene, when she beheld the Tonnaleuka entering the fortress-gate, accompanied by an Indian chief, of a tall and majestic figure. De Villiers had, at this moment, entered upon the parade-ground, for the purpose of ordering the troops to assume their ranks. He halted as he perceived the prophet and the chief advancing towards him. After conversing a few minutes with the former, he made an obeisance to the latter; and calling upon a soldier, he gave him some instructions, when the soldier led the way, followed by Tonnaleuka and his companion, to the governor's house. In a short time, the soldier returned to take his place in the ranks; and in less than fifteen minutes more, the drums and fifes struck up a quick march, and the whole party proceeded to Grant's Hill. Soon afterwards, Maria perceived the prophet alone crossing the area before her window, towards the gate. He looked suddenly back, at a time when he was unnoticed by any one in the yard, and hastily saluting her, continued his way out of the fort.

There was an air of something of importance and satisfaction visible in his manner. She even thought, that, at the time he saluted her, she had seen, what she did not recollect ever before to have seen, a smile playing on his countenance, and she could not but feel confident that some event was about to take place for her advantage.

She was occupied with these thoughts, when Halmanna, entering the room, informed her that she had been commanded by the Mingo prophet to conduct a chief of the Piantia tribe into her apartment, but not to reveal the circumstance to any other person in the garrison.

"What can the chief want with me?" thought Maria. "But he can want nothing but good, since his errand is sanctioned by Tonna'euka." She therefore desired Halmanna to admit him. Her heart beat violently as she heard his steps advancing. She rose to meet him, and beckoned the squaw, who was entering before him, to retire. He was dressed in an elk-skin robe, the long skirts of which reached below the calves of his legs. This robe was closely wrapped round his waist, so as to show the well-formed configuration of his person, and fastened securely there with a broad belt, fantastically, but rather handsomely, ornamented

with porcupine's quills dyed of various colors. His arms were covered with a kind of roller, made of stripes of the soft fur-skins of the smaller animals, neatly enough attached to each other with thongs of half-tanned deer-skin, and wound round the arms from the shoulders to the wrists. At the shoulders, the elbows, and the wrists, these rollers were kept in their places by leathern bands, also ornamented with variegated porcupine's quills. His cap was of a very showy description, made of beaver-skin, with a high plume formed of feathers of different dyes, which, glittering in the sun as he moved along the fortress-yard, produced to the eye of the spectator a very striking and brilliant effect. Tassels, made of small feathers, also of various colors, hung in abundance, eight or nine being on each side, over his ears and down his cheeks, so as to shade and partly conceal them; forming, on the whole, a singularly beautiful and gaudy costume. His feet and legs were covered with mockasins and leggins, in the usual manner of the Indians.

This chief, so majestic in his person and splendid in his apparel, on entering the chamber of Maria, approached her evidently with much emotion, and, to her great astonishment, addressed her in English.

"How sorry I am, Miss Frazier" said he, "to find you a captive in such a place, and in the hands of such a man!—But I forget—you do not know me in this disguise. Alas! has the form of him who loves you with an ardor beyond whatever man has felt for woman, made so slight an impression upon your mind, that the mere changing of the hue of his countenance can conceal him from your recollection? Must I name to you the man who loves you with a tenderness and a devotedness, which none but himself can ever feel?—alas, must I name to you—GEORGE WASHINGTON?

"Oh, my friend!" cried she, alarmed for his safety—"friend of the oppressed! hero of thy country! how is it that you have ventured upon this dangerous ground? I tremble lest you be discovered. The Indians would have no mercy upon you, and the French who possess this place are scarcely less barbarous."

"To rescue you, my soul's beloved," he replied, "I did not hesitate to venture here. Ah, where would I not ven-

ture for such a pupose! But, fear not, Miss Frazier, I come strong in the confidence of doing a good deed; strong in the confidence that he who has preserved me amidst more eminent dangers, will preserve me through this; or if I should fall doing my duty, and in the attempt to serve thee, thou fairest, most injured of my country's daughters, it shall be a fall so honest, so glorious, that my conscious spirit will in other regions look back upon it as a matter of joy and exultation."

"Ah, sir!" said she; "was it not rash to risk that life on which, perhaps, the salvation of a nation depends, for the safety of an individual!"

"It is never rash to perform our duty," replied the hero; "no matter what may be the risk. Thou wert in distress. I was informed of it. That information was a call from heaven to hasten to thy rescue, and I fear not but that heaven will assist me in accomplishing it."

"Yes," said she; "I have confidence in your success, although I know not by what means you intend to effect it. But you are the favorite of heaven, and whatever you may undertake I know will succeed. But were you not afar off when I was seized? It is yet but a few days since. By what strange means could you hear it, and by what miracle are you here, in the midst of the terrors of fort Du Quesne so soon, and uninjured?"

"I shall inform you," said he. "It was the evening before yesterday. I had just returned from the procession which conveyed General Braddock to his last home, when your brother Paddy entered my tent. He acquainted me in a few words, but they were words that cut me to the heart, that the French had attacked your father's house, and carried you off to Fort Du Quesne, by order of its Governor. Alas, thought I, now indeed is come to pass that which I long feared would be the consequence of so much beauty living so far from the protection of the laws and customs of regular society! But it was no time for retrospection. How to rescue you from your ravishers was the only question. To think of force was vain. The remnant of the Virginians left by the late battle, scarcely exceed a hundred, and Dunbar is commander of the regulars. But even had I possessed

an adequate force with which to attack this fortress, to bring that force against it, would not have been the surest way to effect your deliverance. It would have warned the tyrant that he was in danger of losing you, and he would have removed you to some secret place, where perhaps all our diligence could not have found you. Personal exertions were, therefore, the only means I had left, and I resolved to try them. The prophet had desired me to meet him in his cavern, with as little delay as possible, in order to decide upon the measures we should adopt. Before coming to any determination, therefore, I thought proper to hasten there.

"I accordingly informed Colonel Dunbar, who, on account of the harrassed and fatigued state of his men, does not intend to leave his present station for several days, of my intended absence; and furnishing Paddy with a horse, he led the way with great rapidity, and we arrived at the prophet's concealment last night. I at once approved of the plan he had formed, and as he had already provided all that we conceived necessary for its execution, we set out from his cavern about two hours since, and, thank Providence, have thus far succeeded. The rest remains for the night to accomplish. All that I require of you is, that you will be courageous and firm in the part you will have to act. Tonnaleuka provided a disguise for you as well as for me, and as soon as the people of the garrison have gone to rest, if we can only make our way out of the fort, he will be in waiting at no great distance, with horses ready to carry us to safety. This is the dress you are to assume."

He here produced, from under his robe, the habiliments of a squaw.

"These," he continued, "when the proper time arrives, you will throw over your other cloths, and thus concealed, you will act as my interpreter with the sentinel, and solicit his permission for me to pass out of the fort to worship, according to the custom of the Piantia chiefs, beneath the red-oak tree, to which you are to guide me."

"Alas!" said she, "if the sentinel refuses, we shall be detected, and then—oh, sir, your destruction will be inevitable. It is better not to attempt it—it is, indeed, too dangerous. Why should you suffer along with me? Let me

be my own misfortunes alone! It would only double the weight upon my head, if your generosity should involve you in them."

"Fear nothing, dearest Maria!" returned Washington; "if the sentinel should refuse, I shall have a remedy at hand. We need not now trouble ourselves with the fear of such a contingency, for I assure you, that if we overcome all others, we shall overcome that also."

"Ah! I perceive," she exclaimed, "that there are indeed other difficulties of a perilous nature. The Governor may come and discover you here, and you will be undone."

"He knows me only," said Washington, "as the character I now personate—a chief of the Piantia tribe, come here by order of his nation, to form a treaty of alliance with the French. Tomalenka is my interpreter, and the Governor has agreed to give us an audience to-morrow morning after breakfast. In the mean time he has given directions that I shall be entertained in this house with all proper respect. The squaw Halmanna has received her particular instructions from the prophet, which, you are aware, she will not be easily induced to disobey. As to the Governor finding me here, he will, you may be assured, return with too much bustle and noise from the revels, to take me by surprise, and I can easily resume the apartment that has been allotted to me before he advances to the house. So, on the whole, Miss Frazier, I do not see that I stand in much danger of being detected."

"I trust in God that you will not be detected," she observed, "and I believe the matter is prudently arranged. I will endeavor to do all in my power to promote its success; for, alas! upon its success alone does my deliverance from a horrible destiny depend."

To lull suspicion as much as possible, and also with the view of making himself acquainted with the different parts of the fortification, so as to be serviceable to any expedition he might hereafter accompany against it, he walked, during the night, openly and freely round the yards and houses, minutely inspecting the whole circumvallation, the trench, the different redoubts, and wherever added to the strength of

a place which had now excited a high degree of terror throughout all the provinces of British America.

Towards the evening, the revellers on Grant's Hill returned to the fort, as Washington had foreseen, with much noise and obstreperous mirth, the greater number of them being almost overcome with intoxication. On their approach, Washington retired to his apartment, where he anxiously awaited the hour when he might again visit his beloved, and conduct her to safety.

De Villiers entered her apartment as soon as he had dismissed the soldiers. His spirits were under considerable excitement from the wine and the jollity he had been just enjoying, and when he beheld Maria more than usually cheerful and charming, he felt a strong propensity to break through the agreement he had made with her, and to delay no longer that bliss for which he so ardently longed. Her manner, however, more dignified, calm, and collected than he had seen it since she entered the fort, convinced him, for he was not so intoxicated as to be totally incapable of reflection, that this could not be accomplished but by the absolute application of perhaps more than even his own personal force; and he could not but recollect, inflamed as he was with both love and wine, that the perpetration of the deed in such a manner, would render him detestably loathsome to her forever after, and might also be the means of her instant destruction.

After entering the room, and saluting her, he sat gazing at her for several minutes in silence, absorbed in reflections of this nature. At length, resolving to restrain his impetuosity, he muttered to himself, but unconsciously in an audible tone, "No, by heavens! I shall not be guilty of such a folly. If I have patience, I shall have her on more agreeable terms." Then, recollecting that she must have heard him,—"Bewitching being! you have set me mad, you have rendered me wild!" cried he aloud—"by the sorcery of your charms! Ah, by heavens! you know not the sacrifice I make in delaying my bliss!"

Here the blood gushed to his face, his eyes became inflamed, and darted the very fire of passion.

"Hell and fiends!" he exclaimed, "if I must bear the

ngment longer, it cannot be in the overpowering presence of her beauties!"

So saying, he rushed out of the room, to the great relief of Maria, who trembled in every limb, as she witnessed the terrifying fury of his lawless and wicked passions, which had thus gained such fearful ascendancy over both his reason and his will.

The governor hastened into his own sitting-room, and sent for one or two of his officers, with whom he resolved to become dead drunk, in order to bury in the gulf of inebriation the remembrance of Maria's charms, and the ungratified tortures of passion which they excited.

Washington's apartment adjoined that in which these Frenchmen now quaffed their wine in quartfulls, and roared out their brutish and clamorous joviality in singing and swearing, until the whole house rung with the noise. At length, although at a pretty late hour, he had the satisfaction to perceive, by their clamor gradually becoming more feeble and interrupted, that the potent offspring of the grape was laying his heaviest hand upon them, and would soon suspend their faculties altogether. A short time, indeed, accomplished this matter. A dead stillness succeeded the riotous and unbounded noise that had so lately filled this region of debauchery, and Washington justly concluded that the revellers had sunk into stupor and insensibility upon the scene of their enjoyment. And although he conceived that the circumstance was favorable for the enterprise he had on hand, yet he could not but feel a pang of mortification and sorrow, when he reflected on the degradation and debasement of human nature which this scene presented to his imagination.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Sweet bud of the Wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart,
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all verdant and bright
In the days of delusion, by fancy combined,
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

CAMPBELL.

It was nearly twelve o'clock. Everything in the Governor's house was still and silent as death; even the sentinels had retired to rest, and, excepting those of Washington and Maria, it is probable that there was not at that moment a wakeful eye under its roof.

Washington stole cautiously out of doors, in order to view the state of matters in other parts of the garrison. All was as motionless and silent as his heart could wish. The measured tramp of the sentinel at the fortress gate, was alone to be heard: and, although it was in the middle of July, the clouds of night seemed to perform their office with much effect, and the face of nature was enveloped in a tolerably thick mantle of darkness.

Having ascertained this favorable situation of things, the young hero bent his soul to the business for which he had thus ventured into the stronghold of his enemies. He ascended to the chamber of Maria. He found her waiting with impatience for his appearance.

"Miss Frazier," said he, "thank heaven, the moment is favorable. Haste, lovely maiden, throw on your disguise. Be of good courage, and let us proceed from this abode of wickedness and brutality. God will assuredly open a path way for us."

A minute or two sufficed to make her ready. She caught Washington's arm. They descended the stairs slowly and without noise, and boldly walked across the area towards the [illegible].

"Hallo! who comes there?" shouted the sentinel.

"You are my interpreter, remember," whispered Washington to Maria, "as I do not speak French."

"We are friends," replied Maria to the sentinel, imitating, as well as she could, the pronunciation and tone of a squaw.

"And where are you going, my friends," asked the soldier, "at this hour? Why does your comrade remain dumb, mistress?"

"This is the Indian chief," she replied, "that came here to-day with the Mingo prophet. He cannot speak your language, and on that account requested me to solicit your permission for him to pass out to worship the Great Spirit beneath the branches of the red oak, as all the chiefs of his nation have been accustomed to do at this hour of the night, twice every moon, once in the full, and once in the wane."

"And pray, Mrs. Squaw, what is your business with this chief? Let him go and worship till he rots, if he pleases; but for you, my dame, I would advise you rather to go to sleep. He can worship devoutly enough without your help, I dare say. Turn back, mistress, if you please." Here the sentinel pushed her somewhat back from him, while she replied, in considerable fright—

"Ah sir, my good soldier! I must indeed go with this chief. He is a stranger, and does not know where to find a red oak tree—I must guide him."

"Let him take the first tree he meets," said the sentinel; "it will answer the same purpose whether it be oak or hickory. But as for you, dame square-toes, I say you shall not pass here to-night. No, by St. Peter! I shant risk disobeying orders so far."

"Sir," observed Maria, her agitation having so much increased that she forgot her assumed character of the squaw and to the surprise of the soldier, spoke good French—"Sir," said she, "this chief declares that he will not go without me. Oh! pray, do now, my good friend, permit us both to pass, and he even will bless you!"

"Heh! who are you?" cried the sentinel. "I protest you seem somewha' too christianized for a squaw. By the holy mother! but I believe there is something wrong in this affair. The Governor has a lady in his keeping. I think I must keep you both within the walls till we see who you are. I'll be broiled, if it would not cost me a bullet in my heart, if I allowed that lady to escape. Back to your quarters this moment, or by the devil! I shall call the guard."

"Alas!" said the frightened Maria in English to Washington, while the sentinel was uttering this tirade; "we are discovered, we are ruined! Ah me! he threatens to call the gaurd upon us!"

At that instant the sentinel seized Maria rudely by the arm, and endeavored to separate her from the chief, calling out loudly for the assistance of the guard; but the next instant he fell, with a dagger plunged to the hilt by the whole of Washington's tremendous force in his heart.

The hero seized the trembling Maria in his arms, for terror had rendered her unable to support herself, and hastening with his beloved burden out of the fort, to the spot where Tonnaleuka, attended by Paddy Frazier, had appointed to wait with horses. Maria was in a moment placed on one of them, and her strength being sufficiently recovered, Tonnaleuka led the way through the woods; and Washington and Paddy brought up the rear.

The numerous shots they heard fired from different directions round the fort, soon told them, as they rode securely through the intricacies of the forest, that the garrison was alarmed, and that the next day there would in all probability be a hot pursuit made after the sweet fugitive who had thus escaped from the fangs of a tyrant.

About an hour and a half brought them to Tonnaleuka's cavern, from whence Paddy removed the horses to a close dingle at some distance, for the sake of pasturage and concealment.

Some slight refreshment, and the conciousness of security from the power of the tyrant who had threatened the ruin of her happiness, together with the relief from desponding reflections, which the hurry and excitement of her flight had produced, now restored Maria to a train of pleasing and

grateful ideas, and she could not refrain from expressing her sense of the happiness she felt in being under the protection of true friends, and of the obligations she was under to the brave youth, whose prudence and heroism alone could have, with the blessing of providence, effected her deliverance.

"Ah! Colonel Washington," said she, "to you I owe more obligation and gratitude than I can express."

"Miss Frazier," he replied, "to the Almighty I owe thanks that he has made me the humble instrument of preserving the loveliest of his creatures from wretchedness. I owe these thanks for this never-to-be-forgotten blessing, even on my own account; for, alas! had that son of barbarity succeeded in his designs against you—never, never from that day should I have known comfort in this world. Miss Frazier, I have told you often with what ardor and sincerity I love you, how much my happiness in life depends upon a union with you; and although you have not thought proper to encourage my passion, by affording me one single whisper in its approval, yet I have persisted to love you, and even to look forward with a fond hope to the day when you might be brought to afford me some return of affection, and perhaps receive me as the happy partner of your fate."

He here paused for a moment. His heart was full; but Maria appearing too much affected to reply, he soon resumed—

"Ah, think, beloved of my soul! how much your present situation requires a protector—how absolutely it is necessary that you should leave this lawless Wilderness, where men of untamed and licentious passions rule every thing according to their wicked fancies and caprices, unrestrained by either the laws or the opinions of civilized society. For your own sake,—for you are now become the mark against whom the violence of their ruffian passions will be directed—for the sake of that angelic purity which is here exposed to the attacks of fiends—for the sake of your own happiness, the ruin of which is pursued with barbarous avidity by the tyrants of these wilds,—fly with me to the protection of society and laws. Give me—me, who will otherwise never enjoy this world with satisfaction, the right to become your protector, and to secure you an asylum where

none will dare to molest you, and where the friends you love may also live in security and comfort."

"My brave, my generous preserver!" exclaimed she, "how can I answer you! Would to God I could repay your kindness, that I could show my gratitude, that I could prove to you how much I esteem your virtues, and exalt your nobleness and heroism of character, by any other means than that which you ask! But, alas! my best valued, my most admired friend, you ask what it is not in my power to give—what is not mine to give"—she here checked herself for a moment, and then resumed—"yes! I will intrust thee with the secret of my heart. I owe thee this—ah! what do I not owe thee!—but my confidence then shalt have. Perhaps I have withheld it too long, and thereby encouraged thee to entertain hopes which, sorry, sorry am I to say, must end in disappointment—my heart, sir, is another's."

"Another's!" exclaimed Washington, staggering back and for a moment turning pale; but soon the violence of the shock, severe as it was, yielded to the native energy of his heroic soul; a moment's struggle took place, and he recovered his composure, although not his ease of mind.

"I am to blame, sir," she continued, "for not revealing this to you sooner; but, alas! I was too timid, or rather I was ungenerous enough to fear the effects of your friendship between you and the youth who had gained my affections before I saw you, for, believe me, that, even when you first sought my heart, it was not mine to give you."

"Then, Maria," said Washington, with great calmness, "I know my fate—it is to linger out a life in this world, as long as Providence may please to continue it here, without seeking, without hoping, without caring for personal happiness. But I am resigned. It is the will of Providence. My soul, I know, shall never sink under any calamity, since it does not now sink under this, which is the severest I can ever experience. But, Miss Frazier, although I can submit without murmuring either at you, or at Providence, to this forlornness of my own fate; although I can submit to part with those blissful hopes which for more than eighteen months, have formed the great solace of my lie

the hopes of you and happiness—yet your welfare, believe me, is as great an object of solicitude with me as ever. I therefore again repeat an offer I once before made to you, that you, and all your friends—and it must be remembered that from this date your friends will be no longer safe in this neighborhood—should remove to Virginia, where I shall engage to settle them in comfort, safety, and respectability."

She was about to reply, when the sound of footsteps hastily advancing along the dark passage of the cavern, arrested their attention. In a moment Doctor Killbreath appeared, and without ceremony addressed Tonnaleuka:

"Your petition has been granted, father; but it only prolongs Captain Adderly's life till Monday at noon."

"Alas! what of Captain Adderly!" exclaimed Maria, "where is he? oh, tell me—tell me! for heaven's sake, what is to become of my Charles!"

"At the *prophet's* request," replied the doctor inconsiderately, "he has been respited from the flames till Monday—but then I fear that his death will be inevitable. The Indians, with great reluctance, granted him this reprieve. The faggots are already—"

But he said no more, for that moment Maria fell lifeless to the floor. Washington flew to her and lifted her in his arms. She breathed not—she was deadly pale, and the only sign of animation she displayed was a slight quivering motion observable in her lips—those lips that had lately been of the most inviting ruby hue, and that countenance on which every female charm had delighted to dwell, were now destitute of their graces, and ghastly, as if the spirit which had imparted their loveliness, had indeed fled from its possessor, and left her numbered with the dead. Washington carried her to a bed to which the agitated Tonnaleuka conducted him. The soul of the hero, as he bent over her, and beheld the hand of death thus apparently upon her, felt the most acute pang of sorrow he was ever doomed to experience, and moistened her livid cheeks with the last tears that were ever seen to fall from his eyes.

The most judicious means within reach were applied for her recovery, and in about seven or eight minutes the or-

gans of vitality began to resume their functions. She gave a deep sigh, and respiration commenced: the fluid of life again circulated through her veins, and the beautiful hue of her countenance began to return.

"Thank my God!" cried Washington, who first perceived these indications of her restoration, "thank my God, she will yet live!"

"Thank thee, thank thee, oh, Great Spirit of the universe!" said Tomaleaka, who had been extremely distressed during the whole scene, "Oh, thou who restorest this suffering child to us, do thou support her under the trials thou hast brought upon her! If the youth of her choice must die this awful death, do thou enable her to bear the shock."

She was now able to articulate, but it was in a manner wild and incoherent. The returning tide of life brought along with it a burning fever, and when she spoke, she spoke only in delirium.

"Charles Adderly!" were the first sounds she uttered. "Oh, the savages!" she continued, "they have consumed my love! Take me! take me! burn me with him! Ah! I feel myself in flames! my heart is already burning! I am glad of it! Charles, my beloved, our sorrows will soon end!"

Here she relapsed into silence, and appeared to be again falling into a state of insensibility. This, however, continued but a few moments, when her frenzy returned with as much violence as before.

Doctor Killbreath now judiciously proposed to extract some blood from her arm, which was soon accomplished, and shortly afterwards she became tranquil, her horror-struck imagination became less tortured, and reason, piety, and resignation, resumed their seat in her soul.

Washington now felt relief from the terrors which had during the time of her suspended faculties, and her subsequent frenzy, almost overpowered even his manly heart. He now saw who was the object of her affection. He had never before dreamed of it.

"Captain Adderly," thought he, "alas! it is so; she loves him. Her happiness depends upon his welfare.

Happy Adderly! at least thou hast been happy, for thou hast been loved by such a being. Oh, Maria, Maria! how I could have cherished thee in my bosom! But though thou art never to be mine, mayest thou be happy!"

He now took Doctor Killbreath apart, conversed with him for some minutes, then returning to Maria—

"I must leave you hastily, Miss Frazier," said he. "I am glad to see that you are recovering. Support your trials with fortitude, and may the God of heaven yet restore you to happiness. Farewell: my duty calls me elsewhere."

"Farewell, generous, benevolent Washington!" said she, holding out her hand to him. He could not refrain from pressing it, for the first time he had ever taken that liberty, to his burning lips, while she repeated, "Farewell, noble-hearted young man! I never shall forget thy kindness."

He took one look at her beautiful countenance. He dared not trust himself with a second; but hastened, with great agitation, from her apartment: and, followed by Dr. Killbreath, left the cavern.

CHAPTER XVII.

Farewell, thou fair day; thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim king of terrors! thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave! BURNS.

THE reader will recollect that in the account we gave of the battle of Braddock's Field, we mentioned that Charles Adderly slew a savage when in the act of leveling his rifle at Washington at the distance of only a few feet from that

officer, by which means the intended deadly aim failed to accomplish its purpose. This savage happened to be a hero of great repute among the Caughnewago Indians. Several of them perceived his fall, gave a howl of lamentation, and instantly resolved to seize his destroyer, in order to devote him to the flames, as a sacrifice to the memory of their slaughtered hero. They accordingly succeeded in making him prisoner; the attention of the British being at that time principally occupied in preserving Braddock from falling into their hands.

When the battle was over, the Caughnewago chiefs, after a short consultation among themselves concerning what should be done with Charles and another prisoner, a Virginian named Bartley, who had also killed a chief, and whom they were also resolved to sacrifice, determined to remove them while yet in their power, to a distance from fort Du Quesne, lest the French might claim them in the European manner as prisoners of war, and disappoint them of their revenge.

Twenty warriors, therefore, set off as soon as a favorable opportunity offered with those prisoners across the river, and proceeded towards the head waters of Chartier's Creek, where they intended to hold a council, in order to condemn their victims to the flames in the regular manner. During the march the prisoners were stripped almost naked, their hands were tied behind them, and they were subject to various kinds of barbarous treatment. They were sometimes whipped forward with rods, and at other times goaded with sharp-pointed sticks, till the blood trickled down their sides and backs; while their tormentors endeavored, by every species of wild and frantic exultation, to mortify their feelings with an acute sense of their degraded and wretched situation.

They halted for the night, upon the margin of a small stream about ten miles from the field of battle. Here having tied Charles and his fellow prisoner, back to back, they continued to dance round them in triumph, singing songs of victory, and clamoring forth yells of exultation for upward of an hour. They then feasted upon a deer they had killed, a large slice of which they threw upon the grass to one

of the captives, but the minds of the latter were too much overpowered with a sense of their horrible situation to permit them to partake of nourishment.

During this awful night, what did Charles Adderly not suffer both in mind and body? With a lacerated frame lying nearly naked stretched upon the ground in the open air, with his back closely bound to that of an unfortunate being in the same melancholy condition, he suffered a degree of pain which notwithstanding all the weariness and exhaustion of his frame, prevented him from enjoying the slightest slumber.

But the pangs of his body fell infinitely short of those of his mind. An absolute certainty of the most awful fate that could befall humanity stared him in the face; and often, notwithstanding all his attempts to exercise fortitude, made him shudder and sweat with the agony of the reflection. And then his Maria—his tender, his faithful, his lovely Maria, the delight of his eyes, the joy of his soul, the inspirer of the sweetest throbs of his heart, and the sweetest hopes of his fancy—alas! to her he could not bid a last farewell, of her beauties he could not take a parting glance, which his soul might cherish and brood upon with rapture, as it took its flight from his consuming body!

Alas! she—pure, harmless, lovely, helpless and defenceless, might also be in the hands, and subjected to the insults and tortures of the merciless savages, who would now be let loose in all their wantonness of barbarity, to wreak their vengeance upon every individual of British origin that should come within their power! And she—he groaned deeply as the idea passed through his mind—and she, alas, was immediately within their power, the power of fiends, (he mentally exclaimed,) who will neither regard her sex, nor her youth, nor her innocence, nor her loveliness! ah, my Maria! What can thy Charles do for thee? in bonds here himself, and in wretchedness—Oh, if I could bear thy misfortunes and my own together, how should I rejoice! Oh heaven! wilt thou not protect her whose purity is so like thy own? But why do I rave; perhaps, thou dost protect her—perhaps, even amidst these disastrous times, she is safe—oh! to obtain that assurance, how boldly would I face, how gladly would I endure the fiercest torments the savages can inflict upon me!"

Early the next morning this unhappy young man was compelled to resume his journey for about ten miles further, when the Indians again halted at a place where five or six wigwams were inhabited by some squaws and children. It was a small glade of somewhat romantic aspect, surrounded with sloping hills, and having a pleasant stream trickling along its western border.

Here a feast was again prepared for the party, and the prisoners were once more offered nourishment, of which they refused to partake. When the feast was over, the sachem Taksuma assembled the warriors in council to condemn the prisoners, who were placed on the ground before them. Charles Adderly's sentence was the first to be passed, previous to which Taksuma spoke as follows:

"Brothers—thank Maneto! We have inflicted a sweet and glorious revenge upon the oppressors of our fathers. These oppressors are proud—they think to grasp the whole earth. They robbed and murdered our fathers, and took more land from them than they can use. That land they unjustly hold to this day; yet they are not satisfied. They thought to rob us too, Caughnewagoes! They thought that we had hearts like the timid deer, and that they had no more to do than to show their faces, and we should fly.

"Brothers—they say that the mere treading upon our ground makes it theirs, and they think that wherever we see the prints of their feet we should abandon the country. They came against us with many men, strongly armed, and we were few; but the Great Spirit taught us how to conquer them. I do not think that they will soon again be so foolish as to disturb us, for they have been taught a lesson.

"Brothers—we lost some of our people by their steel. Hillsamash, who had fought thirty battles, and taken three hundred and fifteen scalps from our enemies, has been slain. That man before you slew him. I saw him with my eyes. They grew dim. The sparkles of horror flashed before them as the horrid steel ran through the body of my friend.

"Brothers—he is gone to Maneto. But we must avenge his death. Are ye for kindling the flames?"

The assembly signified their assent by a loud and unanimous acclamation, and six warriors were ordered to prepare

wood for the execution, which was to take place on the third hour afterwards.

The other prisoner was soon also condemned, and both were to be bound to the same stake, and to endure the flames together.

Charles had now become resigned to his fate. His course through life had, at its commencement, and for a long period afterwards, promised to be prosperous and happy. Nay, it had been so. He had enjoyed happiness, the favor of the public, the affection of his friends, and the love of the sweetest female his country had ever produced. It is true his career had been short, and had, especially of late years, been occasionally beset with troubles and perplexities; but this latter period had also been the time of his greatest rapture and joy. He had lived long in a few years; and now, if his hopes and enjoyments were to be cut off in their very bloom, his fears, his griefs, his pains, his sorrows, would also be annihilated. The former might return to him with tenfold increase of enjoyment, but he had great and consoling reason to believe that the latter never should.

While he was fortifying his mind with these considerations for the endurance of the last terrible scene, which he every minute expected to commence, he perceived a white man hastening down the hill that rose to the northward. The savages raised an exclamation of joy, as if they had now obtained a third victim for their vengeance, and Charles shuddered when he distinguished the approaching stranger, whom he believed to be running voluntarily into the jaws of fate, to be Dr. Killbreath.

The doctor, however, advanced fearlessly forward; and holding out the wampum of Tonnaleuka, he informed the Indians that he was a messenger from the prophet, and was immediately received with an obeisance and a shout of welcome.

He then advanced to the sachem Taksuma, who was pointed out to him, and delivered to him the prophet's petition, according to his instructions.

Taksuma immediately called upon the warriors to be attentive.

"Listen," said he, "brothers, to the desire of Tonnaleuka,

the holy prophet of Maneto. The prisoner Adderly is not prepared to die. In sacrificing him, it is only the body, not the spirit, we wish to punish. Maneto will be offended if we deprive him of this man's soul, which is not now fit to go into his presence.

"Brothers, Tonnaleuka, the great prophet, who declares the will of Maneto, asks the quarter of a moon of longer life for this man, that this spirit may, in that time, prepare itself for the company of the Great Father who made it. Brothers, I think we dare not refuse this to the words of the prophet, for the prophet's words are the words of the great Maneto."

The greater number assented with a voice of applause; but there was a chief, named Remalseh, the brother of the slain Hillsamash, who appeared discontented with the decision. Taksuma asked him to say why he dissented from the voice of the prophet.

"Brothers," said he, addressing the assembly, "I respect the prophet, because I worship and adore Maneto. I will therefore join my assent to yours to allow the destroyer of my brother seven days longer to breathe the air and to see the sun.

"But, brother, hear me; I grieve much for Hillsamash, and long exceedingly to feast my eyes with the sacrifice of the man who slew him. Is it not natural? He was a brother who reflected honor upon our parentage. I could shed tears for him, but I am resolved never to shed tears for anything. That prisoner deprived me of him, and my heart shall not feel at ease till I see his destruction. The grief of my soul shall disappear and waste away, as the flames waste the flesh from the bones of that man, but not till then.

"Brothers, I shall not oppose the desire of Tonnaleuka; but lest my indignation against the destroyer of Hillsamash should not permit me to bear to see him live the time requested by the prophet, I shall go westward to hunt, but shall return on the day of sacrifice to delight my soul with beholding the torments of the victim."

So saying, he looked in Charles's face, gave a yell of execration, and hurried from the assembly, followed by three others, who felt in a manner similar to himself.

Doctor Kellbrandt has now [illegible] with Charles, [illegible] he [illegible] pro- [illegible] for him.

"The prophet [illegible] said he [illegible] for a very unfortunate [illegible] which took place [illegible] house yesterday, and which will [illegible] his attention for [illegible] days. If he can get off from that business before your reprieve is expired, I think he will [illegible] save you."

"What, sir, has taken place at your house?" asked Charles fearfully, for he dreaded that something had befallen Maria.

"Why, sir," replied the doctor, "I think I may as well tell you the whole matter; your heart is stout enough to hear bad news, I hope, although I know it will try you a little. In short, captain, the commander at Du Quesne sent out a party of troops, who attacked our house, bound the old man and Archy with ropes, Paddy and I were from home, frightened the old woman and Nancy out of their wits, and carried off—Maria, with whom—"

"Maria!" exclaimed Charles, "carried off to Du Quesne! Alas! oh, doctor, I could curse, eternally curse the villains! But what—oh, in the name of heaven, what can I do for her?"

"Nothing, sir," said the doctor calmly, although he himself felt much on the subject, "but there are hands at work for her rescue more powerful than yours can be. I trust they will be successful."

"Oh, heaven grant that they may!" said Charles; "but, oh, these bonds restrain me. Oh God! why am I thus, when my heart's treasure is in distress? Oh heaven, is there to be no end to my misfortunes?"

"Be calm, captain," said the doctor; "had I known you would have felt this matter so violently, I should not have informed you of it."

"Tell, not to me of feeling violently!" cried Charles. "Great God! what in heaven or earth could make me feel violently, if this could not! Oh God! oh God! that I could act violently too! then these hell-hounds of Du Quesne should [illegible] what it is to molest innocence and loveli-

ness like hers. Talk not to me of feeling violently. Those who cannot feel as I do, have never loved as I do. Ah, no! never one loved as I do. Oh, Lord of mercy!" cried he, fervently lifting his hands and eyes towards heaven, "save her, save her, and let me perish!"

Here the Indians assembling round him, inquired what was the matter. The doctor informed them that he had heard bad news from one of his friends whom he loved tenderly, and that he was thus giving way to his grief for the misfortune.

"Hear me, brother," said Taksuma to the doctor. "I thought not that the white men loved each other so well. This man bears his own fate without complaining; but he rages, even to madness, when he hears of a friend being in distress—and distress which cannot be more fearful than his own. Are there many of your people of this temper?"

"Many among us feel much for the distresses of their friends," replied the doctor; "but there are few, I believe, who carry their feelings to such excess as Captain Adderly does on this occasion."

"I honor him for it," said the sachem, "and shall take care that he be not tortured as the friends of Hillsamah desire he should, before his death. He must be sacrificed, for he has slain a warrior, and is sentenced; but we need not torture him. Neither the red-hot iron, nor the burning brand shall be lifted against him."

The doctor took care, in proper terms, to give due praise to this manifestation of the sachem's clemency, and informed him that he knew the prophet Tonnaleuka would esteem him much on its account.

One of the chiefs now informed Taksuma, that the hour was come when the other prisoner should be executed. Orders were therefore given to have him led forth to the stake. This unfortunate man took a last farewell of Adderly.

"I go before you," said he, "to the awful doom. But this is, perhaps, a privilege as my sufferings will be the sooner ended. I am not afraid to die; but the manner is terrible. Would to God that these barbarians would send a bullet through my heart; they might then consume my dead carcass as they please. But I must submit to the tortures,

though my soul shudders within me, yet I will brave it out."

"Farewell, Bartley," said Charles, almost suffocated with grief and horror. "Your fate is, indeed, preferable to mine. Seven days less of such mental torture as I shall endure is no trifling consideration. May God take you to himself!"

They then cordially shook hands, and Bartley moved towards the stake. He stepped suddenly, however, when he was a few yards distant, and beckoned Doctor Killbreath towards him.

"You are a stranger to me, sir," said the victim, "but you are a Christian and a Briton, and your countenance bespeaks humanity. I think, therefore, that you will not refuse to grant an easily performed request to a dying man."

"If in my power, I will assuredly grant it," replied the doctor, who felt extremely afflicted at Bartley's fate.

"You carry a rifle," observed Bartley, looking at that on which the Doctor leaned.

"Yes, sir," returned the doctor.

"It is charged I suppose," said the victim.

"It is, sir," was the reply.

"My heart would be thankful for its contents ere these savages commence torturing me," observed Bartley.

The doctor mused for a moment on the propriety of granting this request; at length, looking at the prisoner's entreating countenance, he could withstand the workings of compassion no longer, and he resolved to gratify him let the consequence be what it would.

"You shall have them," said he.

"May heaven bless you," replied Bartley. "Farewell! I hope we shall yet meet in heaven;" and he marched to the place of execution with a countenance of joy, amidst the exulting savages, who not understanding the nature of his dialogue with the doctor, were astonished to behold his sudden assumption of bravery and firmness.

The victim was tied to the stake, the red-hot irons and the flaming brand were prepared for torturing him, and half a dozen of the savages waving these terrific implements in the air, and were rushing forward to drive them into his flesh, when the report of a gun was heard, and he fell dead upon the spot.

Enraged at beholding themselves disappointed in the gratification of their barbarous revenge, they pursued the doctor, whom they soon caught, and would have instantaneously inflicted on him all the torments they had intended for Barclay had not Taksuma interfered.

"Brothers," said he, "be cautious in this matter. This man is the messenger of Tonnaleuka. He has, it is true, defrauded you of your just vengeance against a prisoner, and dared, profanely, to interfere with the customs of your fathers. I will not excuse him—but he bears the holy wampum of Tonnaleuka, and we should dread the displeasure of the prophet.

"Brothers—Tonnaleuka himself will condemn his action. Let us detain him prisoner until we inform the prophet of it. Whatever punishment he may award, we shall inflict. The prophet knows best how such an outrage should be punished: or he will consult Maneto on the subject, and instruct us how to act."

This mode of proceeding was agreed to by the warriors, and the doctor was confined a prisoner, with a sentinel placed over him, in one of the wigwams. Charles Adderly was also confined in a wigwam, but being the destroyer of a chief, and a victim already condemned to the flames, he was more strictly guarded than the doctor, who it was not supposed, would be so likely to attempt any desperate mode of escape. Charles was kept constantly bound hand and foot, with four Indians guarding him, whereas the doctor's wrists alone were tied together, and he was watched but by one sentinel.

Taksuma did not fail to despatch a messenger in search of Tonnaleuka, to inform him of what had happened to the doctor. The affairs of Mario at this time kept the prophet so busily moving from place to place, that he was not easily traced. At length, however, the messenger hearing that he was likely to be found at Fort Du Quesne, directed his course there, and arrived at Grant's Hill at the time the French soldiers were holding their revels on that place. The messenger had no disinclination to partake of the good cheer that was politely offered him; and after having eaten abundance, he applied himself with great vigor to the con-

champion of the liquors that were handed to him profusely by some of the merry Frenchmen, who wished to amuse themselves with his foolories during the time of intoxication. He therefore, in a short time, forgot his errand, Doctor Killbreath, Taksuma, and every thing but the enjoyment of his frolic, and consequently did not see Tonnaleuka for that day, and Doctor Killbreath himself, the reader already knows saw him in the cavern the next morning. How this happened was simply as follows:

The Indians becoming rather scarce of provisions, had all gone off in small parties to hunt, except the four who were left to guard Charles, and the one who kept watch over the Doctor. On account of being able to speak Indian, the Doctor had somewhat ingratiated himself with a squaw who lived in the wigwam with him. On the evening of the fourth day of his confinement, the Indian that watched him becoming drowsy, requested this squaw to keep guard over the Doctor, while he should enjoy a little sleep. She assented. The Doctor soon prevailed on this Indian female, who, as all females should be, was tender-hearted, and more than particularly so towards the Doctor, to elope with him, promising her a great many fine things, and among others, to make her his wife as soon as they should reach a place of safety, assuring her at the same time, that his master Tonnaleuka would not fail to bless her, and procure her the forgiveness of her friends. The simple lady believed him, for she loved him.

The Doctor's bands were accordingly loosened, and off they set, the Doctor taking care to carry the sentinel's rifle with him, without bidding any one good bye, and were not missed for nearly two hours afterwards.

As the Doctor was very impatient to reach home, he soon outran the squaw; and forgetting all his former protestations of love, and regardless of her cries, her tears, and her upbraidings, he cruelly left her all wearied and forlorn, amidst the clouds of the night, in the heart of a wild desert, either to follow him at her leisure, or retrace her way to her own wigwam, as she thought proper.

CHAPTER XVIII

Thou power Supreme, whose mighty scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm I rest, they must be best,
Because they are thy will.
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign. BURNS

THE seventh and last day of Charles Adderly's reprieve from his impending doom at length arrived; and any faint hopes that he might have harbored of a final deliverance, were now scattered to the wind. Remalseh, the brother of the slain Hillsamash, and the other Indians who had gone off on hunting excursions, now returned to enjoy the ceremony of his execution.

Charles's feelings were sunk, in consequence of the intensity of their previous excitement, nearly to a state of torpor, and he looked upon the awful preparations that were making for his destruction almost with indifference.

Very much to the dissatisfaction of Remalseh, Taksuma prevented the savages from making any arrangements for torturing him. An altercation arose between these chiefs on the subject, but the latter having the authority, insisted on keeping his word to Doctor Killbreath, and the warriors obeyed his directions. Charles had been informed by the Doctor of Taksuma's promise, but he entertained such an opinion of the general wickedness and barbarity of the Indians, that he placed very little confidence upon it. When he, therefore, perceived Remalseh, whom he knew to be his inveterate enemy, disputing with Taksuma, he had no doubt, from their manner and gestures, although he understood nothing of their language, that their contest was on

this subject: and as Remalsch appeared the more violent of the two, he was confident that he should carry his point, and that consequently the usual tortures would be inflicted.

This idea aroused him at length from his torpor. Had they resolved to overwhelm him at once with the flames, his sufferings would soon be over, and he could look upon his fate with a stoical indifference: but the slow, lingering, and excruciating torments, the endurance of which he now anticipated, were more than human nature could bear to reflect upon unappalled. Notwithstanding all his resolution, he therefore became considerably agitated, when, as soon as the hour of noon arrived, they led him naked to the stake with great clamor, triumphant yelling, and frantic exultation.

Remalsch himself tied him to the fatal spot, and with ferocious barbarity drew the bands so tight as almost to cut the flesh down to the bone. Taksuma waited until this inveterate savage should retire from the victim, in order to give the signal for throwing upon him the already blazing mass of wood that was kindled by his side. Remalsch gave a shout of joy that all was secure, and had just retired a few paces from Charles, when a troop of cavalry burst, like a clap of thunder, down the eastern hill, a loud huzzaing through the air, while at the same instant, a volley from a number of carbines leveled Remalsch, Taksuma, and five other Indians to the earth. The rest of the savages had scarcely waited to see this slaughter of their chiefs, but had fled in dreadful panic, in various directions, into the adjoining woods. In a moment the sword of Washington had cut the bands of Adderly, and the hapless victim was rescued from the fire of savage vengeance, ere a single particle of it had touched his body.

"Ah, is it thou, matchless Washington," cried Adderly, embracing the hero as soon as his arms were loosened, "that hast restored me to life!"

"It is, my friend," replied Washington; "and I shall do more, I shall restore you to happiness."

"Ah, knowest thou, wonderful man," exclaimed Charles —"knowest thou what can make me happy!"

"I do know," said his deliverer—"If any thing on earth

can make thee happy, it is the heart and the hand of the loveliest, purest, and most endearing woman in creation—Maria Frazier!"

"Angel of mercy!" cried Charles, with a wild mixture of hope, joy, and surprise—"Where—where is she? Is she still in safety?"

"Thank God," said Washington, with a half-suppressed sigh, "she is safe from all present danger. You are now safe also; and may you both long continue so."

"And it is to you, Colonel, that they both owe it," said Doctor KillBreath, coming forward to Adderly, and shaking him warmly by the hand—"I wish you—from my soul, Captain, I wish you joy, of both your life and your love. You may thank Col. Washington for both. He plunged into the heart of Fort Du Quesne, and rescued, singly and alone, my wretched sister-in-law out of the midst of the Governor's house, as safe and unhurt as when she entered it.—But with your leave, gentlemen, what if we search these deserted wigwams, (for I perceived the squaws running off, as we approached, as fast as their yoke-fellows,) for something to eat: for after our long rapid ride, I confess I should think a slice of venison an excellent dainty."

"I propose, first," observed Washington, "that we find some clothing for Captain Adderly: and then we shall think of what is best to be done for refreshing our frames."

"My portmanteau," said the Doctor, "will furnish him a suit of as good captain's uniform as there is in the army. I knew the Captain would be naked; and while you were assembling the men at the Great Meadows, I provided this dress."

So saying, the Doctor led forward his horse, unstrapped his portmanteau, and produced a captain's uniform, of the provincial service, complete in all its parts, which, although it did not in every particular exactly fit Charles, answered his present purposes, and he in a moment resumed a christian-like, or rather a soldier-like, appearance: and an unoccupied horse having been brought by Washington's care purposely for him, he was now able to take his place among his companions in arms.

On exploring the Wigwams, there was neither man, wo-

man nor child to be found. All had fled in rapid consternation, the moment the cavalry appeared, the squaws carrying away the younger children, and the older ones running after them. So complete indeed had been the panic, that even the warriors, who had assembled to witness the intended sacrifice, had not carried away their rifles; and Dr. Killbreath, whose rifle had of course been taken from him when he was captured, for making such an offensive use of it, although he had replaced it with that of the sentinel, from whom he had run off, did not now scruple to reclaim his own, which he found in one of the wigwams, and, to which, as it had been an old acquaintance, he gave a hearty welcome.

As the troops had brought some provisions with them, they were enabled, with the aid of what they found in the wigwams to make a very comfortable meal, which they no sooner dispatched, than they bent their way towards Turtle Creek, Washington being anxious to conduct Captain Adderly in safety to his Maria.

The squadron of horse consisted of about fifty in number, Virginia rangers, all well acquainted with scouring the woods. They did not, therefore, fear for any force that under the present circumstances of the country could be hastily brought against them from fort Du Quesne, or elsewhere in the neighborhood. The present garrison of Du Quesne consisted chiefly of infantry, there not being more than one company of horse in it, so that if a French force too numerous to be attacked with advantage, should appear, they could at least keep out of its reach by their superior fleetness and knowledge of the woods.

As their horses had been driven at a very rapid rate all the way from the Great Meadows to the place of destination, to which Dr. Killbreath had been their guide, they now moved at rather a moderate pace, and it was late before they arrived at Frazier's.

Here they met with a hearty and joyful welcome; provisions for the men, and provender for the horses, were both furnished with prompt and zealous liberality. Gilbert and Nelly showered blessings, often and often, upon Washington's head, for what he had so nobly and gallantly done for their darling daughter. They had both gone to Tonnaleuka's

cavern in order to visit her, it being dangerous for her at the present crisis to enter their house which had, indeed, since her escape from the fort, been several times searched, and ransacked by parties of soldiers sent out in pursuit of her. Gilbert had been even told that De Villiers had threatened to come himself, and raze it to the ground, if the old man did not inform him where Maria was to be found. As Gilbert, however, conceived that this was only a threat which the governor had no intention to put into execution, he did not, on this occasion, think proper to inform Washington of it. The troops were, therefore, after they had received refreshments conveyed to the same dingle, where Paddy Frazier had concealed the horses on the night of Maria's rescue from Du Quesne. Washington preferred that they should encamp there for the night rather than at Frazier's as being a spot where there was less danger of being discovered by the enemy, while it was equally favorable for his setting off for the Great Meadows, to which place he intended to proceed the next day.

This matter being adjusted, he retired with Charles Adderly to pass the night at Frazier's, it being too late an hour to visit the cavern of Tonnaleuka. The impatience of Charles to behold the charmer of his soul, the espoused of his heart, after her late disasters, was, indeed, so extreme that he could scarcely brook the delay which this arrangement occasioned; and it was with difficulty that he permitted his desire to hasten immediately to her abode, to be overruled by the persuasions of the more prudent and considerate Washington.

"She shall not be disturbed from her repose," said Charles in arguing the point. "All I want is to enjoy the happiness of feeling myself in the same habitation with her till the morning."

"You will, at least, if you persist in gratifying this piece of useless impatience," said Washington, "disturb Tonnaleuka's repose, a matter which I am sure would give you no pleasure; and, then consider, that as the prophet may not have accomodations for you in his subterranean abode, you might be obliged to sit moping and dozing by the fireside, either breaking your heart or dreaming nonsense, till a rea-

sonable time in the morning should afford you the wished-for happiness. No, you have, just now, my friend, too much need for the refreshment of a few hours comfortable rest yourself after what you have undergone, for me to permit you to take this whimsical step."

"Well! do as you please with me," replied Charles. "You are not so hot-brained as I am! and, as you do not feel so acutely in this matter, you can judge more cooly, and, no doubt, more correctly."

"Alas!" thought Washington, and he heaved a sigh, "he knows not how acutely, how severely I feel in this matter."

Charles was, indeed, as his illustrious friend had observed, much in need of rest. Ever since he had fallen into the hands of the savages, he could scarcely be said to have enjoyed any; and in spite of all his ardor and impatience to be with Maria, as soon as he had thrown himself upon a comfortable couch in one of Gilbert Frazier's apartments, he fell into a deep and invigorating slumber, which continued until the beams of heaven shone full upon his pillow in the morning. He then arose vigorous, cheerful, and rejoicing, confident now of proceeding instantaneously to the presence of his beloved. But he was doomed to bear another half hour's provoking delay; for Mrs. Frazier would by no means permit such esteemed guests to leave her house without breakfast, and Washington agreed that she should be indulged. Charles had, in consequence, to submit with as good a grace as he could assume, and by making a considerable effort, he was able to smile off the vexation and chagrin, which these little cross-purposes to his wishes occasioned him to feel.

At length all obstacles were removed, and Washington set out with him to the cavern.

Maria had suffered much from her anxiety concerning the fate of Charles; but the attentions of Tonnalenka, who had industriously infused into her mind the consolations of hope and of piety, greatly soothed and meliorated her feelings. Tonnalenka, however, had not himself any certainty as to Charles's safety; nay, he had begun to entertain great fear for the worst, and therefore could not administer to the afflicted Maria that solid species of comfort which an unequivo-

cal assurance of his belief in her lover's safety would have enabled him to do.

They were sitting together after breakfast, conversing about the misfortunes of Charles, when they heard the sound of persons entering the cavern.

"My child, I have a presentiment that there is good news approaching us," said Tonnalcuka.

"Heaven grant it!" she replied. "But alas, I am so accustomed to hear of nothing but disasters, that—Oh, God of goodness, is it so!" and the next moment her head was in Charles's bosom.

"My dearest Maria! My dearest love!" he exclaimed; "have we met—have we, at length, met!—oh never, never again, while we live, shall we part!"

For some minutes she was unable to speak; at length she burst into tears, and found utterance.

"Oh Charles!" said she; "it is you, indeed, whom I again behold. Thanks to a merciful God, you are yet living! By what miracle has he preserved you from your awful doom! Oh, are you not yet in danger!"

"No, my dearest love," he replied; I am in no danger; but that thou art safe—that I find thee here—that I thus clasp my treasure to my heart—thanks! glory to the God who has thought of us in mercy! who has rescued us out of distress unspeakable; who has brought us together in a manner indeed miraculous; by means of an exertion of such a combination of wisdom, courage, benevolence, promptitude and energy of action, which no earthly being but one possesses!"

"Ah!" cried she suddenly; "I see it; I might have known it; it is he, it is he! Nothing that man can do is difficult for him. My deliverer is thine. Oh, Washington, Washington!"

Here she advanced towards the hero, who met her calmly in his manner, but inwardly trembling, and almost fearful for the steadiness of his own heart. Ah! when she, who reigned over his whole affections now fondly approached him in all her charms of youth, beauty, tenderness, and virtue, could he feel easy, collected and cool! No; Washington's feelings were not of a temperament capable of such stoicism. But he had a soul superior to his feelings, and capable of controling every impulse that stood in the way of his duty. He had now formed within his mind a purpose

which he conceived his duty called upon him immediately to accomplish. It was indeed a task, a difficult task. The force of nature was strong, was almost irresistible against it. But he would not shrink from it, although his heart should burst asunder in its performance.

"Thanks, thanks, thou incomparable man!" cried Maria, to the restorer of her Charles and herself to happiness and each other. What can I say to express the weight of our obligations to thee?"

"Miss Frazier," he replied, taking hold of the hand which she held out to him; "spare your thanks. The witnessing of your joy on the present occasion is an ample recompense for my exertions. But let me say that it will recompense me still more amply to witness the confirmation of your permanent felicity. Captain Adderly," said he, "give me your hand." Here he for a moment appeared much affected, and a sudden paleness came upon his countenance. It continued, however, but an instant; the cloud passed swiftly away and all the firmness, nobleness, and dignity of America's hero, shone full and bright from his countenance.

"The struggle is now over," thought he; "and I am what I should be." "My friend," said he to Charles; "that lady by your side I have loved, as I shall never love another. But you possessed her heart before she possessed mine. You are become necessary to her happiness—her happiness, in competition with which I value my own as nothing; and I know well that she is necessary to yours. Take her, my friend; make her ever your own; and oh may you be long happy together!"

"My best of friends!" cried Charles, almost weeping with the force of his admiration for his deliverer's magnanimity. "You—you alone could be capable of this. I shall not attempt to express my gratitude. It would be in vain. But a heart like yours can easily imagine it—Ah, then you loved my Maria. I once for a moment suspected it. But was secure in her fidelity, and cast the suspicion from my soul as injurious towards her. Highly, highly can I estimate the sacrifice which on her account and mine, you now make of those heavenly hopes which must have accompanied a love for her; and highly should I appreciate myself

if I could imitate thee in the magnanimous self-denial of sacrificing such hopes at the shrine of friendship and duty. But, alas, I feel that I am not capable of such virtue. Oh Maria, your Charles acknowledges his inferiority to that man!"

"And well may you without a blush acknowledge it," replied Maria, proud of her lover's admiration of the hero, and rejoiced that he did not hesitate to confess him his superior in virtue and energetic greatness of mind. "For ah," she continued, "who can compare with him in virtue? oh what do we not owe him!"

"My children!" said Tonnaleuka, who had hitherto remained in silent astonishment; "this scene, indeed, affects me. I knew Colonel Washington capable of much, but I scarcely thought him capable of this; for I knew the fervor of his love for that maiden, and I know with what adamantine bonds, (said he with unusual energy) love like his, binds the human heart.

"My children, I cannot speak my joy at this happy meeting—Oh may the Great Father who raised up this heroic deliverer for you, make you long the objects of his care in this life, and in that of immortality, the inheritors of his eternal love!"

Washington now again addressed Maria. "Miss Frazier," said he, "there is yet one thing remaining to set my mind at ease respecting you, that is, your removal from this desert, where you are now beset with perils, imminent innumerable, and terrifying. I entreat you to leave it with the man of your choice. Give him a legal right to protect you in the midst of society. I shall then be assured of your safety, and become, if not happy, at least resigned, and perhaps, content with my lot."

"Sir," she replied, "Captain Adderly is aware of my only objection to the wishes he has often expressed on this subject. This objection still remains. If it were removed —but of that I see, at present, no probability—I will not affect to say, that I should advance any other."

"Oh Maria, my dearest love!"—said Charles, "do overlook that objection under present circumstances. It is one which, under any circumstances, ought not to intervene be-

tween a union of hearts like ours. It is of too trifling a nature, surely to be put in the balance against your safety and my happiness. Believe me, my love, my father is not of such a mercenary mind as you imagine. He will place no importance upon gold, in comparison to the permanent happiness of his son. He has both too much liberality as a man, and too much tenderness as a father, for that."

"But his consent, at all events, should be first procured," returned Maria. "You are his only son; he he has no doubt been an indulgent father; and it would be giving him real ground for offence, if you should take such an important, irretrievable step without his approbation, nay, without his knowledge."

"Miss Frazier," observed Washington, "these sentiments become you: they are just such as I should expect from your acute delicacy of feeling, and strong sense of propriety. But I am glad that there are no other obstacles in the way. These shall vanish. I shall contribute to remove them. You know me too well not to suppose that I shall be the obliged party if you accept the offer I am about to make. It has pleased providence to bestow upon me a fortune amounting to even more than affluence. A portion of this I can easily, and shall gladly, devote to the promotion of a purpose so dear to my heart as your safety and welfare; and must beg leave to make over to you deeds of such a property as shall reconcile your future father-in-law to your alliance with his family. I trust——"

"Ah!" said Tonnaleuka, hastily interrupting him. "Hear me—Where will your generosity, your kindness for this young woman have an end?

"Hear me, permit me to speak. You have plunged into the midst of her enemies, and snatched her from ruin. You have relinquished in favor of a rival the most fondly cherished wishes of your soul, to promote her happiness, and now you would bestow fortune upon her.

"But, hear me, glorious young man! and believe me, she requires not this last instance of your generosity. She is rich—as rich, even in worldly goods, as the father of any man whom she may make her husband should wish her to be. She is my heiress. She is my daughter! my only, only

child! Oh, Maria, Maria! I am no Indian—I am a son of Europe. Oh, embrace me, I am thy father!"

"My father!" she exclaimed, as she threw her arms round him, and leaned her head on his bosom. "My father, and have I really such a father—am I not indeed an orphan? But I long felt it, although I knew it not. I never felt forlorn in thy presence. Oh, Gracious God! thou art kind. This, indeed, this crowns the mighty blessings thou hast this day conferred upon me. Oh, my father, my father! I feel thou art indeed my father. Why did I not know my happiness sooner?"

"Daughter of my love!" replied Tounadeuka, again clasping her to his heart, "in your infancy I saw you happy and safe, and I was content. In the latter years, you were also, until within these few days, as serene and comfortable as perhaps the state of womanhood will permit. I would not therefore, disturb this serenity of your bosom for no purpose, and I saw none that could be answered by doing so. I had acquired an influence over the inhabitants of these wilds by my assumption of their manners, and of the character of a prophet among them, which had been often useful among themselves, and which I believed might on some emergency be useful to you and to your friends. I wished, therefore, to maintain this character undiscovered and impenetrable to all the world, so long as it might be attended with such benefits. I perceive that you, and they, and I, must now, all of us, leave the Wilderness, from whence that repose and safety which once blest it, is fled. We must mix in the ranks of society, my daughter. The scene will be new to you, and it may for a while be irksome. But it will afford you safety, and an opportunity of performing duties, and consequently of being useful to both yourself and others, which cannot here be found.

"But my friends," said he to Washington and Adderly, "I perceive that you are surprised at this discovery, and, no doubt, feel a curiosity, since you find I am not an Indian, to know what I really am. I shall at present give you but a brief sketch of my history. At a more convenient season, I may, perhaps, enter more minutely into its details.

CHAPTER XIX.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;
To bear is to conquer our fate.

CAMPBELL.

"I am," said Tonnaleuka, "by birth a Scotchman, and a Highlander. My European name is Mackintosh, a name to which my zeal for an unfortunate cause has given a place in the history of Britain. At the death of Queen Anne, it is well known that the friends of the house of Stuart, among the most zealous of whom I ranked myself, for I was then young, enthusiastic, and rash, resolved to attempt the re-establishment of its exiled representative upon the throne of his ancestors.

"The Earl of Mar was the first to raise the standard of insurrection in the Highlands, and I was the first to join him with the whole strength of my clan, consisting of nearly a thousand of as brave men as ever wore tartan. We soon heard that Mr. Forster, the Earl of Derwentwater, and some others, had raised forces in England to support the same cause, and were on their way to join us in the Lowlands of Scotland. I was detached at the head of twenty-five hundred men to meet them in the Lothians. The Frith of Forth had to be crossed in the face of a strong naval force, aware of our design. By various manœuvres, however, we drew off the attention of the ships from the place of our embarkation, and, during the night, arrived safe on the southern shore. I immediately invested Leith

which surrendered; but the Duke of Argyle hastily throwing himself into Edinburgh with a large body of troops, I was deprived of the capital. I proceeded, therefore, without delay, to join our English confederates, who waited for us at Kelso, some distance southward.

"Being now nearly six thousand strong, we resolved to push boldly into England, in order to encourage our adherents there, and strike some sudden blow against the Hanoverian government.

"Fortune smiled kindly enough upon us until we reached Preston, where she ceased for ever to encourage our cause. General Willis there besieged us with a formidable army. We were compelled to surrender, and I, together with all our leaders, was carried to London, and imprisoned in Newgate. About the same time, the Earl of Mar was defeated in the Highlands, and the friends of the Stuarts gave up the contest.

"They paid dear for it, however. Almost every week brought into my prison intelligence of the execution of some of my confederates, few of whom, after condemnation, received mercy. I who had been much more active than many who had suffered, had therefore no reason to expect any. For several months there was no word of my trial. At length I was desired to prepare for it, as it should take place in a few days. Several of my fellow-prisoners, also under the charge of high treason, were to be tried at the same time. The evening previous to the sitting of the court, I engaged five of these to assist me in an attempt to escape. We soon mastered the jailor and his assistants, and in a moment dispersed ourselves in different directions amidst the crowds of London. Less than a week afterwards found me at the court of St. Germains, the titular sovereign of which received me with great respect and cordiality.

"My Scottish property was now lost to me by an act of attainder, and I was declared an outlaw. I was soon in beggary, but the interest of the Stuarts was sufficient to procure me a captain's commission in the French army. In a few years I was sent as lieutenant-colonel of a regiment to Canada. My superior, disliking the climate, soon

returned to Europe, and I was made colonel. In this capacity I was stationed for a number of years at a fort near the falls of Niagara. Here I had an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of the Indians, as well as many of their languages; and also of greatly improving my fortune, by purchasing their furs, and transmitting them for sale to Quebec, where I had formed connexions with mercantile houses for that purpose.

"I had never yet thought of entering upon the marriage state; for, although I had not been indifferent to the sweets of female society, yet, perhaps the sense of my misfortunes and unsettled condition of life, had prevented any woman from making any serious impression upon my heart. But I was now doomed to behold one to whose graces, accomplishments, and virtues, I felt delighted to pay homage. It was during a visit I paid to Quebec on pecuniary concerns, that I first beheld her. She was the daughter of Monsieur d'Anville, commander of the Quebec garrison, and only a few years from France. I became entirely captivated with her charms, and although I was then thirty-seven years of age, and she but twenty-two, and although she had refused the hands of numerous suitors, I had the happiness to gain an interest in her heart. Her father at first made some difficulty about consenting to our union. He was rich and noble; but I was so too, and he at length yielded.

"We were somewhat more than a year married, when by Monsieur d'Anville's interest I was appointed to command the garrison at New Orleans. In proceeding there, I was instructed to descend the Ohio river, to take notes of the most eligible situations for a chain of forts which the French government then contemplated erecting, so as to secure the possession of the whole country from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

"I set out with my wife, who was attended by one female servant, in the autumn of 1731. We were accompanied by six officers, who had also received appointments at New Orleans. We advanced on our journey, receiving assurances of friendship from the different tribes on our route, and without meeting with any accident until we

reached the mouth of French Creek, when unfortunately our servant girl died, and my wife was left without any female attendant. We felt this accident the more acutely, as Maria, which was my wife's name, was then far advanced in pregnancy, and there was no possibility of replacing our deceased servant with another from Canada previous to the time her confinement was expected. In this dilemma we heard of an Indian Queen residing on the bank of the Monongahela, not far from our intended route, whose society, it was thought, would be the most suitable the country could afford to my wife under present circumstances. We accordingly hastened there, and Alliquippa received us with great friendship and kindness.

"Maria, however, still felt so uncomfortable at the prospect before her, with only savage women to attend her, that it was with great joy we were informed of some white women being in the vicinity, who had been carried off by a party of Indians from the English settlements in Pennsylvania. I hastened to the Catanyan village, where these captives were to be found, and had the good fortune to prevent our friend Gilbert Frazier and his family from being sent to Canada.

"Gilbert, assisted by the Indians, soon erected a commodious habitation, to which Maria was conveyed. During her sickness, Mrs. Frazier waited on her with great assiduity and tenderness. But, alas! that fatal sickness was destruction to my happiness. My child, she whom I now clasp to my bosom as my only offspring, was born: but my wife, the solace, the delight of my heart, was gone from her adoring husband—she was dead!

"I can scarcely bear to think upon the agony I felt when informed of my misfortune. I shall not now depict it. My senses soon became bewildered. I have at this day a vague remembrance of having fled from the fatal spot, with a view of hastening to Canada, and from thence to Europe, impressed with the delirious idea, that I should there meet with a remedy for all my troubles. Several months of my life now succeeded, of which I have no recollection, for my reason had been entirely suspended. I, however, recovered gradually, and then found myself among the Iroquois. I

dians, almost upon the borders of the Mississippi river.

"The recollection of my child, returned with the restoration of my intellect, and I was seized with an intense desire to revisit the spot where I had, in my frenzy, left her. The Iroquois had found me almost naked, and being astonished at the wildness of my manner, they had thought proper to preserve me under the impression that the hand of Manetо was upon me; and as they often heard me addressing the Deity in some Indian language, when I spoke in any other, they conceived that there was something supernatural about me, and began to reverence me in my insanity, as a person under the effects of prophetic inspiration.

"As this opinion of these savages had probably saved my life, I believed it best when I recovered, not to undeceive them. I rather took some pains to confirm them in it. At length my desire to inquire after my child became so strong, that I privately left the Iroquois with that intention. I had proceeded eastward as far as the Scioto river, when a party of the Mingoes seized me. I, however, understood their language, customs, and opinions too well, to be much alarmed. The delay in my inquiry after my child, that the accident would occasion, grieved me most. My appearance, both as to complexion and dress, was altogether Indian, for I had, in order to avoid danger on my journey, used their dyes in coloring my skin. I also had resolved to avail myself of the hint which the credulity of the Iroquois had given me, if I should fall in with any of the tribes, to pass upon them as a prophet. I therefore represented myself to the Mingoes as originally belonging to a remote nation of Canadian Indians, and as frequently having had visions by which I was instructed to go towards the Ohio in order to teach the tribes in that quarter the will of the Great Father.

"It happened that these Mingoes had, at that time, some prisoners whom they had taken from the Ottawas in a battle, and concerning whom they were the next day to hold a council, which they invited me to attend. I immediately determined to try what I could do to save these prisoners, by working on the belief which their conquerors

seemed to entertain of my prophetic mission—and succeeded beyond my expectation.

"I was, in consequence of this incident, inspired with the resolution of remaining among the Indians for the purpose of using the influence I had thus acquired, in order to tame their manners, and restrain their barbarous practices towards their enemies. With this view, I solicited adoption into the tribe of the Mingoes, and their principal sachem, Fallakamsah, who had lost a son in the late fight with the Ottawas, received me with all the usual formalities, in his stead.

"My desire to make inquiry after my child, however, still urged me to proceed eastward. I informed Fallakamsah, that a vision had ordered me to that quarter, and requested his consent to my journey. He at once gave it, observing: "Fallakamsah never will oppose the revelations of the Great Spirit."

"I came to Frazier's. He did not know me. I saw my child, I kissed it, and pronouncing a blessing on its head, returned to the Mingoes, for the purpose of extending my influence among the Indian nations. I succeeded, and was soon acknowledged by all the neighboring tribes as the undoubted prophet of Maneto.

"In a few months, I again visited my daughter, and formed the resolution of making a concealed residence in her vicinity. I soon discovered this cavern; it was naturally well suited for my purpose, and with considerable labor and perseverance I rendered it still more so by constructing its entrance as you find it. It was whilst I was employed in this undertaking, that my intercourse with Frazier's family, in the character under which they have ever since known me, commenced. In a dell, a short distance from this place, I found Paddy, who was then but a small boy, lying on the ground, crying piteously, with a fractured limb. I carried him to his home, and by this means obtained an unsuspicious introduction to the intimacy of the family. Previous to this, my visits had been few, and made cautiously, for I feared discovery from the superior means which Gilbert and his wife had of knowing me. I escaped such discovery, however; for simple and undisguised themselves, they placed implicit confidence in my story, and looked upon me to be nothing more than I pretended.

"I now became the instructor of my child, and I felt happier than ever I thought this world could make me, since it no longer contained her who had given me the only true relish of existence I had ever enjoyed. I had no desire to return to society. My all was here, in the Wilderness. My child was here, the last sad home of my wife was here; here was the spot—ah, how often have I watered it with my tears! where the remains of her once lovely form were interred. Here, too, was the theatre of my usefulness to humanity. By my authority over the minds of the savages, I have had the happiness to save many a human being from destruction. In maintaining that authority, however, I must not conceal that I was often obliged, in imitation of the Catholic priesthood in former times, to work miracles; in successfully effecting which I have been long greatly assisted by the shrewdness and dexterity of Paddy Frazier, who alone was in the secret of my being an European, although he knew nothing more of my history. It was by his management that the eagle which was sacrificed instead of Doctor Killbreath, at Le Bœuf, was found so opportunely bound to the rock at Lake Erie, and numberless other instances—"

Tomalenka, or rather the Laird of Mackintosh, was here interrupted by the hasty entrance of Paddy Frazier, with information "that a party of French soldiers, commanded by De Villiers himself, had just surrounded his father's house, threatening to burn it, and carry the whole family prisoners to Fort Du Quesne, in order to compel them by torture to discover the place of Mary's concealment.

Here was a new trial for Maria, and one which would have overpowered her, for she felt the most tender affection for those kind friends who were thus plunged in calamity on her account, had not Washington, instantly perceiving the state of her feelings, addressed her:

"Fear not, Miss Frazier, for your friends. I have a force at hand sufficient to rescue them from these tigers of the forest. My life for their safety. Father, sustain and comfort thy daughter till we return. And now, Captain Adderly, and you, Paddy Frazier, follow me!"

He hastened to the dingle where his troops were encamped. Their gallant horses swept the ground in full speed,

and in a few minutes the French party were attacked almost by surprise. The greater number of them fled at the first onset, and those who stood to give battle, only stood to be slain or captured. De Villiers, who was a good soldier, did all in his power to form his men, and prevent their flight. He mounted his horse, galloped from place to place after his flying soldiers, to bring them back, and those who did keep the field, were retained there altogether by his exertions. These, however, were soon ended, for Paddy Frazier having pointed him out to Charles Adderly, who had never before seen him, he flew towards him with the rapidity of an eagle darting upon its prey. He came upon him unawares, and so intense was the bitterness of his rage against him, that his first impulse was to strike him to the earth, but he checked his blow.

"Turn, execrable villain!" shouted he, "and defend thyself."

"In the name of the devil, who are you?" cried De Villiers, as he turned toward his antagonist.

"I am the sworn avenger of Miss Frazier's wrongs," said Charles. "Knowest thou that name?"

"By heavens, then, you are her lover, I suppose—the destroyer of my bliss! Have at thee, then!"

He hastily fired his pistol at Charles's breast, but the horse of the latter that moment raising his head, received the ball in his brain, and fell to the earth, while Charles's sword plunged into the neck of De Villier's horse, which fell at same time.

In another instant, the combatants were on their feet, with their drawn swords in their hands, frowning terribly at each other, in all the desperation of deadly rage. They gazed not, they spoke not, but with fiery speed sprung to the attack. The sparks flew rapidly from their weapons, the motions of which could scarcely be discerned by the eye, while their sounds rang loudly and fearfully upon the ear. But they did not long continue to do so. By a sudden side stroke, Charles dashed his opponent's sword from its direction, as it was coming with a violent thrust towards him, and ran his own through De Villier's neck, who fell to the

[illegible] groaning and pouring forth a torrent of blood, which [illegible] terminated his existence.

"So perish all the foes to virtue, and the oppressors of [illegible]!" cried Charles. "Maria is avenged: I at length [illegible] done something to deserve her!"

By this time, the French had all either fled, or submitted. [illegible], and Archy Frazier, and [illegible] Killbreath, who persisting in their refusal to discover Maria's concealment, had, for the purpose of being carried prisoners to the fort, [illegible] strongly pinioned, were now released, and Nelly and Mrs. Killbreath, soon recovered from the fright into which it is natural to suppose these violent proceedings had thrown them. The family now hailed Washington as their deliverer from a ferocious and enraged enemy; and the ardor with which Gilbert and Nelly expressed, in their simple manner, their gratitude to God, and to him as God's instrument for their preservation, sunk deeply into his heart; and he resolved, if possible, to persuade them immediately to leave the Wilderness, where they could no longer enjoy safety, and make their residence for the future, within the pale of civilization and law.

Gilbert assented. "Ye hae, wi' the blessing o' God," said he, "delivered us frae the house o' bondage, an' wherefore should we no submit to be guided by you to the land o' safety? for I trow we canna' bide langer here, let us gang whar' we will, unless we want to fa' into the pit o' destruction."

As Washington wished to proceed without more delay to the Great Meadows, lest the French should come out with their whole force from Du Quesne to attack him, Charles hastened to the cavern to inform Maria and her father of their victory, and the consent which all their friends had just given to accompany the troops to the inhabited country, and that the whole party now only awaited their joining them to set out for Dunbar's camp.

When Gilbert was informed that Tomahaska was the father of Maria, he manifested the most excessive joy. "Noo, Nelly," said he, "did I no tell ye mony a time that the prophet could na' be an Indian. He had aye owre muckle sense, an' gifts sae like a Christian, that he could-

na' ha' talked better on what was richt an' wrang, an' what was true religion, gin he had been born at Maughrygowan."

"An' I aye had a notion," observed Nelly, "that the French officer, wha was sae affectionate to his wife, wad yin day or ither come back to look after his dochter."

Gilbert's horses soon equipped for transporting his family from the Wilderness, where the repose he had long enjyed was now not to be found, to the habitations of society, where, if he should be occasionally annoyed by the clamor of clashing interests, he should, at least, have the shield of law to protect, and the forms of religion to soothe his declining years.

The laird of Mackintosh, or, if the reader pleases, Tonaleuka, soon arrived with his lovely daughter at Frazier's, and the whole party immediately set off for the camp at the Great Meadows, where they arrived in something less than two days. The day following, Dunbar struck his tents, and the army, accompanied by our friends of the Wilderness, proceeded by easy stages to the fort at Will's Creek.

It was agreed upon by our party that they should remain here until a messenger, who was immediately despatched with a letter from Charles to his father, acquainting him with the state of his affairs, his prospects, and his wishes, and soliciting his concurrence in them—should return with an answer, which, from the complexion the case had now assumed, it was not doubted would be favorable. Although the army made but the delay of a few days at this place, Washington gratified his friends by remaining with them, until he should witness the ceremony that was to secure them to each other forever.

To keep the reader no longer in suspense as to the fate of these two faithful lovers, we hasten to relate, that as soon as old Mr. Adderly received Charles's letter, he proceeded to Will's Creek, in order that he might, with his own eyes behold the charmer of the Wilderness, who had so entirely captivated his son's heart, as to cause him to reject some of the most splendid alliances in Philadelphia. The first sight of Maria removed his surprise at his son's preference, and the first conversation with her, made him delighted with it,

and he took the earliest occasion to observe to Charles,—

"It is no wonder, my son, that you became enamored of this sweet blossom of the forest, and felt such an ardent desire to plant her in your bosom, and carry her to a more congenial air. I really give you credit for waiting with so much patience during the slow process of obtaining my consent."

"I deserve no credit," replied Charles, "on that account. Whatever is due to my forbearance in not making her prematurely my own, and depending on your indulgence afterwards for pardon, is altogether owing to her. Even at this moment her consent to make me happy depends upon yours."

"Then mine you shall have without another moment's delay," said his father. "Secure her as speedily as you can, Charles, for I really believe that she is a prize, and may heaven make you long happy together!"

"Thank you, thank you, my dear father!" cried Charles, and he could not avoid kissing the old gentleman's hand with rapture.

"I shall sign and seal articles, as to money matters, with the Laird this very night," observed the father.

"As you please, for that, father," returned Charles, with indifference—for he, at that moment, cared not a farthing for money matters.

In short, in a few days, the great object of all Charles's desires was obtained. His Maria was made his own; and the heart of Washington felt comfort in beholding safety and happiness thus secured to her for whose fate he had long felt such a warm and tender solicitude. He, the next day, bade the bridal pair an affectionate farewell, and returned to Mount Vernon; while they, with all their friends, proceeded to Philadelphia. Charles's mother was greatly delighted with her daughter-in-law. The sweet rose of the Wilderness was soon introduced into the first society in her country's capital, which she continued long to adorn; and, notwithstanding the seclusion of her early years, the natural excellence of her understanding, and the judicious culture it had received from her father, enabled her to acquit herself so well in every department of social life, that she soon

acquired, and pre-erved through a long, useful, and agreeable intercourse with the busy world, the esteem and admiration of all who knew her.

Her father resided, cheerful and happy, under the same roof with her, enjoying amidst the luxury of ease and literary recreation, the satisfaction of her presence, and that of her children, for about twelve years, when he took his departure to join his long-lamented wife in the regions of immortality.

With respect to Gilbert Frazier, the benevolent intentions of Washington to bestow upon him a secure and comfortable residence in Virginia were disappointed.

"I thank you, colonel," said he, before the illustrious protector of himself and his family departed from Will's Creek; "I thank you, frae the very bottom o' my heart, for your kindness to me an' mine; baith for what ye hae done, an' what ye noo offer to do. But I canna gang to bide in Virginia, whar' there are sae mony black-a-moors, the very sicht of wham wad gar my flesh creep to look at. But I'm as thankful as gin I took your offer; an' I'll no forget, no, while my saul an' body bang thegither, I'll ne'er forget to pray for blessings on your gude heart, as afien an' sincerely as I'll pray for my ain bairns."

Charles soon discovering that Gilbert's wishes were inclined towards his former residence on the Juniata, purchased it for him; and the kind-hearted protectors of Maria's infancy passed on one of the most engaging spots on that picturesque stream, the declining years of their lives in as much tranquility, and almost as much contentment as they would have done at Maughrygowan itself. Their son Archy, married shortly after re-settlement on this place, which he continued to cultivate until the death of the old people. It is said that he then sold this farm, (Paddy having relinquished all claim to it,) and returned to his former residence in the Wilderness, to which he had always felt a partiality, and from the vicinity of which the British arms had long before expelled the enemy who had occasioned his friends so much trouble. Here some casualty cut him off during the war of the Revolution, after which the family disposed of the place, and removed to the east-

ward of the Allegheny mountains, but to what neighborhood I have been unable to ascertain. The place at Turtle Creek, however, bears, in honor of its original settler, the name of "Frazier's Field" to this day. As this name commemorates that of the first cultivator of the Western Wilds, it is to be hoped that no capricious, cold-hearted proprietor of the spot, will ever attempt to give another; or if it should be attempted, that the voice of society will resist the ungenerous innovation.

The future fortunes of Doctor Killbreath afford nothing worth relating. He settled in the practice of his profession in some town near his father-in-law's residence, where he remained during life, and where it is probable that some of his posterity remain to the present day.

The reader will have observed that our friend Peter McFall does not appear on the scene from the time he returned to Philadelphia, after the battle of Fort Necessity. The reason was this. Shortly after his return to the city, he met with an Irish sea captain whose ship was about to sail for Cork. By the assistance of a few kindly glasses of grog, this captain succeeded in persuading Peter that there could be no harm in taking a trip across the Atlantic with him to see old Ireland once more, because it was as plain as the mizen-mast, that he could at any time put his foot on board of a ship that would bring him back to his master, when he chose to do so. Peter accordingly set sail for Cork; but no sooner reached that port, than the British navy unfortunately happening at that time to be rather short of hands, he was hurried without his consent being asked, on board of a king's ship, which, although she shortly afterwards sailed for America, she was so unaccommodating as not to land him there. At length, by Peter's assistance, Great Britain having conquered her enemies, she very generously let him go about his business. He returned to Philadelphia, and was retaken into Charles's service; several months after which, in consequence of a series of events which we have not time to relate, he happened to see the fair Esther Gist tripping along the streets. Och! his heart again warmed to her; he saluted her slyly, and put the question to her so nately, that they were—married. He

and his wife lived very comfortably together to a good old age, in Charles Adderly's service.

As to Paddy Frazier, about the time that his father re-entered upon the Juniata farm, he established himself as a merchant in the town of Carlisle, in the vicinity. He continued this business very prosperously, till the winter of 1776, when, hearing of the distresses under which the army of his favorite Washington at that trying crisis labored, he abandoned his merchandise, collected about twenty smart fellows of the neighborhood, well skilled in the use of the rifle, put himself at their head, and joined the hero of his country, about three days before the glorious attack upon Trenton, which turned the scale of the war in favor of the friends of freedom.

It would be tedious to recount the multiplicity of exploits performed by this sagacious and intrepid partisan and devoted follower of Washington, during the remainder of that memorable war. Washington, who well knew both the merits and defects of his character, kept him in constant employment at the head of scouting, foraging, manœuvering, and harassing parties, for managing which, his genius was exactly suited; but he never elevated him to any important stationary command, as he was aware that such a situation would neither answer his inclination nor his talents, so well as one less dignified, but requiring more promptitude and activity.

At length, having frequently received the thanks of his beloved commander, for the numerous and important services he had rendered his country during her tremendous struggle for national existence, he fell, bravely performing his duty, at the very close of that struggle, greatly lamented by him who best knew how to appreciate the utility of his active career. This happened during the attack upon the British lines at Yorktown. He was leading on his men, who had on that occasion exchanged their rifles for muskets and bayonets, to storm one of the British redoubts, when he received a ball in his breast. He staggered and fell. His party would have retired to carry him off, but waving his hand, he cried—

"Never mind me, my lads! Push on! you know your duty."

Shortly before he expired, he heard that the redoubt was taken.

"Carry me there," said he, "and let me die in it."

He was obeyed, and laid on a British mattress. In a few minutes he felt the hand of death upon him.

"Tell Washington," said he to the bystanders, "that I die happy, for I die victorious, the death of a patriot soldier, worthy of having been his follower!" and he expired.

When this message was conveyed to the immortal chief, now leading on his conquering legions to their last and most glorious victory, he heaved a sigh. The memory of his youthful days—the image of the sweet rose of "The Wilderness," with whom the idea of the deceased soldier was so nearly connected, came, like an April sun, with melting influence upon his soul, and he briefly said—

"Alas! a brave man is cut off in his prime!" but he mentally added—"so were my sweetest hopes once extinguished!"

The extinction of those youthful hopes of mutual affection and happiness in the possession of her whom he had loved with a fervor almost, perhaps altogether, beyond example, to which the father of his country here alluded, produced, indeed, upon his mind an effect which continued during the whole of his long and illustrious life. Never, after a disappointment so deeply impressive upon his heart, and under which nothing but the strong sense of duty which he possessed in so remarkable a degree could have supported him, did he expect again to entertain the same feeling for female excellence, or enjoy the same delight in the contemplation of female charms. To no woman could he ever again expect to devote his affections so entirely and so rapturously. Hence he could spare more of his thoughts to the graver interests of mankind, he could devote more of his affections to his country; and since the intensity of love had now become exhausted from within his soul, he resolved to cherish patriotism as the passion from which alone he could derive the purest, the most manly, the most rational, and the most exalted delight. He never, it is true, forgot Maria, and the sweet feeling she had once excited in his bosom; but his country, and her welfare, were, for the future, the chief ob-

jects of his affection. Her joy should be his joy, her misery should be his misery, and for her benefit should he exercise the whole force of his powerful understanding, the full energies of his indefatigable perseverance, his invincible courage, and his pre-eminent wisdom.

His heart having suffered much, he became serious and contemplative even in the days of his youth, but he had done his duty, and hence he was blest with the consciousness of self-approbation, and with the possession of a magnanimous firmness, an independence, and a fearlessness in all his actions and intercourse with the world. Having parted with the only object that could engross his whole affections, and being naturally free from every close and selfish feeling, his heart regarded all men as his brothers, it cherished his country as his only mistress, and hearkened to his duty as his only master. In short, from the day on which it was forced to abandon the tender hopes of a youthful and enthusiastic love, it would be impossible to find an example of human nature having produced a heart more purely and entirely devoted to all the calls of philanthropy, patriotism and duty, and productive of actions more conducive to the world's benefit, than the heart of WASHINGTON.

THE END

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